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BEAUTY'S TRIUMPH,
OR, THE
SUPERIORITY
OF THE
FAIR SEX invincibly proved.

WHEREIN

The Arguments for the natural Right of Man to a Sovereign Authority over the Woman are fairly urged, and undeniably refuted; and the undoubted Title of the Ladies, even to a Superiority over the Men both in Head and Heart, is clearly evinced;

SHEWING

Their Minds to be as much more beautiful than the Mens as their Bodies; and that, if they had the ſame Advantages of Education, they would excel their Tyrants as much in Senſe as they do in Virtue.

In THREE PARTS.

The Whole interſpers'd with a delightful Variety of Characters, which ſome of the moſt celebrated *Heroes* and *Heroines* of the preſent Time have had the Goodneſs to fit for.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

WOMAN

Not INFERIOR to

MAN.

SECTION I.

The INTRODUCTION.

IF a celebrated Author had not already told us, that *there is nothing in nature ſo much to be wonder'd at, as* THAT WE CAN WONDER AT ALL; it muſt appear to every one, who has but a degree of underſtanding above the idiot, a matter of the greateſt ſurprize, to obſerve the univerſal prevalence of prejudice and cuſtom in the minds of *Men*. One might naturally expect to ſee thoſe lordly creatures, as they modeſtly ſtile themſelves, every where jealous of ſuperiority, and watchful to maintain it. Inſtead

of which, if we except the tyrannical uſurpation of authority they exert over us *Women*, we ſhall find them induſtrious in nothing but courting the meaneſt ſervitude. Was their ambition laudable and juſt, it would be conſiſtent in itſelf, and this conſiſtency would render them alike imperious in every circumſtance, where authority is requiſite and juſtifiable. And if their brutal ſtrength of body entitled them to lord it over our nicer frame; the rightful ſuperiority of reaſon to paſſion might ſuffice to make them aſhamed of ſubmitting that noble principle to baſer paſſion, prejudice, and groundleſs cuſtom. If this haughty ſex would have us believe, they have a natural right of ſuperiority over us, why don't they prove their charter from nature, by making uſe of reaſon to ſubdue themſelves. We know we have reaſon, and are ſenſible that it is the only prerogative nature has beſtow'd upon us, to lift us above the ſphere of ſenſitive Animals. And the ſame reaſon, which points us out our equality with them, would enable us to diſcern the ſuperiority of *Men* over us; if we could diſcover in them the leaſt degree of ſenſe above what we ourſelves poſſeſs. But it will be impoſſible for us, without forfeiting that reaſon, ever to acknowledge ourſelves inferior to creatures, who make no other uſe of the ſenſe they boaſt of, than meanly to ſubject it to the paſſions they have in common with Brutes. Were we to ſee the *Men* every where, and at all times, maſters of themſelves, and their animal appetites in a perfect ſubordination to their

rational

rational faculties, we ſhould have ſome colour to think that nature deſign'd them for maſters to us, who cannot perhaps always boaſt of ſo complete a command over ourſelves. But how is it poſſible for us to give into ſuch a notion; while we ſee thoſe very men, whoſe ambition of aſcendancy over us nothing leſs than abſolute dominion can ſatiate, court the moſt abject ſlavery, by proſtituting reaſon to their groveling paſſions, ſuffering ſenſe to be led away captive by prejudice, and ſacrificing juſtice, truth, and honour to inconſiderate cuſtom?

How many things do theſe mighty wiſe creatures hold for undoubted truths, without being able to aſſign a reaſon for any one of their opinions? The cauſe of which is, that they ſuffer themſelves to be hurried away by appearances. With them, what ſeems true muſt be ſo; becauſe the light, in which they eye things, ſtands them in the ſtead of conviction, Where they want evidence in the principles, fallacy helps them to fill up the vacancy with chimeras in their inference. In a word, as they ſuppoſe without reaſon, ſo they diſcourſe without grounds; and therefore would have as ſtrongly maintain'd the negative of what they aſſert, if cuſtom and the impreſſion of the ſenſes had determin'd them to it after the ſame manner.

But a few ages ago, the belief of the *Antipodes* was a hereſy in philoſophy. Ignorance, dignified with the prerogative of cuſtom, and ſupported by the ſeemings of reaſon, intruded the contrary Opinion; and the graveſt Philoſophers were, or af-

fected to be, ſo well convinced of it, that it was an argument of the utmoſt arrogance to attempt to ſet them right. And yet the matter has been ſince ſo unqueſtionably proved, that nothing but the height of madneſs, or the depth of ignorance, can now countenance a doubt of it.

The conſtant revolution of days and years determin'd the wiſakers of old to aſſert, that all the celeſtial orbs move round the earth: And cuſtom, ever prevailing cuſtom, drags the major part of our cotemporary book-worms to follow their opinion. Whereas the very ſame *Phaſes*, if we maturely conſider, may equally incline us to think, that the earth itſelf is a planet, and moves with the reſt of the planets round the ſun. What mighty ſuperiority of reaſon then have theſe over-grown boys over leſſer children? Both argue alike from appearances: The former ſee, from the diverſified poſitions of the earth and ſun, that there is motion in one of them; and, becauſe they feel not the agitation in the earth they ſtand upon, therefore, precipitately conclude, that it is the ſun moves round them, and not they round the ſun. The latter, inſenſible of the motion of a coach, fancy, when in one, that the houſes paſs by them, and not they by the houſes. Are not both led in their judgments by like principles? yet with this difference ſtill, that real infants are leſs obſtinate in error, and more ready to be ſet right, then the others.

In like manner, the wild ſavages in the *Indies*, (who, by the bye, are nevertheleſs of the ſame ſpecies

ſpecies with our domeſtic ones at home) for want of knowing the mechaniſm of a clock, are apt to attribute it's movements to inviſible ſpirits within it; while your blind followers of *Des Cartes* bluſh not, to take upon religious truſt, from him, that the whole animal creation conſiſts but of different kinds of *Automata*, or ſelf-moving clock-work; notwithſtanding it's being pretty well known, that their maſter himſelf had too much ſenſe to believe his own ſyſtem, having invented it only to amuſe and impoſe upon Simpletons.

The *Men*, who have taken care to engroſs the affairs of *Religion*, as well as of civil life, to their own management, are no more guided in that than in any thing elſe by the dictates of reaſon. The religion they were bred up in they blindly prefer to all others, without being able to give any ſtronger proof of it's being the beſt, than that it was the faith of their fore-fathers. Upon the ſtrength of this prejudice, they adhere to it as the only true one; and, without ever examining into it, or comparing it with others, they condemn all beſide it as erroneous. Is not this the caſe with moſt of the *Men*, our clergy not excepted. No country pleaſes a man ſo well as his own; nay, ſo far is he apt to carry prejudice, that he can ſeldom be induced to do juſtice to any other nation, even where truth is on it's ſide, if the honour and intereſt of his own are at ſtake: And this is a foible the very beſt *Men* are equally ſubject to. Nay, ſuch is the imbecillity of *that ſex*, even beyond ours, that even profeſſions

are

are a matter of prejudice; and a fool of our own is often more acceptable in company than a wise man of another calling. The very inequality of ſtations, which pride, ambition, and other like cauſes have introduced among *Men*, has deceived multitudes of them into a notion that the ſame inequality is in *Men* themſelves.

If we allow ourſelves but time to trace this diverſity of vulgar errors up to the fountain-head, ſhall we be able to find them any other ſource than *intereſt* and *cuſtom?* And yet ſuch is the prevalence, which cuſtom, ever ſo wrongly introduced, has over the minds of the *Men*, that it requires much leſs difficulty to wean them from ſentiments, which they themſelves have built on the moſt convincing evidences of *reaſon* and *truth*, than to draw them from the *prejudices* which *cuſtom* has inſtill'd into them.

I ſhould never have done, was I to reckon up the many groundleſs notions the *Men* are led into by *cuſtom:* of which there is none more abſurd than that of the great *difference* they make between their own ſex and ours. Yet it muſt be own'd, that there is not any vulgar error more antient or univerſal. For the learned and illiterate alike are prepoſſeſt with the opinion, that *Men* are really ſuperior to *Women*, and that the dependence we now are in is the very ſtate which nature pointed out for us.

Self-prais'd, and graſping at deſpotick Power,
They look on Slav'ry as the female Dow'r;

To

To Nature's Boon aſcribe what Force has given,
And Uſurpation deem the Gift of Heaven.

So that to advance the contrary doctrine, after ſo long a prepoſſeſſion, muſt appear as great a paradox as it did ſome years ago to aſſert, that on the nether ſurface of the globe there were men who walk'd with their heads downwards to us; and whether the one be not as agreeable to truth as the other, will beſt be found on a fair trial. But what judge ſhall we have recourſe to, or what evidence can be admitted in an affair of ſo delicate a nature as this, whereon depends the right of one half the creation, which ever ſide prevails?

All he *witneſs* we deſire to be allow'd, is plain *undiſguiſed truth*; and if the *Men* have but generoſity enough left to admit this evidence, we ſhall have no room to fear any they can bring in Contradiction to it. We are willing, for charity's ſake, to hope, that, however they may be diſpoſed, they will at leaſt bluſh to make any exceptions againſt a witneſs ſo unqueſtionably impartial.

But who ſhall the matter be tried by? We ourſelves are too nearly concern'd in the deciſion, to be admitted even as witneſſes in the trial, much leſs as judges of the cauſe; and the ſame conſideration equally excludes the *Men* from acting in it in either capacity. And yet ſo far are we from having any thing to apprehend from the defect of juſtice in our pretenſions, that if the *Men* were ever ſo little more candid and leſs corrupted in their judgments than they

they really are, we would readily ſubſcribe to their own ſentence. But as the caſe now ſtands, we muſt appeal to a more impartial arbitrator.

Hitherto the *difference* between the *ſexes* has been but very ſlightly touch'd upon. Nevertheleſs, the *Men*, bias'd by cuſtom, prejudice, and intereſt, have heretofore preſumed boldly to pronounce ſentence in their own favour, becauſe poſſeſſion empower'd them to make violence take place of juſtice. And the *Men* of our times, without trial or examination, have taken the ſame liberty from the report of other *Men*. Whereas to judge ſoundly whether their ſex has received from nature any real ſuper-eminence beyond ours, they ſhould entirely diveſt themſelves of all *intereſt* and *partiality*, and ſuffer no bare reports to fill the place of argument, eſpecially if the reporter be a *party* immediately concern'd.

If a *Man* could thus put off the partiality attach'd to *ſelf*, and put on for a minute a ſtate of neutrality, he would be able to ſee, and forced to acknowledge, that *prejudice* and *precipitance* are the chief cauſes of ſetting leſs value upon *Women* than *Men*, and giving ſo much greater excellence and nobility to the latter than to the former. In a word, were the *Men Philoſophers*, in the ſtrict ſenſe of the term, they would be able to ſee, that nature invincibly proves (at leaſt) an *equality* in our ſex with their own.

But as there are extremely *few* among them capable of ſuch an abſtracted way of thinking, they have

have no more right to act the judges in this matter than ourſelves; and therefore, we muſt be obliged to appeal to a more *impartial judge*, one incapable of inclining to either ſide, and conſequently unſuſpected on both. *This* I apprehend to be *rectified reaſon*, as it is a pure intellectual faculty, elevated above the conſideration of any ſex, and equally concern'd in the welfare of the whole rational ſpecies. *To this Judge* we leave our cauſe; by the deciſion of this we are prepared to ſtand or fall; and if, upon the evidence of *truth*, *reaſon* ſhould declare us inferior to *Men*, we will chearfully acquieſce in the ſentence.

But what if we obtain a decree in our favour, upon impartial examination? Why then all the authority, which the *Men* have exerted over us hitherto, will appear an unjuſt uſurpation on their ſide; for which nothing can make a tolerable atonement, but their reſtoring us to the ſtate of equality *nature* firſt placed us in. And till they do that, the fancied wrongs they charge upon our whole ſex, tho' but applicable *(if at all)* to a very ſmall number among us, whom I don't pretend to juſtify, can only be looked upon as very moderate repriſals upon theirs.

To ſet this whole matter then in as clear a light as poſſible, it will be neceſſary to clear our ideas, by ſeparating the fictitious from the real, the obſcure from the evident, ſuppoſition from matter of fact, ſeemings from entities, practice from principle, belief from knowledge, doubt from certainty,—and *intereſt* and *prejudice* from *juſtice* and *ſound judgment*.

Here let us fix our foot, hence take our view,
And learn to try falſe merit by the true.

To this end therefore we muſt examine, in order, what are the *general notions* which the *Men* entertain of *our ſex*, on what grounds they build their opinions, and what are the effects to us and to themſelves of the treatment we receive from them, in conſequence of their preſent opinion. In the courſe of this little treatiſe, I ſhall alſo occaſionally examine, whether there be any *eſſential difference between* the *ſexes* which can authorize the *ſuperiority* the *Men* claim over the *Women*; and what are the cauſes of, and who are accountable for, the ſeeming difference which makes the ſum of their plea. And if, upon mature conſideration, it appears, that there is no other difference between *Men* and *Us* than what their tyranny has created, it will then be evident how unjuſt they are in excluding us from that power and dignity we have a right to ſhare with them, how ungenerous in denying us the equality of eſteem which is our due, and, how little reaſon they have to triumph in the baſe poſſeſſion of an authority which unnatural violence and lawleſs uſurpation put into their hands. Then let them juſtify, if they can, the little meanneſſes, not to mention the groſſer barbarities, which they daily practiſe towards that part of the creation whoſe happineſs is ſo inſeparably link'd with their own.

SECT.

SECT. II.

In what eſteem the Women *are held by the* Men, *and how juſtly.*

WAS every individual *Man* to divulge his thoughts of our ſex, all would be found unanimous in declaring, that we are made only for their uſe, that we are fit only to breed and nurſe children, to mind houſehold affairs, and to obey, ſerve, and pleaſe our tyrannic maſters.

Women, the Toys of Men, and Slaves of Luſt,
Are but mere Moulds to form Man's outward Cruſt;
The heavenly Spark, that animates the Clay,
Of the prime Eſſence that effulgent Ray,
Th' enobling Soul, is all to Man confin'd,
Not meanly ſquander'd on weak Woman-kind.

All this is very fine, and, amidſt a ſeraglio of ſlaves, could not but ſound mighty well from the mouth of an *Iſhmaelite.* Yet I cannot help thinking it of a ſtamp with all thoſe fantaſtical expreſſions, which, tho' eaſily advanc'd, can never be prov'd.

Men ſeem to conclude, that all other creatures were made for them, becauſe they themſelves were not created till all were in readineſs for them. How

far this reaſoning will hold good, I will not take upon me to ſay. But, if it has any weight at all, I am ſure it muſt rather prove, that the *Men* were made for our uſe than we for their's, as we were not produc'd till they were form'd to receive us, and till it was judg'd by the Creator himſelf, that they could not be happy without our Society.

That the province of breeding children belongs ſolely to us, is as certain, as that the office of getting them is wholly their's. And if the latter entitles them to any degree of public eſteem and reſpect, ſurely the former entitles us to an equal ſhare; ſince the immediate concurrence of both is ſo eſſentially neceſſary for the propagation of human nature, that either without the other would be entirely uſeleſs. Where then is the reaſon for under-rating us, or claiming ſuperiority over us, for an office in life, in which they bear ſo equal a ſhare with us? It is too well known to be diſſembled, that the office of nurſing children is held by the *Men* in a deſpicable light, as ſomething low and degrading. Whereas, had they nature for their guide, they would not need to be told, that there is no employment in a common-wealth which deſerves more honour, or greater thanks and rewards. Let it be conſider'd what are the advantages accruing to mankind from it, and it's merit muſt ſtand immediately confeſt. Nay, I know not whether it may not appear to render *Women* deſerving of the firſt places in civil ſociety.

Why,

Why, or to what end, do the individuals of human ſpecies aſſociate together, but for the better preſervation of life, and the peaceable enjoyment of every thing conducive to that purpoſe? Do not ſuch then as contribute the moſt to theſe public advantages deſerve the greateſt ſhare of public eſteem? And who are theſe but the *Women*, in the generous diſintereſted employ of nurſing the *Men* in their infancy?

It is from this principle that princes are conſider'd as the chief perſons in the ſtate, and in quality of ſuch receive the firſt honours of it; that is, becauſe they are at leaſt ſuppoſed to have the greateſt ſhare of toil care and foreſight for the proſperity of the public weal: So, in proportion, we pay more or leſs of that reſpect to ſuch as are under the Sovereign, at a leſſer or greater diſtance from him, becauſe the nearer or farther off they are from ſharing with him in the fatigues of ſerving the public, the more or leſs uſeful to ſociety they muſt be conſider'd. For the ſame reaſon, we are apt to prefer ſoldiers to gownſ-men; becauſe they are ſuppoſed to ſtand as a bulwark between us and our enemies. And all mankind give to perſons ſuch a degree of reſpect as they ſuppoſe them to merit by being uſeful. And ſince this is the caſe throughout life, are not the *Women*, by the very ſame rule, entitled to the greateſt ſhare of public eſteem, who are incomparably the greateſt contributors to the public good? *Men* can abſolutely diſpenſe with princes, merchants, ſoldiers, lawyers, *&c.* as they did in the beginning

beginning of time, and as ſavages do ſtill. But can they in their infancy do without nurſes? And ſince they themſelves are too awkward for that important office, are not *Women* indiſpenſably wanted? In a peaceful orderly ſtate, the major part of *Men* are uſeleſs in their office, with all their authority; but *Women* will never ceaſe to be uſeful, while there are *Men*, and thoſe *Men* have children. Of what other uſe are Judges, Magiſtrates, and their dependant officers in the execution of juſtice, any more than to ſecure their property to perſons, who, if the Conſtitution allowed it, wou'd perhaps be able to do themſelves juſtice in a more exact and expeditious manner? But *Women*, more truly uſeful, are employ'd in preſerving their lives to enjoy that property. Soldiers are eſteem'd and rewarded becauſe engaged in defending full-grown *Men*, who are equally, and often more, capable of defending themſelves. How much more then is our ſex worthy their eſteem and gratitude, who watch and labour for their ſafety, when as yet they know not what they are, are unable to diſtinguiſh between friends and foes, and are naked of every defence but that of tears! If princes and ſtateſmen ſometimes exert themſelves in the ſervice of the public, ambition is their motive, and power, riches, or ſplendor, the point in view. But our more generous ſouls are bias'd only by the good we do to the children we breed and nurture: Daily experience reminding us, that all the gratification we can hope for from the unnatural creatures, for the almoſt infinite pains, anxieties, care, aud affiduities

to which we ſubject ourſelves on their account, and which cannot be matched in any other ſtate of civil ſociety, is an ungrateful treatment of our perſons, and the baſeſt contempt of our ſex in general. Such the generous offices we do them: Such the ungenerous returns they make us!

Surely then nothing but a corrupt imagination can make *Men* look upon an office of ſuch high importance to them, as mean and contemptible, or as leſs valuable than it really is. How largely are they rewarded who ſucceed in taming a tyger, an elephant, or ſuch like animals; and ſhall *Women* be neglected for ſpending years in the taming that *fiercer animal* MAN? If the ſource of this unjuſt partiality be inquired into, we ſhall find, that the only cauſe why theſe important ſervices done by us are too little valued, is, their being ſo frequent and uſual.

However, as the pleaſure, which the generoſity of our ſex makes us take in that office, is ſufficient to make us diſcharge ourſelves of it with the utmoſt tenderneſs, without any view of reward, I do not here mean to complain of our receiving none. I would only beg leave to ſay, that our being ſo much more capable than the male kind to execute that office well, no ways proves us unqualified to execute any other. Indeed, the *Men* themſelves ſeem tacitly agreed to acknowledge as much: But then, according to their wonted diſintereſtedneſs, they are ſtill for confining all our other Talents to the pleaſant limits of obeying and gratifying our maſters.

That

That they are our maſters, they take for granted; but by what title they are ſo, not one of them is able to make out. And yet ſo univerſally received is this notion among them, that it every where prevails, from the prince to the peaſant. Nay, I myſelf was accidentally witneſs to the diverting ſcene of a journeyman taylor's beating his wife about the ears with a neck of mutton, to make her know, as he ſaid, her *ſovereign lord* and *maſter*. And yet this, perhaps, is as valid an argument as the beſt of their ſex is able to produce, only convey'd in a dirtier manner.

But be this as it may, whether nature deſign'd them for our maſters or not, if their injunctions were the ſober dictates of ſound reaſon, we ſhou'd find the yoke of obedience an agreeable weight; ſince, obeying them, we ſhould but ſubmit our will to *reaſon*, and act like thoſe intelligent beings we know ourſelves to be. And that, generally ſpeaking, the *Women* are more inclined ſo to do than the *Men*, where every circumſtance is parallel, is too well known to admit of a doubt. But then it wou'd be putting ourſelves upon the level with brutes, to deſcend to a compliance with the generality of their commands; ſince that alone wou'd ſuffice to degrade us, and render us as deſpicable as the upright unfeather'd animals who impoſe them upon us.

Maſters then, or not maſters, they have but one of theſe two ways to chuſe in exerting their pretended authority: Either let them, as uſual, ſuit their com-

commands to their *paſſions*, in oppoſition to *reaſon*, and then none but *Women*, as irrational as themſelves, will obey them; a pre-eminence which no *Woman* of ſenſe will envy them: Or, let *reaſon* ſpeak in their orders, and all *Women* of *ſenſe* will liſten to that; tho' the *Men* ſhou'd tickle themſelves with the notion, that our obedience is paid merely to their injunctions.

Were the *Men* to make choice of the *latter*, we would indulge them the innocent liberty of fancying themſelves maſters, while we, delighted with ſeeing all the authority placed in *reaſon*, where it ſhould be, muſt know that each ſex wou'd have the privilege of conveying its influences to the other in their turns. And if *Man* had ſteadineſs enough to conform all his injunctions to the dictates of *reaſon*; the ſame ſteadineſs wou'd induce him to yield to thoſe dictates, when *Woman* was the means of conveying them. No matter by what mouth *reaſon* ſpeaks. If *Men* were ſtrictly attach'd to it; whether we or they were the vehicles of its deciſion, we ſhou'd on both ſides be equally determin'd by it. But the caſe is at preſent quite otherwiſe. The *Men*, who cannot deny us to be rational creatures, wou'd have us juſtify their irrational opinion and treatment of us, by our deſcending to a mean compliance with their irrational expectations. But I hope, while *Women* have any ſpirit left, they will exert it all, in ſhewing how worthy they are of better uſage, by not ſubmitting tamely to ſuch miſplaced arrogance.

To ſtoop to ſome regard for the ſtrutting things is not enough; to humour them more than we cou'd childen, with any tolerable decency, is too little; they muſt be ſerved forſooth. Pretty creatures indeed! How worthy do they appear of this boaſted pre-eminence. To require us to be their drudges, whom they are forced to court and decoy into their power by the moſt pitiful cringes! Upon what title do they build a claim to our devoirs clearer or more valid than we can ſhew to theirs?

If brutal ſtrength, in which we acknowledge their pre-eminence, is a ſufficient plea for their trampling upon us, the lion has a much better title over the whole creation. But that is a more generous kind of brute than thoſe we are ſpeaking of, and therefore ſcorns to exert its ſtrength where it finds too great a diſproportion, even in an adverſary.

I allow indeed, we ought to make it part of our buſineſs to pleaſe the poor things, if the attempt were likely to ſucceed. It would be quite barbarous to let a child cry, if a rattle would keep it quiet. But the misfortune is, that it is a ſtudy for life to find out a means of pleaſing theſe greater and more ſtubborn brats. I have heard, it is a vulgar proverb, that *the devil is good-humour'd when he is pleaſed*, and if this proverb, like others, be founded on experience, it is a proof, the devil can be pleaſed ſometimes. I wiſh as good an argument could be brought to prove that the *Men* can ever be ſo. But ſuch is the fantaſtical compoſition of their nature, that the more pains are taken in endea-

vouring

vouring to pleaſe them, the leſs, generally ſpeaking, is the labour like to prove ſucceſsful; or if ever it does, the reward never pays the expence. And ſurely the *Women* were created by heaven for ſome worthier end than to labour in vain their whole life long.

I foreſee it may be urged, that we cannot be ſaid to ſpend our lives in vain, while we are anſwering the end of our creation: And as we were created for no other end than for the *Men*'s uſe, our only buſineſs is to be ſubject to and pleaſe them: Neither ſhall we be anſwerable for neglecting every thing elſe, becauſe God has not given us a capacity for more. But this muſt appear, from what I have already ſaid, and ſhall hereafter more fully ſhew, begging the queſtion; and ſuppoſing what ſhould (but cannot) be proved.

There are ſome however more condeſcending, and gracious enough to confeſs, that many *Women* have wit and conduct; but yet they are of opinion, that even ſuch of us as are moſt remarkable for either or both, ſtill betray ſomething which ſpeaks the imbecillity of our ſex. This ſilly groundleſs notion, o'er-whelm'd by a multitude of inſtances to the contrary, was ſinking into its due oblivion, when, for want of ſomething better to employ his pen, a certain whiſler was pleaſed lately to revive it in one of the weekly * papers, leſt this age ſhould be ignorant what fools there have been among his ſex in former times.

* *Common Senſe*, September, 1739.

To give us a ſample then of the wiſdom of his ſex, he tells us, that it was always the opinion of the wiſeſt among them, that *Women* are never to be indulged the ſweets of liberty; but ought to paſs their whole lives in a ſtate of ſubordination to the *Men*, and in an abſolute dependance upon them, And the reaſon aſſign'd for ſo extravagant an aſſertion, is our not having a ſufficient capacity to govern ourſelves.

Wretches accurſs'd! by hell's black council driven
Thus to debaſe the faireſt work of heav'n.

It muſt be obſerved, that ſo bold a tenet ought to have better proofs to ſupport it than the bare word of the perſons who advance it; as their being *parties*, ſo immediately concern'd, muſt render all they ſay of this kind highly ſuſpicious. However, ſince we are equally ſuſpectible on that account as they are, it muſt be to as little purpoſe for us to deny it; unleſs it be to put them upon the proof. And doubtleſs, creatures of ſuch profound wiſdom as theſe *Men* are, if we take their own word, wou'd never attempt to aſſert any thing ſo poſitively, without being able to back it with the beſt of evidence. Let us ſee then, upon what grounds they build theſe extravagant notions of our ſex, and how far they will ſtand the teſt of *truth* and *reaſon*; that we may give into their opinion, or reject it.

SECT.

SECTION III.

Whether Women *are inferior to* Men *in their intellectual capacity, or not.*

IN the firſt place then, according to them, "the "greateſt part of our ſex have but ſhort lucid "intervals; —— but ſudden flaſhes of reaſon, "which vaniſh in a minute; —— we have a "reſemblance of that planet, which is dark of itſelf, "and only ſhines by borrow'd light; —— our "wit has but a falſe luſtre, more fit to ſurprize "admiration than deſerve it; ——we are enemies "to reflection; — the majority of us only reaſon at "hazard, think by ſallies, and diſcourſe by rote." A heavy charge this, to be laid againſt the majority of *Women.* But granting it, for argument's ſake, to be literally true, is it not as undeniably true, that the very ſame charge may be equally retorted on the majority of *Men?* And yet would they not triumphantly alledge it as a proof of our weak ſenſe, were we to conclude, in their way, that all the *Men* therefore ought to be perpetually under our guardianſhip? A little experience is ſufficient to demonſtrate how much fitter we are to be guardians over them, than they are to be ſuch over us. Every young *maiden* is qualified to be the miſtreſs and manager

manager of a family, at an age when the *Men* are ſcarce ſuſceptible of the precepts of a maſter. And the only ſure expedient to reclaim a young fellow from his exceſſes, and render him uſeful to ſociety, is to give him for *guardian* a *Wife*, who may reform him by her example, moderate his paſſions by her prudence, and win him from his debaucheries by her engaging behaviour.

So far then are the *Men* from proving their principle by practice, where their intereſt is concern'd, that, when their own profound wiſdom is too weak to curb the more unruly among them, they have no other recourſe than to ſhelter them under our tutelage: Thus contradicting in fact, what they advance in Words. But is it not the fear of making us too proud of ourſelves, which makes them contend, that we have neither ſolidity nor conſtancy, much leſs that depth of judgment which they very humbly aſcribe to themſelves? Wherefore elſe do they ſo wiſely conclude, that it muſt abſolutely have been a joint effect of divine providence and their own ſovereign ſenſe, which debarr'd us of *ſciences*, *government*, and *public offices?* If we permit 'em to give a Verdict for themſelves,

" *'Tis Man's, with Knowledge to expand the Soul,*
" *And wing his Eagle-flight from Pole to Pole;*
" *'Tis his, to pierce Antiquity's dark Gloom,*
" *And the ſtill thicker Shades of Time to come;*
" *'Tis his, to guide the pond'rous Helm of State,*
" *And bear alone all Wiſdom's ſolid Weight.*

" *While*

" *While Woman's only Science is to move*
" *The fondling Paſſions and the baby Love.*
" ——————*Be this her Doom,*
" *Fix'd to the Toilette, Spinet, and the Loom.*

Whether there be any ſolidity in this, will beſt appear on a fair examination. To know then, whether *Women* are leſs capable of the ſciences than *Men*, we muſt conſider what is the *principle* by which *ſciences* are attain'd; and if That be wanting, in our Sex, or leſs perfect, there will be no more requir'd to demonſtrate our Antagoniſts are in the right. But if that *principle* ſhould appear to be as perfect in the *one* as in the *other*, then there will be great reaſon to ſuſpect the *Men* of *jealouſy*; and it cannot be raſh to ſay, that their only reaſon for excluding us from all the avenues to knowledge, is the fear of our excelling them in it.

It is a known truth, that the difference of ſexes regards only the body, and that merely as it reſpects to the propagation of the Species. But the ſoul, concurring to it only by conſent, actuates all after the ſame manner; ſo that in *this* there is *no ſex* at all. There is no more difference to be diſcern'd between the ſouls of a dunce and a man of wit, or of an illiterate and an experienced Perſon, than between a boy of four and a man of forty years of age. And ſince there is not at moſt any greater difference between the ſouls of *Women* and *Men*, there can be no real diverſity contracted from the body: All the diverſity then muſt come from

education,

education, *exerciſe*, and the *impreſſions* of thoſe external objects which ſurround us in different Circumſtances.

The ſame Creator, by the ſame laws, unites the ſouls of *Women* and *Men* to their reſpective bodies. The ſame ſentiments, paſſions, and propenſions, cement that union in both. And the ſoul, operating in the ſame manner in the one and the other, is capable of the very ſame functions in both.

To render this ſtill more evident, we need only conſider the texture of the head, the ſeat of the ſciences and the part where the ſoul exerts itſelf moſt. All the reſearches of Anatomy, have not yet been able to ſhew us the leaſt difference in this part between *Men* and *Women*. Our brain is perfectly like theirs. We receive the impreſſions of ſenſe as they do. We range and preſerve ideas for imagination and memory as they do. We have all the organs they have, and apply them to the ſame purpoſes. We hear with ears, ſee with eyes, and taſte with a tongue as well as they. Nor can there be any difference pointed out between our organs and theirs, but that ours are more delicate, and conſequently fitter to anſwer the ends they were made for.

Even among the *Men*, it is univerſally obſerv'd, that the more groſs and lumpiſh are commonly ſtupid; and the more elegantly form'd are ever the moſt ſprightly. The reaſon is plain: The ſoul, while confined to the body, is dependent on its organs in all its operations; and therefore the more free

free or clogg'd thoſe organs are, the more or leſs muſt the ſoul be at liberty to exert itſelf. Now it is too well known to need any ſupport, that the organs in our ſex are of a much finer and more delicate temperature than in theirs; and therefore, had we the ſame advantages of ſtudy allow'd us which the *Men* have, there is no room to doubt, but we ſhould at leaſt keep pace with them in the *ſciences*, and every branch of uſeful knowledge.

It can only then be a mean daſtardly jealouſy in them, to exclude us from thoſe advantages, in which we have ſo natural a right to emulate them. Their pretext for ſo doing, that ſtudy and learning wou'd make *Women* proud and vicious, is pitiful, capricious, and of a piece with their practice. No: falſe knowledge, and ſuperficial learning, only can produce ſo bad an effect. For true knowledge and ſolid learning muſt, cannot but, make *Women*, as well as *Men*, both more humble and more virtuous. And it muſt be own'd, that if a little ſuperficial knowledge has render'd ſome of our ſex vain, it equally renders many of theirs inſupportable. But that is no reaſon why ſolid learning ſhould be denied, or not inſtill'd into either; rather ought the greater pains to be taken to improve, in both, every diſpoſition to the ſciences, into a true reliſh for, and a deep knowledge of, them; according to the advice of one of their brighteſt writers, as applicable to any ſcience as to it is poetry,

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taſte not the Pierian *ſpring;*
There ſhallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely ſobers us again.

It is a common notion, that mankind need not be knowing to be virtuous; which proceeds from this, that we ſee many perſons, who are reputed men of ſenſe, of very immoral characters; and therefore is it falſely concluded, that knowledge is not only unprofitable in itſelf to virtue, but even frequently deſtructive of it. Whereas it wou'd be eaſy to prove, that the knowledge of ourſelves and of many other things is highly requiſite to improve our ſenſe of moral obligations: Since the chief reaſon which is to be aſſign'd for ſo many perſons falling into vice and folly ſo precipitately, or practiſing virtue ſo faintly, is their being ignorant of themſelves, and the true nature of things: And how ſhall they remove this ignorance but by *ſcience* and *ſtudy?*

If then there have been ſome of our ſex ſo affected with their learning as to become aſſuming, their fault carries its excuſe with it. Either they have been ſuch as had not drank deep enough to learn to be humble, or, the uncommonneſs of this advantage in our ſex, and the difficulties they muſt have ſurmounted who have attain'd to it, will apologize for the little vanity t ey may have ſhewn. As a perſon of low rank, whoſe merit and induſtry have raiſed

raiſed him to an unuſual eminence, may be excuſed, if, ſeeing himſelf advanc'd above the ſphere of his equals, he ſhou'd be ſeized with ſome degree of giddineſs. Beſides that, if it be a fault, as its wanting an apology proves it to be, it is a fault which the *Men* themſelves daily fall into. And yet neither in the *Men*, nor in the *Women*, ought it to be imputed, as a blemiſh, to the *ſciences* they may poſſeſs. The real cauſe of it is, that they who are verſed in any ſcience look upon themſelves as poſſeſs'd of ſomething, which is a myſtery to the generality of the World. But let the matter be how it will, it is more than probable, that, ſince the vanity of the learned *Men* greatly ſurpaſſes that of the learned of our ſex, as appears from the frothy titles the former arrogate to themſelves: If *Women* were admitted to an equal ſhare of the ſciences, and the advantages leading to, and flowing from them, they wou'd be much leſs ſubject to the vanity they are apt to occaſion.

It is a very great abſurdity, to argue that learning is uſeleſs to *Women*, becauſe forſooth they have not a ſhare in public offices, which is the end for which *Men* apply themſelves to it. *Virtue* and *felicity* are equally requiſite in a private as in a public ſtation, and *learning* is a neceſſary means to both. It is by that we acquire an exactneſs of thought, a propriety of ſpeech, and a juſtneſs of action: Without that we can never have a right knowledge of ourſelves: It is that which enables us to diſtinguiſh between right and wrong, true and

falſe: And finally, that alone can give us ſkill to regulate our paſſions, by teaching us, that true happineſs and virtue conſiſt not ſo much in enlarging our poſſeſſions as in contracting our deſires.

Beſides, let it be obſerved, what a wretched circle this poor way of reaſoning among the *Men* draws them inſenſibly into. Why is *learning* uſeleſs to us? becauſe we have no ſhare in public offices. And why have we no ſhare *in* public offices? becauſe we have no *learning*. They are ſenſible of the injuſtice they do us, and are reduced to the mean ſhift of cloaking it at the expence of their own reaſon. But let truth ſpeak for once: Why are they ſo induſtrious to debar us that learning, we have an equal right to with themſelves, but for fear of our ſharing with, and outſhining them in, thoſe public offices they fill ſo miſerably? The ſame ſordid ſelfiſhneſs which urges them to engroſs all power and dignity to themſelves, prompts them to ſhut up from us that knowledge which wou'd have made us their competitors.

As nature ſeems to have deſign'd the *Men* for our drudges, I cou'd eaſily forgive them the uſurpation by which they firſt took the trouble of public employments off our hands, if their injuſtice were content with ſtopping there. But as one abyſs calls on another, and vices ſeldom go ſingle, they are not ſatisfied with engroſſing all authority into their own hands, but are confident enough to aſſert that they poſſeſs it by right. Their reaſon for this aſſertion is what I have already hinted, *viz.* becauſe we were

were form'd by nature to be under perpetual ſubjection to them, for want of abilities to ſhare with them in *government* and *public offices*.

Like mean attendants on Life's ſtage we're ſeen,
Drawn forth to fill, but not conduct, the ſcene.

To confute this *manniſh* extravagance, it will be neceſſary to ſap it from the foundation on which it is built.

SECT.

SECT. IV.

Whether the Men *are better qualified to govern than* Women, *or not.*

IF you are doting enough to hold upon truſt what the *Men* themſelves ſay, you are to take it for granted, that *Women* are ſuch ſenſeleſs mortals by nature, as to be abſolutely incapable of taking the leaſt care of themſelves. " It is therefore, ſay " they, a cruel tenderneſs, a falſe complaiſance, to " abandon the fair-ſex to their own conduct. The " more they are made to pleaſe and charm, the " more it imports them to fly from thoſe dangers, " to whlch they are expoſed by being ſo." A plain proof of their ſpeaking from their hearts is, their imagining us weak enough to be wheedled out of our liberty and property, by ſuch jingling empty ſtuff. But where have they proved that we are not as capable of guarding ourſelves from dangers, as they are of guarding us; had we the ſame power and advantages allow'd us, which they have? Again, are we ſafer under their conduct than our own? Is it not manifeſtly launching from *Scylla* to *Charybdis*, to fly to their protection from danger? There is ſcarce an inſtance in a thouſand among *Women*, of *one Woman* of a middling capacity, who does not, or would not, govern herſelf better than moſt *Men* in

in parallel circumſtances, if the circumvention, treachery, and baſeneſs of that ſex did not interfere. Whereas for *one Woman* who is better'd in underſtanding or morality under their tuition, many hundreds are betray'd into inevitable ruin. As this is undeniable matter of fact, it needs no proof to ſupport it. Neither will it bear retorting upon us. For granting ſome few *Men* to have ſuffer'd by petticoat-government, the number is extremely ſmall in proportion. And, were it equal, the *Women's* conduct in this caſe is to be charged wholly to the *Men's* account, who robb'd them of thoſe advantages of education, which wou'd have enabled them to act better; which they were ſuſceptible of; and which they had a natural right to. The ſame apology cannot be made for the *Men's* miſconduct in governing us. They have all the advantages requiſite to qualify them; and if, ſpite of all, we are worſe under their government than under our own, the conſequence ſpeaks itſelf, that either they have a natural want of capacity, or want of honeſty. They are at liberty to chuſe which imputation pleaſes them beſt: Tho' without judging raſhly, I might venture to ſay, they have a right to both. If they imagine they can elude the force of this truth, by ſaying that the *Men*, whom this accuſation regards, have not made uſe of the advantages which their ſex in general has, and therefore might as well have been without them; that no ways leſſens the truth of what I have advanced; that moſt *Women* are ruin'd, inſtead of being improved

proved in heart or mind under the conduct of the *Men.* And therefore, ſince we are at moſt in no greater ſafety under their government than our own, there can be no ſolid reaſon aſſign'd why we ſhou'd be ſubject to it.

But it ſeems we are already condemn'd to it by a judge of their own erecting, a blubbering dotard, too conceited of his own ſenſe, to be improved by that of his wife; *Cato*, the *wiſe Cato*, who grown obſtinate in wrong by age and humour'd prejudice, choſe rather to die a fool of his own making, than live a man of ſenſe by a wife's advice. This *Cato* has pronounced ſentence againſt us. And ſo diſintereſted a judge, we cannot ſurely except againſt. Let us hear then what this oracle ſays,

" Let us treat *Women* as our equals, (*ſays he*) " and they will immediately want to become our " miſtreſſes." 'Tis *Cato* ſays it; and therefore, it ſeems, there needs no proof. Beſides, to oblige men to prove all they advance by reaſon, wou'd be impoſing ſilence upon them; a grievance to which they are perhaps full as unequal as they pretend we are. But granting *Cato* to be infallible in his aſſertions, what then? Have not *Women* as much right to be miſtreſſes, as the *Men* have to be maſters? No, ſays *Cato.* But why? *Becauſe they have not.* Such convincing arguments muſt make us fond of hearing him further. " If we make the *Women* our *equals*, (*adds* " *he*) they will demand that to-morrow as a tribute, " which they receive to-day as a grace." But where is the grace in granting us a ſhare in what we

we have an equal right to? Have not the *Women* an equal claim to power and dignity with the *Men*? If we have; the wiſe *Cato* nods: if we have not; *Cato* wou'd have been wiſe indeed, to convince us of it. But ſuppoſing it to be a favour, a grace, what he pleaſes to call it, wou'd not the *Men* reap the chief benefit of it? The *reſerve* peculiar to our ſex proves, that knowing how to curb ourſelves, we are qualified to govern them; and the meekneſs and tenderneſs, which make part of our character, are ſufficient to perſuade them that our yoke wou'd not be heavy. But no, *ſays Cato*, "we may thank "ourſelves for that ſweetneſs and reſerve which "they ſhew in our preſence. —— This ſhadow of "virtue is owing to the neceſſity we impoſe upon "them of diſſembling." Then *Cato* is forced at laſt to own, that the ſubjection we are kept under, by that arrogant ſex, is the effect of violence and impoſition? This he does to compliment his own ſex with attributing all our merit to them. A ſorry compliment, conſidering the ungrateful truth it extorts from him. And yet how againſt the grain does he own any merit in us! No, we have but the ſhadow of virtue, and all their impoſitions and violence can only induce us to diſſemble. Is not this calling all his own ſex fools? For ſurely nothing can be a greater proof of folly in the *Men* than to uſe violence and impoſition, and to take perpetual pains to ſupport both, only to make us act with affectation; when much leſs labour wou'd make us ſhew ourſelves in a more natural light:

Eſpecially ſince it is impoſſible ever to govern ſubjects rightly, without knowing as well what they really are as what they only ſeem; which the *Men* can never be ſuppoſed to do, while they labour to force *Women* to live in conſtant maſquerade. So that either all the *Men* are downright changelings, by *Cato*'s own confeſſion, or this mighty oracle himſelf is a driveler, and to be heeded by none but ſuch as reſemble him.

I ſhou'd not have thought him worth ſo much notice, but that the *Men* are weak enough, in general, to ſuffer their judgment to be captivated by ſuch half-thinking pedants. Among whom, This in particular, was he worth the pains, might be eaſily proved to have been often groſly in the wrong in other matters as well as in the preſent caſe; and therefore, when he happens to be in the right, the merit of it is more to be imputed to chance than to his wiſdom: Since the greateſt fools, when active, may blunder into the right ſometimes: And great talkers, among many abſurdities, muſt here and there drop a good ſaying, when they leaſt deſign it. Of this ſtamp, are the generality of evidence brought againſt us. Men averſe to the labour of thinking; who have gain'd all their reputation by a pretty gimneſs of expreſſion, which wou'd no more bear examination than their heads, their hearts, or their faces; and who (to mimic this ſage) wou'd rather ſee *common-ſenſe* in confuſion, than *a word* miſplaced in one of their *ſentences*. Yet theſe are ſages among the *Men*, and their apothegms are ſo many divine oracles; whereas,

whereas, perhaps, had we lived in their times, to have heard the many more fooliſh things they ſaid than ſenſible ones, we ſhou'd have found them as trifling as the dupes who revere them. And tho', perhaps, we might have been more ſurprized to hear ſuch dotards talk ſometimes rationally, than we now are, to read their ſayings; we ſhou'd have had reaſon ſtill to think them more fit to extort our admiration than to deſerve it. Care has been taken to hand down to us the beſt of their ſentences, many of which are ſtill weak enough: But had the ſame care been taken to regiſter all their abſurdities, how great a ſhare of their preſent applauſe would they have loſt! As the infidel obſerved to the prieſt of *Neptune*, when proving the god's divinity from the trophies in his temple,

'Tis true, their pictures who eſcap'd you keep,
But where are they who periſh'd in the deep?

GARTH.

But we have a more formidable ſet of enemies than theſe laconic gentlemen; *Men* who pretend to build their aſſertions upon very good grounds, and who wou'd ſcorn, *ſay they*, to exclude us from power, dignity, and public offices, if they cou'd not ſhew us the beſt of reaſons. It will be proper therefore to hear their arguments, before we undertake to ſay they are in the wrong.

SECT. V.

Whether the Women *are fit for public offices, or not.*

IT is enough for the *Men* to find a thing eſtabliſh'd to make them believe it well grounded. In all countries we are ſeen in ſubjection and abſolute dependence on them, without being admitted to the advantage of ſcience, or the opportunities of exerting our capacity in public ſtations. Hence the *Men*, according to their uſual paralogiſm, conclude that we ought to be ſo. But ſuppoſing it to be true, that *Women* had ever been excluded from *public offices*, is it therefore neceſſarily true that they ought to be ſo? God has always been more or leſs reſiſted by ungrateful man; a fine concluſion it wou'd be then to infer, that therefore he ought to be ſo.

But why do the *Men* perſuade themſelves that we are leſs fit for public employments than they are? Can they give any better reaſon than cuſtom, and prejudice, form'd in them by external appearances, for want of a cloſer examination? If they did but give themſelves the leiſure to trace things back to their fountain-head, and judge of the ſentiments and practices of *Men* in former ages from what they diſcover in their own times, they would not be ſo open

open as they are to errors and abſurdities in all their opinions. And particularly with regard to *Women*, they wou'd be able to ſee, that if we have been ſubjected to their authority, it has been by no other law than that of the ſtronger: And that we have not been excluded from a ſhare in the power and privileges which lift their ſex above ours, for want of natural capacity, or merit, but for want of an equal ſpirit of violence, ſhameleſs injuſtice, and lawleſs oppreſſion, with theirs.

Nevertheleſs, ſo weak are their intellectuals, and ſo untuned are their organs to the voice of reaſon, that cuſtom makes more abſolute ſlaves of their ſenſes than they can make of us. They are ſo inur'd to ſee things as they now are, that they cannot repreſent to themſelves how ~~they~~ can be otherwiſe. It wou'd be extremely odd, they think, to ſee a *Woman* at the head of an army giving battle; or at the helm of a nation giving laws; pleading cauſes in quality of counſel; adminiſtring juſtice in a court of judicature; preceded in the ſtreet with ſword, mace, and other enſigns of authority, as magiſtrates; or teaching rhetoric, medicine, philoſophy, and divinity, in quality of univerſity profeſſors.

If by oddity they underſtand ſomething in its nature oppoſite to the genuine unbias'd rules of good-ſenſe, I believe the *Men* will find it a difficult taſk, to prove any oddity in ſuch a ſight, or any real inconſiſtence in it with *rectified reaſon*. For if *Women* are but conſidered as rational creatures, abſtracted

ſtracted from the diſadvantages impoſed upon them by the unjuſt uſurpation and tyranny of the *Men*, they will be found, to the full, as capable as the *Men*, of filling theſe offices.

This has been verified by the moſt illuſtrious facts in ſeveral ages. For inſtance, Who had a greater genius for empire than *Simiramis?* Her huſband, the mighty *Ninus*, who had raiſed the *Aſſyrian* empire, was ſo perſuaded of this, that, at his death, he appointed her regent of his vaſt dominions during his ſon's minority. She diſtinguiſhed her government by the moſt renown'd exploits in war, by the wiſdom of her adminiſtration, and by the moſt glorious works of peace. She built the matchleſs *Babylon*, famed through all the world, beſide other great emporiums on the banks of the *Tygris* and *Euphrates*. The ſplendor and magnificence of the ſtructures whereby ſhe adorned her capital, ſurpaſs almoſt all belief.

With *Simiramis* let me mention *Zenobia*, in whom the regal virtues ſhone no leſs conſpicuouſly than in the former. She managed the wide empire of the eaſt, after the murder of her husband *Odenathus*, with a bravery and conduct truly heroic, and with a ſpirit ſuperior even to her deceaſed conſort's; tho' he could hardly be excell'd in courage, magnanimity, and every generous quality: But ſhe had all thoſe tranſcendant accompliſhments, in the higheſt degree, that were proper to create her an univerſal eſteem, and render her worthy of the nobleſt throne upon earth.

In

In company with theſe we may very juſtly rank two ladies of our own iſland, *Boadicea* and *Elizabeth*. The firſt was wife of *Praſutagus*, king of the *Icenians*. After the death of this prince, ſhe had been ignominiouſly treated by ſome of *Nero*'s officers. The magnanimity of her ſoul could not brook theſe indignities. She meditated a revenge adequate to her reſentment; no leſs than the entire deſtruction of the *Roman* power in this country. She found the whole nation irritated with a ſenſe of her wrongs, as well as of the bondage all groaned under, thro' the inſolence of their *Italian* maſters. She cultivated this diſpoſition, and engaged the *Britiſh* chiefs in a grand alliance, for expelling the tyranny. She headed the confederate army, and had certainly defeated the *Roman* legions, if the valour of her troops had been equal to their female leader's. That ſhe was vanquiſhed, notwithſtanding the moſt conſummate prudence and intrepidity, was owing to the cowardice and folly of thoſe male poltroons ſhe commanded.

What *Engliſh* monarch ever excelled our incomparable *Elizabeth* in the arts of ruling. Her glorious adminiſtration was one continued exerciſe of the moſt refined politicks. She fill'd the whole world with admiration of her royal qualities. She ſucceeded to a throne ſurrounded with circumſtances that had a lowring aſpect, but ſhe ſoon diſſipated the gloomy clouds which obſcur'd her riſing, and ſhone with uninterrupted luſtre to the end of her courſe. When ſhe received the crown ſhe found

found her kingdoms in a weak and diſturbed condition; the people divided in religion, and rent into political factions; the national honour impair'd by the loſs of *Calais*, at the cloſe of her ſiſter's reign; the exchequer almoſt emptied by an unproſperous war; the *Iriſh* ripe for rebellion; and the *Scots* a dangerous neighbour, in alliance with *France*, and ready to forward their deſigns. Theſe were ſome of the difficulties ſhe had to encounter, too great, as moſt men would have imagin'd, for a female government to have overcome; yet, by the force of her ſuperior ſagacity, fortitude, reſolution, and addreſs, ſhe ſo divided and weaken'd her enemies, as to render all their ſchemes abortive. She defended and ſuccoured her allies, retrieved the declining glory of her country, eſtabliſhed the reformation, extended the *Engliſh* commerce, ſent her fleets round the globe, and imported the treaſures of both the *Indies*. Wealth and felicity flow'd into theſe realms under her auſpices; nor was the reign of any of our kings diſtinguiſhed by ſuch a ſeries of martial triumphs, attended with ſo much domeſtic proſperity.

Splendid examples might alſo be produc'd, of women ſhining in the ſphere of learning, and ſignalizing themſelves in all the other noble ſtations and ſcenes of life. But I am not writing a hiſtory of female glory, only dropping ſome hints, which at once are conſpicuous evidences of the truth I advance, and afford the creatures I am dealing with ſome conſolation, under the mortifying proof of our

equalling

equalling 'em, at leaſt, in all the talents they can boaſt of, in all the moſt honourable characters they are able to ſuſtain.

I muſt own, indeed, in this age, to ſee a *Woman*, however well qualified, exert herſelf in any of theſe employments, cou'd not but as greatly ſurprize us, as to ſee a man or woman dreſt in the garb worn in the days of *W.* Rufus. And yet our wonder in either caſe wou'd be the ſole effect of novelty, or of the revival of an obſolete cuſtom, new to us. If from time immemorial the *Men* had been ſo little envious, and ſo very impartial, as to do juſtice to our abilities, by admitting us to our right of ſharing with them in public action, they wou'd have been as accuſtom'd to ſee us filling public offices, as we are to ſee them diſgrace them; and to ſee a lady at a bar, or on a bench, wou'd have been no more ſtrange, than it is now, to ſee a grave judge whimpering at his maid's knees, or, a lord embroidering his wife's petticoat: A *Schurman*, with a theſis in her hand, diſplaying nature in it's moſt innocent uſeful lights, wou'd have been as familiar a ſight, as a phyſician in his chariot conning *Ovid*'s Art of Love: And an *Amazon*, with an helmet on her head, animating her embattled troops, wou'd have been no more a matter of ſurprize, than a milliner behind a counter with a thimble on her finger, or than a peer of *Great Britain* playing with his *garter*.

So widely have inſolence and folly ſpread their influence, that few nations, beſide our own, think

Women capable of holding the ſcepter; but *England* has learn'd by that famous inſtance I have been producing, of *Elizabeth*, as well as by later ones, of Q. *Mary* and her ſiſter *Anne*, that a kingdom may arrive at the ſublimeſt pitch of military glory under the rule and direction of a female.

And as the caſe now ſtands, and ever has ſtood, thus, in reſpect of arms and empire, ſo has it been, and now is, ſimilar with regard to literature. How many ladies have there been, and ſtill are, who deſerve place among the learned; and who are more capable of *teaching* the *ſciences* than thoſe who now fill moſt of the *univerſity chairs?* The age we live in has produced as many, as any one heretofore; tho' their modeſty may prevent their making any public ſhew of it. Such however has been the force of genius in ſome, as to break through this obſtruction; ſuch the prevalence of their merit, as to extort applauſe from the moſt envious of the other ſex. I will not here ſpeak of any whoſe names are not generally known, and of three or four of thoſe only.

Who conſiders, without admiration, the erudition of Madam DACIER. She was a daughter worthy of the great *Tanaquil Faber*, one of the moſt eminent philologiſts of the laſt age. He communicated to her his vaſt ſtores of knowledge, and ſhe had a mind capacious enough to retain 'em. She became the wife of M. *Dacier*, a critic of the firſt rate in *France*, and was not inferior to her huſband in any

of

of the ſtudies of humanity. She aſſiſted him in his tranſlations of the ancients, which ſhe enrich'd with many excellent notes. She was a moſt paſſionate admirer of the *Greek* and *Roman* authors, whom ſhe perfectly underſtood, being a compleat miſtreſs of both their languages. She was highly eſteem'd by all the Literati of *Europe*.

As Madam *Dacier* was one of the brighteſt ornaments of *France*, ſo may the *Britiſh* iſlands glory in a liſt of females, whoſe erudition would have appear'd with dignity in our univerſities. Among theſe we will name, of high quality, only Q. *Elizabeth*, *Mary* of *Scotland*, and the beauteous unfortunate *Jane Gray*, who were able to converſe with *Plato*, *Ariſtotle*, *Iſocrates*, *Demoſthenes*, *Thucydides*, *Cicero*, the philoſophers and orators of old, in their own dialects. Of later time I will take notice but of two, whoſe accompliſhments this way are deſerving of admiration, *Elizabeth Rowe* and *Conſtantia Grierſon*. The former of theſe ladies comprehended in her character all the graces of human nature. She had a fine poetical genius, and in her proſe there is a ſublimity of ſentiment and diction that are really charming.

Mrs. *Grierſon* was a native of the county of *Kilkenny* in *Ireland*, and was one of the moſt extraordinary *Women* that this age, or perhaps any other, has produced. She lived but twenty-ſeven years, and was allowed, long before her death, to be an excellent ſcholar, not only in *Greek* and *Roman*

literature, but in hiſtory, divinity, philoſophy, and mathematicks. She reviſed and corrected a curious edition of ſome of the claſſicks, printed by her huſband at *Dublin*. To *Tacitus* ſhe prefixed an elegant dedication in the *Latin* tongue to Lord *Carteret*, and prefac'd in *Terence* by another to his ſon. She wrote ſeveral excellent poems in *Engliſh*. She roſe to this eminence in learning merely by the force of her own genius, and continual application. She was not only happy in a fine imagination, a vaſt memory, a ſolid underſtanding, and an exact judgment, but had all theſe crown'd by virtue and piety. I muſt add, that as theſe eſtimable endearing qualities raiſed her above moſt, they left her no room for envying any: On the contrary, her delight was to ſee others excell. She was always ready to adviſe and direct thoſe who apply'd to her, and as willing to be adviſed.

And as our ſex, when it applies to learning, may be ſaid at leaſt to keep pace with the *Men*, ſo are they more to be eſteem'd for their learning than the latter: Since they are under a neceſſity of ſurmounting the ſoftneſs they were educated in; of renouncing the pleaſure and indolence to which cruel cuſtom ſeem'd to condemn them; to overcome the external impediments in their way to ſtudy; and to conquer the diſadvantageous notions, which the the vulgar of both ſexes entertain of learning in *Women*. And whether it be that theſe difficulties add a keenneſs to a female under-

underſtanding, or that nature has given to *Woman* a quicker and more penetrating genius than to *Man*, it is evident that many of our ſex have far outſtript the other. Why then are we not as fit to learn and teach the ſciences, at leaſt to our own ſex, as they fancy themſelves to be?

SECT. VI.

Whether the Women *are naturally capable of teaching the* Sciences, *or not.*

OF *Rhetoric* we muſt be allow'd to be by nature deſign'd miſtreſſes and models. *Eloquence* is a talent ſo natural and peculiar to *Woman*, that no one can diſpute it with her. *Women* can perſuade what they pleaſe; can dictate, defend, or diſtinguiſh between right and wrong, without the help of laws. There are few judges, who have not proved them the moſt prevalent counſel; and few pleaders, who have not experienced them to be the moſt clear-headed equitable judges. When *Women* ſpeak on a ſubject, they handle it with ſo delicate a touch, that the *Men* are forced to own they feel what the former ſay. All the oratory of the ſchools is not able to give the *Men* that eloquence and eaſe of ſpeech which coſts us nothing. And that, which their mean envy calls loquacity in us, is only a readineſs of ideas, and an eaſe of delivery, which they in vain labour, for years, to attain.

With what heſitation and drudgery do *Men* ſtrive to bring forth their thoughts? And when ſomething tolerable drops from their lips, with what inſipid geſtures,

geſtures, diſtortion, and grimace, do they diſgrace what they utter? Whereas, when a *Woman* ſpeaks, her air is generally noble and engaging, her geſture free and full of dignity, her action decent, her words eaſy and inſinuating, her ſtile pathetic and winning, and her voice melodious and tun'd to her ſubject. She can ſoar to a level with the higheſt intellect without bombaſt, and, with a complacency natural to the delicacy of her frame, deſcend to the loweſt capacity without meanneſs. Sure then, if we are endow'd with a more perſuaſive eloquence than they are, we muſt be at leaſt as well qualified to *teach* the *ſciences*; and if we are not ſeen in *univerſity chairs*, it cannot be attributed to our want of capacity, but to that violence with which the *Men* ſupport their unjuſt intruſion into our places; or to our greater modeſty and leſſer degree of ambition.

If we were to apply to the *law*, we ſhou'd ſucceed in it at leaſt as well as the *Men*. The natural talent we undiſputedly have, of explaining and unraveling the moſt knotty intricacies, of ſtating our own and other people's pretenſions, of diſcovering the grounds of a diſpute, with the means to ſet it right, and of ſetting engines to work for doing ourſelves juſtice, is ſufficient to prove, that, were we to fill the offices of *counſel*, *judge*, and *magiſtrate*, we ſhould ſhew an ability in buſineſs which very few *Men* can boaſt of. But peace and juſtice are our ſtudy, and our pride is to compoſe thoſe breaches which

which the corruption of that ſex renders them as induſtrious to make.

Our ſex ſeems born to teach and practiſe phyſic, to reſtore health to the diſeaſed, and to preſerve it to thoſe that are well. Neatneſs, handyneſs, and compliance are one half of a patient's cure, in which uſeful qualities the *Men* muſt yield us the prize. Indeed, for inventing hard names, for puzzling a cure, or vexing patients with coſtly and nauſeous remedies, they have far better abilities; but we can invent, and have invented, without the help of *Galen*, or *Hippocrates*, an infinity of reliefs for the ſick, which they and their blind adherents cou'd neither improve nor diſapprove; and an *old woman's receipt*, as it is term'd, has often been known to remove an inveterate diſtemper which has baffled the reſearches of a college of graduates.

I hardly believe our ſex wou'd ſpend ſo many years to ſo little purpoſe as thoſe *Men* do, who call themſelves *philoſophers*, were we to apply to the *ſtudy* of *nature*. We cou'd point out a much ſhorter road to the deſired end. Some *Men* waſte years, nay perhaps their whole lives, on mere *Entia Rationis*, fictitious trifles, to be found only in their own noddles. We ſhou'd find more uſeful employments for our inquiries, than plodding to determine the nature of ſpace; or debating whether matter is or is not infinitely diviſible? whether it has any exiſtence but in the mind? whether there be any mechanical cauſe of gravitation? whether ſpirits are extended? whether eternal duration neceſſarily implies

plies a ſubſtance of which it is a property: with an hundred other queſtions, of a yet more trifling nature, that have been eagerly canvaſſed in the ſchools.

As we are ſenſible that next to the knowledge of God, that of ourſelves, and the objects about us, is of moſt importance, theſe ſhould be the ſubjects of our obſervation, and reſearch, inſtead of miſpending time on ſuch inſignificant points as engroſs the ſtudies of *male philoſophers*. Our endeavour ſhould be to inveſtigate the true nature of things, to underſtand wherein they related to or differed from us, and by what applications they may become beneficial or noxious; that ſo we may avoid evils, and obtain all the felicity providence deſigns us. Might we not by this means be both as learned *philoſophers* and as able *divines* as the *Men*; as capable of being taught, and as ſucceſsful in *teaching*, at leaſt, as they are?

Practice ſufficiently ſpeaks us no leſs *chriſtian* than the other ſex: We receive the goſpel with reverence and humility, and ſubmit to it's doctrines and precepts in a more exemplary manner than the generality of them. I own ſome of our ſort have carried their *worſhip* to *ſuperſtitious* lengths; but have not many of the *Men* done ſo too? And ſurely the *latter* are the moſt culpable: Since the ignorance in which the *former* have been bred reflects all the reproach on the *Men* themſelves, for not affording 'em the means to avoid that evil.

What ſhou'd hinder us from regulating our minds by the faith and diſcipline of Chriſt and his church? If we lay'd the foundation of *philoſophy* and *ſcholaſtic divinity*; ſhou'd we not be as able as the *Men*, in the progreſs of our ſtudies, to underſtand, compare, and interpret, the holy ſcriptures, the writings of the fathers, and the ſacred canons? Might we not qualify our heads and hearts to compoſe religious works, to preach, to confute novelties, to regulate ourſelves and others, to remove their ſcruples, and to reſolve caſes of conſcience, as well as the moſt learned caſuiſts living?

Thus far, I inſiſt, there is no *ſcience* or *public office* in a ſtate, which *Women* are not as much qualified for by nature as the ableſt of *Men*. With regard however to divinity, our natural capacity has been reſtrain'd by a poſitive law of God; and therefore we know better than to claim what we could not practiſe without ſacrilegious intruſion. Though, by the bye, let it be obſerved, that the bar which our *Saviour* has put to our exerciſing any ſacred functions, ſuch as adminiſtring the ordinances, or preaching the doctrines of the goſpel, neither inhibits us from any other public office, nor proves us unworthy or naturally incapable of exerciſing even theſe. That he forbad us 'em proves us naturally apt to perform them. But why he forbad us to do ſo, would be preſumptuous to enquire. However, if it is lawful to reaſon at all upon

upon the divine precepts, we may aſſign a cauſe, which carries it's own probability with it, and rather redounds to the honour than diſrepute of our ſex: God undoubtedly knew the general tendency of the *Men* to *impiety* and *irreligion*; and therefore, might he not confine the functions of *religion* to that ſex, to attract ſome of them at leaſt to thoſe duties which they are ſo prone to diſlike? Eſpecially, ſince the natural propenſity of our ſex to *virtue* and *religion* made it unneceſſary to add thoſe external helps to his divine grace.

If then we ſet cuſtom and prejudice aſide, where wou'd the impropriety be, to ſee us diffuſing *ſcience* from a *profeſſor's chair:* ſince, to name but one of a thouſand, that foreign young lady, whoſe extraordinary merit and capacity, but a few years ago, induc'd an *univerſity* in *Italy* to break through the rules of *partiality* and *cuſtom*, to confer on her a DOCTOR'S DEGREE, is a living proof that we are as capable, as any of the *Men*, of the higheſt eminence in the ſphere of learning, if we had fair treatment.

It is not ſo much in juſtice to my own ſex, that I quote this inſtance, as in favour of the *Men*, by ſhewing that it is not impoſſible for them to be ſometimes juſt, without a miracle. Indeed it might require the labours of a wandring Jew, to produce a few more inſtances of the like equity towards us in that jealous ungenerous ſex. But to find many ladies nothing inferior in merit to the above mention'd,

we need neither the pains of running back to antiquity, nor the expence of a voyage to foreign climes. Our own age and country may boaſt of more than one *Sappho*, numbers of *Cornelias*, and no ſcarcity of *Schurmans* and *Daciers*. If I choſe to unite the ſeveral excellences of all theſe illuſtrious names in one, I might quote an *Eliza*,* not more to be envied for the towering ſuperiority of her genius and judgment, than honour'd for the uſe ſhe makes of them. Her early advances in ancient and modern learning having rais'd her above the imitation of the *Men*, as her many excellent virtues have ſecured her the eſteem of the *Women*; it is no wonder, that, while the former are forced to admire her in ſpite of prejudice, we are at liberty to do juſtice to her merit without fearing the imputation of partiality. However, as her excellence has extorted a juſt praiſe from the mouth of prejudice itſelf, I ſhall forbear to characteriſe her; content to ſee the work already done by that ſex itſelf; and therefore ſhall only tranſcribe an account of this true *Woman* from what the *Reverend* Mr. *Birch* ſays of her in the Hiſtory of the Works of the Learned †: Which is ſo much the more to be relied on, as it comes from a *Man*;

* Miſs CARTER, daughter of Dr. NICHOLAS CARTER, of *Deal* in *Kent*, who tranſlated, into *Engliſh*, ALGAROTTI's *Le Newtonianiſm pour les dames*, &c.

† For *June*, 1739.

" one

one of that ſex which can't be ſuſpected of praiſing any of ours beyond their deſert. " This lady, " *ſays he*, is a very extraordinary phænomenon in " the republick of letters, and juſtly to be rank'd " with the *Cornelias's*, *Sulpicia's*, and *Hypatia's* " of the Ancients, the *Schurmans* and *Daciers* of " the Moderns. For to an uncommon vivacity " and delicacy of genius, and an accuracy of " judgment worthy the matureſt years, ſhe has " added the knowledge of the ancient and modern " languages, at an age when an equal ſkill in " any one of them would be a conſiderable di- " ſtinction in a perſon of the other ſex."

If the compariſon this candid gentleman here makes between the talents of our ſex and his own, ſhou'd prove too galling for their innate jealouſy; let the men excuſe him at leaſt, and pacify themſelves with reflecting on the thanks they all owe him, for giving us this inſtance, in his own perſon, of the poſſibility of finding a *Man*, who can throw off paſſion and prejudice for the ſake of truth and honeſty.

We may eaſily conclude then, that, if our ſex, as it hitherto appears, have all the talents requiſite to *learn* and *teach* thoſe *ſciences*, which qualify *Men* for *power* and *dignity*, they are equally capable of applying their knowledge to practice, in both ways. And ſince this nation has ſeen many glorious inſtances of *Women* qualified to have all ſovereign authority center'd in them: why

why may they not be as qualified at leaſt for the ſubordinate offices of miniſters of ſtate, vice-queens, governeſſes, ſecretaries, privy-counſellors, and treaſurers? Or why may they not, without oddity, be even generals of armies, and admirals of fleets? But this will be diſtinctly conſidered in the following ſection.

SECT.

SECT. VII.

Whether Women *are naturally qualified for military offices, or not.*

I Muſt confeſs, I cannot find how the impropriety wou'd be greater, to ſee a lady with a truncheon in her hand, than with a crown on her head; or why it ſhou'd create more ſurpriſe, to ſee her preſide in a council of war, than in a council of ſtate. Why may ſhe not be as capable of heading an army as a parliament; or of commanding at ſea as of reigning at land? What ſhou'd hinder her from holding the helm of a fleet with the ſame ſafety and ſteadineſs as that of a nation? And why may ſhe not exerciſe her ſoldiers, draw up her troops in battle-array, and divide her forces into battalions at land, ſquadrons at ſea, *&c.* with the ſame pleaſure ſhe wou'd have in ſeeing or ordering it to be done? The military art has no myſtery in it beyond others, which *Women* cannot attain to. A *Woman* is as capable as a *Man* of making herſelf, by means of a map, acquainted with the good and bad ways, the dangerous and ſafe paſſes, or the proper ſituations for encampment. And what ſhou'd hinder her from making herſelf miſtreſs of all the

the ſtratagems of war, of charging, retreating, ſurpriſing, laying ambuſhes, counterfeiting marches, feigning flights, giving falſe attacks, ſupporting real ones, animating the ſoldiery, and adding example to eloquence by being the firſt to mount a breach. Perſuaſion, heat, and example are the ſoul of victory: And *Women* can ſhew as much eloquence, warmth, and intrepidity, where their honour is at ſtake, as is requiſite to attack or defend a town.

There can be no real difference pointed out between the inward or outward conſtitution of *Men* and *Women*, excepting what merely tends to giving birth to poſterity. And the differences thence ariſing are no ways ſufficient to argue more natural ſtrength in the one than in the other, to qualify them more for military labours. Are not the *Women* of different degrees of ſtrength, like the *Men*? Are there not ſtrong and weak of both ſexes? *Men* educated in ſloth and ſoftneſs are weaker than *Women*; and *Women*, become harden'd by neceſſity, are often more robuſt than *Men*. We need go no farther than *Chelſea*, for proof that a *Woman* may be enured to all the hardſhips of a campaign, and to meet all the terrors of it, as well as the braveſt of the oppoſite ſex.

What has greatly help'd to confirm the *Men* in the prejudiced notion of *Women*'s natural weakneſs, is the common manner of expreſſion which this very vulgar error gave birth to. When they mean to ſtigmatiſe a *Man* with want of courage they

they call him *effeminate*, and when they would praiſe a *Woman* for her courage they call her *manly*. But as theſe, and ſuch like expreſſions, are merely arbitrary, and but a fulſome compliment which the *Men* paſs on themſelves, they eſtabliſh nothing. The real truth is, That humanity and intregrity, the characteriſtics of our ſex, make us abhor unjuſt ſlaughter, and prefer honourable peace to unjuſt war. And therefore, to uſe theſe expreſſions with propriety, when a *Man* is poſſeſt of our virtues he ſhould be call'd effeminate by way of the higheſt praiſe of his good-nature and juſtice; and a *Woman* who departs from our ſex by eſpouſing the injuſtice and cruelty of the *Men*'s nature ſhould be call'd a *Man: that is*, one whom no ſacred ties can bind to the obſervation of juſt treaties, and whom no blood-ſhed can deter from the moſt cruental violence and rapine.

But however this be, it is certain, that bare ſtrength intitles the *Men* to no ſuperiority above *us*, as I have already remark'd. Otherwiſe brutes wou'd deſerve the pre-eminence of them. And among themſelves, the ſtrongeſt man ought to be the chief in power. Whereas we plainly ſee that, generally ſpeaking, the ſtrongeſt are only fit to make drudges for the reſt; and particularly in armies, they who have moſt of brutal vigour are often uſeful only as faſcines for men much weaker than themſelves to mount a breach on. On the other hand, men who have leſs ſtrength have very often the moſt brains. The wiſeſt *philoſophers*, the

ableſt *poets*, and the greateſt *princes*, have not always had the beſt conſtitutions. *Henry* was no match in ſtrength with Sir *John Falſtaff*. And a *Marlborough* perhaps might have routed an army with more eaſe than he cou'd have wreſtled with the meaneſt of his ſoldiers.

It is quite idle then to inſiſt ſo much on bodily ſtrength, as a neceſſary qualification for military employments. And it is full as idle to imagine that *Women* are not naturally as capable of *courage* and *reſolution* as the *Men*. We are indeed charged, without any exception, with being timorous, and incapable of defence; frighted at our own ſhadows; alarm'd at the cry of an infant, the bark of a dog, the whiſtling of the wind, or a tale of hob-goblins. But is this univerſally true? Are there not *Men* as void of courage as the moſt heartleſs of our ſex? And yet it is known that the moſt timorous *Women* often make a virtue of neceſſity, and ſacrifice their own fears for the ſafety of a huſband, a ſon, or a brother. Fearful and weak as they are, they often behave more courageouſly than the *Men* under pains, ſickneſs, want, and the terrors of death itſelf.

Need I bring *Amazons* from *Scythia* to prove the fortitude of *Women?* Need I run to *Italy* for a *Camilla* to ſhew an inſtance of warlike courage? Wou'd the wife of *Petus*, who ſtabb'd herſelf firſt to encourage her deſponding huſband to do the like, have been afraid to mount a breach? Wou'd not ſhe, who cou'd ſnatch the knife from her bleeding

ing breaſt, and ſerenely give it to *Thraſeas*, with a—*ſtrike*, PETUS! *it don't ſmart:* Wou'd not ſhe, I ſay, have been equally capable of animating with perſuaſion and example an army in the defence of her country? Let *France* boaſt it's *maid* of *Orleans*; and other nations glory in their numberleſs ſtore of warlike *Women*. We need not go out of *England* to ſeek heroines, while we have annals to preſerve their illuſtrious names. To whom did *England* owe it's deliverance from the tyrannic yoke of the *Danes?* But to paſs over the many inſtances of warlike bravery in our ſex, let it ſuffice once more to name a *Boadicea*, who made the moſt glorious ſtand againſt the *Romans*, in the defence of her country, which that great empire was ever a witneſs to. And if her endeavours did not meet with the ſucceſs of an *Alexander*, a *Cæſar*, or a *Charles* of *Sweden* in his fortunate days, her courage and conduct were ſuch, as render'd her worthy to be conſider'd as equal, if not ſuperior to them all, in bravery and wiſdom; not to mention the nobler motive of her actions.

Thus far I think it evidently appears, that there is no *ſcience*, *office*, or *dignity*, which *Women* have not an equal right to ſhare in with the *Men:* Since there can be no ſuperiority but that of brutal ſtrength ſhewn in the *latter*, to entitle them to engroſs all *power* and *prerogative* to themſelves; nor any incapacity proved in the *former* to diſqualify them of their right, but what is owing to the unjuſt oppreſſion of the *Men*, and might be eaſily

removed. With regard however to warlike employments, it ſeems to be a diſpoſition of *Providence* that cuſtom has exempted us from them. As ſailors in a ſtorm throw overboard their more uſeleſs lumber, ſo it is but fit that the *Men* alone ſhou'd be expoſed to the dangers and hardſhips of war, while we remain in ſafety at home. They are, generally ſpeaking, good for little elſe but to be our bulwarks: And our ſmiles are the moſt noble rewards which the braveſt of them all ought to deſire, or can deſerve, for all the hazards they encounter, and for all the labours they go thro' in our defence during the moſt tedious campaigns.

SECT.

SECT. VIII.

CONCLUSION.

WHAT I have hitherto ſaid has not been with an intention to ſtir up any of my own ſex to revolt againſt the *Men*, or to invert the preſent order of things with regard to *government* and *authority*. No, let them ſtand as they are. I only mean to ſhew my ſex that they are not ſo deſpicable as the *Men* wou'd have them believe themſelves, and that we are capable of as much greatneſs of ſoul as the beſt of that haughty ſpecies. And I am fully convinc'd it wou'd be the joint intereſt of both to think ſo.

This is plain from the ill conſequences attending the oppoſite error. The *Men*, by thinking us incapable of improving our intellects, have entirely thrown us out of all the advantages of education; and thereby contributed as much as poſſible to make us the ſenſeleſs creatures they repreſent us. So that, for want of *education*, we are render'd ſubject to all the follies they diſlike in us, and are loaded with their ill treatment for faults of their own creating. And what is the conſequence of this tyrannic treatment? Why, it finally reverts on themſeves: The

ſame

ſame want of *learning* and *education* which hurries *Women* into what diſpleaſes the *Men*, debars them of the virtues requiſite to ſupport them under the ill treatment they are loaded with by the *Men*, on that account; and for want of thoſe virtues they often run very unjuſtifiable lengths to be revenged on their tyrants. Thus does it arrive, generally ſpeaking, that both *Men* and *Women* hold one-another in ſovereign contempt, and therefore vie with each-other which ſhall treat the other worſt. Whereas, how happy might they be, wou'd both ſexes but reſolve to give one another that juſt eſteem which is their due.

However, if truth may be ſpoken, it is undeniable that the blame lies chiefly and originally in the *Men*. Since if they wou'd but allow *Women* the advantages of education and literature, the latter wou'd learn to deſpiſe thoſe follies and trifles for which they are at preſent unjuſtly deſpiſed. Our ſex wou'd be enabled to give the *Men* a better opinion of our capacity of head and diſpoſition of heart: And the *Men*, in proportion to the encreaſe of their eſteem for us, wou'd leſſen, and by degrees reform, their ill-treatment of us. *Women* wou'd make it their ſtudy to improve their parts, and with encreaſe of knowledge would grow in every uſeful accompliſhment. Their pleaſure and ſtudy would be to entertain the *Men* with ſenſe, and to add ſolidity to their charms. By which means *both ſexes* wou'd be happy, and *neither* have cauſe to blame the *other*. But while they lock up from us all the

avenues

avenues to knowledge, they cannot, without reproach to themſelves, blame us for any miſconduct which ignorance may be the occaſion of · and we cannot but accuſe them of the moſt cruel injuſtice in diſeſteeming and miſuſing us for faults they deprive us of the power of correcting.

BEAUTY'S TRIUMPH.

(PART the SECOND.)

Being an ATTEMPT to refute

SOPHIA's ARGUMENTS;

And to prove the

Natural RIGHT of the MEN

TO

SOVEREIGN AUTHORITY

over the Other SEX.

DEDICATION.

To the LADIES,

IF openly to attack ſo fair and favourite a part of human ſociety as you are, ſhould ſeem a confident attempt; it will appear a much bolder one, to lay at your feet, for approbation, the very inſtrument of your pain, ſtill warm and reeking from the wound it has given you. Methinks I ſee ſome pretty Lady pouting with an indignation ſo amiable, that a man would almoſt, for the ſake of beholding, purpoſely ſtudy to pique her. What! ſays the charming, peeviſh thing, is not ſtriking at our honour in every tender part, an injury great enough, unleſs the aggreſſor inſult us with the very weapon which has juſt executed his cruel purpoſe. Muſt we not only feel the barbarous Edge of his ungenerous ſatire, but be taunted with a dedication of it?

And truly, I muſt own, if we are to judge of things by their firſt appearances, the angry Fair-one's *tranſport is not quite unreaſonable. But ſtill,* Ladies, *if you allow yourſelves leiſure to reflect, you will not only be far from conſidering me as an inſolent enemy, but will look upon it as your common intereſt to acknow-*

ledge me a generous friend. Examine but the nature of the operation I have performed, and the diſeaſe which made it neceſſary, and you will conſider me in the true character I act in; which is not that of a mercileſs aſſaſſin, whoſe end is deſtruction, but that of an honourable ſurgeon, who makes no inciſion but to let in a cure where it is wanting.

As I have employ'd a good deal of time in the ſtudy of your fair beings, I could not help diſcovering, in ſeveral of you, many viſible tumors, in mind and heart, which, like pimples on your faces, were injurious to your real charms, and obſtructive of the rational delight you were born to receive and beſtow. Nevertheleſs, the ſame tender reſpect, which made me anxious in wiſhing you an effectual riddance of them, reſtrained me from attempting to remove them myſelf; I ſaw no probable means of ſucceeding to my wiſh, but by ſuch an operation as muſt give exquiſite ſmart to ſome, however beneficial it was likely to prove to all. But when I ſaw a raſh hand from among your fair ſelves indiſcreetly buſied in clogging your evils, already too dangerous, with the more dangerous poultice of pride and ambition, I thought it high time to ſpare you the threatening gangrene, at the expence of ſome anguiſh, by applying, where neceſſary, the lancet of ſatire, to let out thoſe impoſthumes, which the pretty undeſigning traitreſs was labouring to render incurable.*

I would

* *Sophia*'s Treatiſe, entitled, *Woman not inferior to Man.*

I would beg fair Sophia's *pardon for giving her the title of* Traitreſs, *if I did not think the epithet* undeſigning *ſufficient to compenſate for apologies. I am far from imagining ſhe had the leaſt ſiniſter view in the work ſhe has publiſhed: on the contrary, I am inwardly convinced, her intentions were excellent. For though I have not the honour or happineſs to know the charming creature, however I wiſh for both, the noble ſentiments and virtuous diſpoſitions ſhe diſcovers in that ingenious Eſſay, oblige me to conſider her as another* Angelica, *at once her ſex's nobleſt ornament, and livelieſt reproach, as well as the moſt illuſtrious example their virtuous ambition can aſpire to copy after. If all* Women *were like her, we ſhould have little danger to apprehend from coming into her Ladyſhip's notions; and I might have ſpared the pains of a deſperate remedy to try to make them ſuch. But as the caſe is quite otherwiſe, and their dangerous evils call for a dangerous* cure, *I flatter myſelf, lovely creatures, that ſhe, and all ſuch of you as are like her, will approve me for attempting one. How much more concerned I am for your happineſs than my own ſafety, muſt appear from my entering the liſts againſt a Lady ſo formidable as* Sophia *muſt be, if the charms of her perſon are equal to thoſe of her ſoul.*

If my zeal for your felicity and ſafety has rendered me eager to reſcue you from imminent miſery, it has equally tempered that eagerneſs with a regard

for

for your natural delicacy in the manner of doing it: ſo that wherever I found amputation neceſſary, without ſparing proud fleſh, I have been ſparing of the quick. But if, nevertheleſs, I have not been able to purſue the honeſt end of my wiſhes without giving pain to ſome of you, let your reſentment be levelled, not at the inſtrument of your cure, but at the evils which called for it; not at the hand which directed it, but at that which provoked it. Inſtead then of frowning on me as an enemy, who has a deſign on your honour and happineſs, if you have either at heart, you will exert all your induſtry to ſhew how far you are from being incurable in your evils, by reaping the benefit of a cure offered you, and how little you are averſe to that cure, by receiving into your graces the perſon who has generouſly endeavoured to perform it at the riſk of diſpleaſing you.

Or otherwiſe, lovely creatures, if you are inſenſible of being, or unwilling to own yourſelves in need of a cure, let that natural love of change which is ſo bewitching in you, juſtify my preſenting to you this little love-gift in a different ſhape, by changing the allegory. The tranſition, however unconnected, is no impropriety in an addreſs to ſuch pretty variable things as you. Fancy then that it is a uſeful pocket-mirror I preſent you with: it is at leaſt capable of anſwering the beſt ends of one, if conſulted with the ſame attention as the glaſſes on your toilets. Indeed you will find it leſs flattering than moſt of thoſe are; but perhaps it may prove

prove the more uſeful for being ſo; and therefore ought to be, at leaſt, equally agreeable to you. By ſhewing you to yourſelves in a true light, it will, I hope, enable you to improve the real excellencies, and to remove out of ſight all the blemiſhes you may diſcover in yourſelves. And as patches and paint will be uſeleſs to hide the defects which this will point you out, it may poſſibly ſet you on finding out better expedients to prevent the ill effects of them, than the daubing diſguiſe of affectation.

Accept then this little token of my regard to you in the light I propoſe it in, and I am confident you cannot be out of temper with the donor. For, ſhould any of you chance to ſee yourſelves in a Salacia, *an* Uberia, *a* Pavonia, *or ſome other as little pleaſing figure, it is not the truth of the repreſentation, but yourſelves, you muſt fall out with, for being ſo like what you are ſo unwilling to be thought like. And ſuch of you as may applaud yourſelves in the merit of an* Angelica, *can have no reaſon to be angry with me, for placing you in company which can only ſerve to ſet your charms in a more conſpicuous light.*

If I have not repreſented all Women *in that amiable character, it is not my fault, but theirs, who refuſe or neglect to aſſume it: for, if you are not all* Angelica's, *yet many of you have the power to be ſuch: and therefore, if, notwithſtanding all I have ſaid, you are ſtill reſolved to conſider me as an enemy, for expo-*

expoſing the deformity of ſome of you, you have a fair opportunity of taking an honourable revenge, by immediately aſſuming Angelica's *character.*

By this means you will condemn me to the infamy of a ſcandalous libeller, and make all I have advanced to the diſgrace of your ſex in general, be branded by future ages with the ignominious title of impudent falſhood. *And ſhould this undertaking be happy enough to provoke you to ſuch a noble reſentment, I ſhall think my labour amply rewarded by the fruit it produces: for ſuch is the ardent zeal I have for your real felicity, that I would gladly fall a ſacrifice to the worſt effects of your indignation, to have the merit of contributing towards making you the moſt* perfect, *as you are the moſt* lovely *beings in the Univerſe.*

I am,

LADIES,

Your moſt humble Servant,

* * * *.

INTRO-

INTRODUCTION.

THE very great tenderneſs I have always expreſſed and really felt for the Fair Sex, would by no means ſuffer me now to exert my pen againſt that delicate part of the creation which has hitherto engroſſed my beſt wiſhes, if juſtice to my own ſex, a diſintereſted zeal for the proſperity of the other, and an invincible love of truth, did not oblige me to render them a ſervice by oppoſing them. Nature, ever reminding me that I was born of a *Woman*, bids me reſpect that endearing name; yet honour, not allowing me to forget by whom I was begotten, forbids me to derogate from the dignity of *Man*. However generoſity then may incline me to favour the *Women*, by overlooking their real imperfections, and putting an advantageous gloſs on their little merits, yet it is an act of juſtice I owe to my own ſex, to defend its prerogatives, when openly attacked by the too daring ambition of the other.

From the beginning of the world till now, *our Sex* has enjoy'd an undiſputed ſovereignty over the

other, and their joint conſent in all ages ſufficiently proves our poſſeſſion not uſurped. Hitherto the *Women*, conſcious of their inabilities, have chearfully acknowledged the authority which wiſdom gives the *Men* over them; content with the ſoft dominion which Love ſecures to them over our ſex. In a word, the little glimmering of reaſon, which heaven beſtowed on them out of compaſſion to us, that they might be in ſome degree a ſort of rational amuſement to us, was ſufficient to convince them of the juſtneſs of their ſubjection. And ſo far from accuſing nature of partiality in making them vaſſals to us, they were ſenſible that ſhe had been but too bountiful in beſtowing on them the privilege of reigning in the hearts of their lords: a privilege which we have hitherto been too generous to grudge them; having no danger to apprehend from leaving our hearts in the keeping of *Women*, while the heads of the fair keepers themſelves were in due ſubjection to our own.

But the caſe muſt neceſſarily alter from the minute that ſex forgets its allegiance to us. If once the *Women* preſume to call in queſtion the great duty of vaſſalage to us, it muſt be time to withdraw our hearts from their power. They can no longer be ſafe in the cuſtody of ſuch *Women* as refuſe to ſubmit themſelves to our authority.

The joint induſtry of the *Fair* at all times, in labouring to make themſelves agreeable to us, is a ſtand-

a ſtanding proof, that that is the great buſineſs they were created for, and that the acquiring our *Love* and *Eſteem* is the higheſt end their ambition ought to ſoar to; as the poſſeſſion of *both* is the great and ſole happineſs they are capable of enjoying in this life. But how can they hope ever to reach *either*, without perſevering in the uſe of thoſe methods which alone can render them worthy to obtain what they aim at? How ſhall they appear any longer agreeable in our eyes, if once they throw off that modeſty and ſubjection which alone can give even their native charms the force to pleaſe us? What title will they have left to our favour and indulgence, from the moment they begin to diſpute our power and prerogative over them? In a word, if, inſtead of making uſe of the little complaiſances we have for their weakneſs, to redouble their obedience and fidelity to us, they aſpire to become our equals; ought we not, in juſtice to ourſelves, and for inſtruction to them, to ſhew them, that it has been owing to our own generoſity, more than to any right they can claim, that we have not hitherto treated them only as our leſs uſeful ſlaves.

However, one ſhould be apt to imagine, that *Women* had their own intereſt more at heart than to reduce us to this extremity. Who could conceive that any one of that ſex would be ſo much an enemy to herſelf and the reſt, as to riſk the

forfeiture of that liberty which the *Men* have ſo graciouſly raiſed them to, merely for the ſake of graſping at a power which they are ſure of never attaining? And yet, inconceivable as it is, our own times can ſhew a very recent inſtance of it in a lady, who, perhaps for the ſake of becoming an author, has taken abundance of pains to convince us, that there is no exceſs of extravagance which that ſex cannot attempt, and no preſumption in them which merits our ſurprize.

Every one will be able to gueſs that I am ſpeaking of SOPHIA, that enlightened *Lady*, who has ſurpriſingly found out, that *Man* is not ſuperior to *Woman* in any thing but what ſhe pleaſes to call *brutal ſtrength!* So extravagant an aſſertion cannot but be attended with very fatal conſequences to both ſexes, if liſtened to by the *Women:* and what will not *Woman* liſten to, which flatters her vanity, ambition, curioſity, or love of change?

For, Women *have fantaſtic conſtitutions,*
Inconſtant as their wiſhes, ever wav'ring,
And never fix'd. Ven. Preſ.

Safe in the paradiſe of our protecting love, they are ſure of happineſs, while, conſcious of the bleſſing, they perſiſt in deſerving it, by their fidelity and obedience! But if once they give ear to this fair fallen angel, like true daughters of their firſt fickle parent *Eve,* the flattering bait of power, dignity,

dignity, and knowledge, will cheat them of that happineſs; and, by exciting them to diſobey, will baniſh them the ſanctuary of our hearts, their only aſylum from ſcorn and wretchedneſs. So (if we may compare great things with little, the ſacred with the vain) the darkeſt angels once were happy; till *Lucifer*, the nobleſt, brighteſt of them all, not content to be the Almighty's favourite creature, and next in glory to the Deity, vainly aſpired to be the eternal ſovereign's *equal*, rebelled againſt his *Lord*, and drew whole legions into the revolt. But what was the conſequence of their preſumption? they juſtly incurred their maker's indignation, were baniſhed heaven, and fell the unpitied victims of their raſh ambition. Infinite as the diſtance is between God and Man, it is eaſy to ſee the analogy between the revolt of theſe ambitious ſpirits againſt their heavenly ſovereign, and the rebellion to which *Sophia*'s doctrine may excite the reſt of her ſex againſt the natural *Lords*, to whom God made them ſubject here on earth. But let the fair copies of thoſe fickle beings, cautioned by their fall, avoid the leaſt appearance of their fault; leſt, aſpiring to be our *equals*, they ſhould loſe our affection, which alone entitles them to the little condeſcendences we have for them, and fall irrevocably to the low condition into which our diſregard is capable of ſinking them.

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To ſhew them how much I am their friend, and how ſincerely I wiſh to preſerve them in that degree which the generoſity of the *Men* have lifted them to, I ſhall here render them all the ſervice their tender capacities will permit me to do, by endeavouring to open their eyes to the diſcovery of the gay illuſions of this aſpiring lady; that they may not become the dupes of her friendly but miſtaken zeal for them, which might otherwiſe do them more miſchief than their greateſt enemies could wiſh done, or than their native charms could poſſibly repair.

This dextrous female, to give us a ſample of the expertneſs of her ſex at invention, has artfully enough thrown in a *caveat* againſt any *Man*'s being judge of the *equality* or *inferiority* of merit in *Women*, as compared with *Men*; becauſe truly the *Men* are to be conſidered as parties concerned, and therefore muſt all be partial in their judgment. However, I muſt beg leave to obſerve, that though it is true, that the generality of both ſexes are weak enough to give prejudice and intereſt the preference to truth and juſtice; yet even *Sophia* herſelf cannot be ſo raſhly cenſorious as to imagine that all are unjuſt alike. And therefore ſhe muſt own that ſome few *Men* may be found among us, who, ſuppoſing their intereſt to be ever ſo nearly concerned, would nevertheleſs be honeſt enough to acknowledge the *Women* for their equals, if there

was

was the leaſt appearance of reaſon in their favour; and to make them every conceſſion they had a right to demand.

For my own part, at leaſt, I have ſo indefeaſible a right to be rank'd in the number of thoſe few, that the moſt jealous of their ſex cannot diſpute my title. For, on one ſide, I can have no intereſt to biaſs me; having nothing to hope or fear from my own ſex, and expecting as little from the oppoſite: and, on the other, if I have received any partiality from inclination, it is all for the *Women*. I do not ſay this out of any ambition of being judge in ſo unthankful an affair, in which it will be impoſſible to do juſtice to one party without giving the other offence. And I, of all *Men*, have the leaſt reaſon to court the occaſion of diſpleaſing thoſe amiable creatures, who cannot myſelf give them the ſlighteſt pain without ſharing with them in it.

Inſtead, therefore, of taking upon me the office of deciding on the merit of the Fair Sex, and the degree they ought to ſtand in comparatively with the *Men*; I ſhall leave it to themſelves to be judges in their own cauſe, after I have fairly ſtated what is worthy obſervation on both ſides of the debate. For I can by no means apprehend any thing from their partiality, or prejudice, when I conſider how much it is to their own advantage to be juſt to the

Men,

Men, and how ſeldom they are guilty of diſregarding their own private intereſts.

The more judicious part of our ſex may perhaps think it dangerous to truſt the *Women* as judges of any thing where reaſon is concerned, on account of the weakneſs of their intellects, which ſeldom can reach higher than a head-dreſs. But to remove all objections of this kind, I ſhall endeavour to make the matter plain to them, by treating it in the moſt familiar manner; not only to prevent their weakening the little underſtanding they have, by keeping it too much upon the ſtretch, but to ſave them from expoſing their light-pinion'd fancy to the reſiſtleſs beams of ſcrutiny, by ſoaring above their capacity: I ſhall do my utmoſt to make *Reaſon* ſtoop to their comprehenſion, by confining myſelf entirely to their ſphere. In doing this, I know it will be expected that I ſhould take notice of whatever may ſeem worthy of *any* in the pretty whimſical Treatiſe with which *Sophia* has thought fit to divert the public: and therefore I ſhall follow the method ſhe has pointed out to me. However, I muſt beg to be excuſed from being acceſſary to her loſing herſelf and her partiſans in the maze of *Theory*; a ground too holy for Female feet to tread with impunity. No; practice is the boundary of their province; and therefore I ſhall wholly confine myſelf, in this little Treatiſe, to practical reaſoning; except where I am obliged

obliged to ſtep aſide to recover my bewilder'd fair antagoniſt from the danger of ſtraying out of her latitude.

It will be a needleſs repetition to ſay, that my only motive in oppoſing this Lady is, the deſire of ſeconding her good intention, by doing effectual ſervice to her ſex; as my only view in laying open their foibles is, the hope I conceive of rendering them leſs pernicious to themſelves. However, tender as I deſign to be in handling the faults of theſe delicate creatures, I am ſenſible that an operation of this kind cannot but give them ſome ſmart. Nevertheleſs, reſolved, like an honeſt ſurgeon, to conquer the little reluctances of a heart diſpoſed to compaſſion, I ſhall rather chooſe to give them a little momentary pain, than ſuffer them, out of falſe tenderneſs, to riſk a more fatal mortification. The little uneaſineſs, which the probing of their blemiſhes may occaſion, will be amply attoned for by the gangrene it will prevent; eſpecially ſince natural propenſity towards them will incline me to uſe them as gently as poſſible. Not that I expect my fair patients to be reconciled to the cure, while they are under the operation, any more than I can think of ſeeing a delirious man fond of the hand which trepans him. I only flatter myſelf, that when once they have received benefit enough to be ſenſible of the neceſſity of it, they will thank me for my labour: a labour, in which neither paſſion nor prejudice, and much leſs

intereſt, could have any ſhare, with one whoſe age and ſtate of life raiſe him from being biaſſed by the ſmiles of their ſex, or the frowns of his own. So that even thoſe pretty incurables, whom nothing will be ſufficient to prevail with to conſider me in any other light than that of an enemy, cannot, without injuſtice, deny me to be a generous one: though how far I am from being one at all, will beſt appear in the concluſion of this little piece. And, therefore, relying on the uprightneſs of my own intentions, and the manner of executing them, I ſhall confidently proceed to the ſubject in queſtion. But, before we deſcend to particulars, it will not be improper to make the following general examination.

BEAUTY'S TRIUMPH.

PART II.

SECTION I.

Whether the Superiority of the Men *over the* Women *is not founded on ſomething more ſolid than* Cuſtom *and* Prejudice.

IT cannot be denied that the ingenious Lady whom I have to contend with, is, for a Woman, no deſpicable adverſary. The cauſe, indeed, ſhe has undertaken to defend is none of the beſt. But, bad as it is, ſhe has been cautious enough to make uſe of all the means practicable to render her arguments, in the ſupport of it, unanſwerable. She could not, without a degree of blindneſs, poſſibly overlook the irrefragable authority of a practice founded upon a preſcription as ancient as human nature. She knew that the ſu-

periority of *Man* over *Woman* was no novelty to either ſex ever ſince *Adam*'s time; and therefore imagined, as well ſhe might, that it could be no eaſy matter to invert this diſpoſition of things, ſo venerable from the ſingle conſideration of its antiquity, without removing the obſtacle which cuſtom put in her way, by leſſening the regard which the moſt conſiderate are inclined to pay to it. This ſhe has endeavoured to do: but how? why, truly, by enumerating ſome few inſtances, in which mankind of both ſexes have been led into error by a blind prejudice in favour of habitual ignorance, and not of practical poſitive cuſtom; and thoſe too inſtances of a particular nature, and in which all *Men* were not concerned, as the diſbelief of the *Antipodes*, the ſuppoſed *ſpirits* of *machinery*, and the fancied *machinery* of *Carteſian animals*. Whereas, to convince us that *cuſtom* is never to be regarded, ſhe ſhould have inſtanced ſome one cuſtom as univerſal with relation to place and time, as that of *Woman*'s ſubjection to *Man*, in which mankind had confeſſedly found themſelves in error.

As this is paſt her ſkill to do, it is plain ſhe has run beyond her mark, and contrary to her deſign eſtabliſhed an argument in favour of *Man*'s authority over *Woman*, on the very principle of *cuſtom*, which ſhe, with ſo much induſtry and artifice, laboured to undermine. For it cannot without raſhneſs be doubted, but that mankind being rational creatures, and therefore not only directed, but even

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of themſelves inclined, to do nothing without reaſon, they muſt have conſulted reaſon for the introduction of ſuch practices as have been univerſally received by both ſexes, in all places, and at all times. Inſomuch that it is impoſſible for any in their ſenſes to conceive that right reaſon and prudence had no hand in eſtabliſhing the cuſtoms, which both oblige us to conform to, and which we cannot deviate from, without breaking in upon order and decency.

Of this nature is the cuſtom, if *Sophia* chooſes to call it ſo, which directs the *Woman* to be ſubject and ſubmiſſive to the heaven-derived authority of their natural ſovereign *Man:* a cuſtom, which, whether right or wrong, muſt ſo nearly concern every individual of human nature, that neither ſex could be ſuppoſed ſo indifferent to their happineſs, as not to conſult reaſon before they eſtabliſhed or rejected it. And therefore, ſince both ſexes from the creation unanimouſly eſtabliſhed this practice, and handed it down thro' all ages to our own, it is the height of temerity to impute the power of the *Men* over the *Women* to inconſiderate *cuſtom*, or to any cauſe inferior to *reaſon* and *prudence*.

Have not the *Women* ever been, and are they not at this preſent time, in every country, in abſolute ſubjection to the *Men*, and wholly dependent on them in all things? Where was, or is, the nation in which the former were conſider'd, even by themſelves, as *equal* with the latter? It will not do, to

quote

quote upon me the virago tribe of *Scythia:* for let it be conſider'd, that it can be no wonder that the *Women* ſhould not be ſubject to *Men* in a nation wholly made up of ſuch *Women* as the moſt ignoble of our ſex at that time ſcorned to rule over. No, let any one affirm, if truth will permit, that the *Women* were ever treated in any one nation made up of both ſexes, upon a better footing than inferior ſubjects; fit at beſt only to be the upper ſervants in their families.

This is the light in which they have always been viewed here in *England*; the place in the world where the Fair-ſex is the moſt regarded, and perhaps deſerves moſt to be ſo. And every one knows how much worſe they are looked upon in ſome countries, where they are eſteemed abſolute ſlaves. In *China* they are confined to ſee no one but their huſbands and children; and have their feet kept ſmall on purpoſe to prevent their gadding. In *Turkey* they are pamper'd priſoners at beſt: almoſt throughout *Aſia*, *Africa*, and *America* wives are but houſe-maids for life: in moſt parts of *Europe*, indeed, they are treated a little more gently; tho' the difference is but little in *Italy*, and ſcarce diſcernable in *Spain*. In a word, they are every where employed in nothing but what is low and ſervile. Their higheſt dignities are limited to houſe-wifery, and their common uſe is to be kept for breeders. In *England* alone it is, that they are raiſed to the office of diſſipators of our more intenſe thoughts,

thoughts, amuſing lullers of our care and application, and a kind of under-companions to us, when reaſon is diſpoſed to relax. Nor is it eaſy to comprehend how it is poſſible to raiſe them higher, with any ſhew of reaſon, conſidering their natural incapacity for every thing above the ſphere they actually move in. So that, however the men might be diſpoſed, and whatever endeavour they might make uſe of, to alter the preſent diſpoſition of matters with regard to the Fair-ſex, it is abſolutely impoſſible to ſucceed in it.

It is doubtleſs for this reaſon, that the wiſeſt of law-givers, in founding their common-wealths, have never once eſtabliſhed any thing in favour of an equality between both ſexes. Their laws, on the contrary, have tended only to confirm the *Women* in an entire ſubjection to the *Men*. The generality of the learned of all ages have advanced many things to the diſadvantage of the *Woman*: but not one has ever thought of adding the leaſt privilege to thoſe we have in general agreed to allow them. Nay, the wiſe of all times and places, are ſo unanimous in the eſtabliſhment of the *Men*'s ſovereignty over *Women*, that one ſhould be apt to imagine they had conſpired together, but for the evident impoſſibility, that ſo many perſons of different ages, diſtant climes, and oppoſite intereſts, unknown to each other, ſhould be able to combine with one another. Whence it is plain to a demonſtration, that the ſtate of ſubordination, which

Woman

Woman is in to *Man*, muſt have been dictated to both ſexes, by nature, and eſtabliſhed by *reaſon* and *prudence*.

This alone might ſuffice to ſhew how greatly the Lady, my antagoniſt, is overſeen, in imputing the power of our ſex over her own, to blind cuſtom and inconſiderate prejudice. But what will confirm it ſtill more, is the univerſal eaſe with which the *Women* of all ages have ſupported this their condition. The general content with which they ſubmit, is a plain proof, that they look upon ſubmiſſion as a natural duty they owe to us; and that, conſcious of the legalneſs of our authority, they paſs the ſame judgment on their dependency as every Man does: inſomuch that both ſexes appear convinced that their ſouls are as different as their bodies, and that there ought to be as great diſtinction between the two ſexes in all the functions of life, as there is in that of inſtrumentally producing it. All which conſider'd, no *Woman* in her ſenſes can doubt of the ſubjection of that ſex to ours, being founded on the laws of nature and reaſon.

But as *Sophia* ſeems not to have any diſregard for religion, it will not be a difficult matter, I preſume, to convince her, that the divine providence had a ſpecial poſitive hand in fixing *Women* in their preſent ſtate of ſubjection. Let her but look into the third chapter of *Geneſis*, and ſhe will there find that *Man* has his charter of ſuperiority from God's

God's own mouth. For, ſpeaking to *Eve*, he tells her, *Thy deſire ſhall be to thy huſband, and he ſhall rule over thee.* St. *Paul*, in many places, confirms this charter to *Men* in the repeated precepts he gives to *Women* to be ſubject to *them*; but particularly in the *fifth* chapter to the *Epheſians*, he ſays, WIVES *ſubmit yourſelves unto your own huſbands as unto the Lord; for the huſband is the head of the wife.* --- And to ſhew the juſtice of this law, in another place he gives a ſubſtantial reaſon for it, *to wit*, that *the* MAN *is not of the* WOMAN, *but the* WOMAN *of the* MAN. In which laſt words he plainly alludes to the manner and occaſion of their creation; which, if rightly conſider'd, will indiſputably prove how much the *Woman* is inferior to the *Man*, from the very ſource of their being. Almighty God, we are told, created *Man*, a good, noble, and intelligent creature, to lord it over this vaſt univerſe; and therefore created him laſt, that nothing might be wanting to his wiſhes from the minute of his production. But having form'd him of the duſt of the earth, that he might have ſomething in common with the creatures he was made to command, the Lord found that alloy too ſtrong for the perfection he deſigned to give him: and therefore extracted from the reſt of his body whatever he found of mean, imperfect, and favouring too much of the animal, and confined it to a ſingle rib; which had undoubtedly been annihilated but for the wiſdom of this all-powerful

contriver, which is capable of aſſigning a uſe to the moſt uſeleſs things in themſelves. The creator, then, loth to deſtroy any thing, however deſpicable in itſelf, which had any relation to this his favourite creature, and knowing that *Man* was as yet unprovided of a proper vehicle to convey his being to poſterity, took from him his rib, this ſink of his defects, and ſhaped it into *Woman*, little concerned about any perfections in the ſoil, but ſuch as immediately tend to the production of that noble fruit, for which it was ſaved from reprobation. It is true, indeed, to invite mankind to make the uſe of this pretty expletive of nature, for which it was deſign'd, he made it *fair*; but then, like all other beautiful veſſels, he left it *frail*, and full of foibles, as he firſt found it when he ridded *Adam*'s noble compoſition of it. Such then is *Woman* traced up to her origin:

——— *Her all is but a ſhow,*
Rather than ſolid virtue; all but a rib,
Crooked by nature. Oh! why did God,
Creator wiſe, that peopled higheſt heaven
With ſpirits maſculine, create at laſt
This novelty on earth! this fair defect
Of nature! and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels, without feminine,
Or find ſome other way to generate mankind.

MILTON.

But

But here we are loſt, and have no other refuge from the doubts of human imbecillity than the unſearchable wiſdom of him who had it in his power *of the ſame lump to make one veſſel to honour, and the other unto diſhonour.* God had his reaſons, tho' to us incomprehenſible: his wiſdom knew it right to do the thing he did, and therefore not to tempt man to withſtand his will, he conſulted him not: no,

Heav'n took him ſleeping when he Woman *made,*
Had Man *been waking, he had ne'er conſented.*

DRYDEN.

But I'll dwell no longer on an argument which has too much truth in it, not to give ſome pain to the moſt inſenſible among thoſe fair miſchiefs, which furniſh the matter of it. Let it ſuffice that I have ſhewn how much inferior to us they are, from their creation, if conſidered in themſelves. And now I ſhall proceed to diſcuſs the matter a little farther with *Sophia.*

SECTION II.

In what Eſteem the Women *are held by the* Men, *and how juſtly.*

MY fair adverſary is undoubtedly right in ſaying, that, "the *Men* are unanimous "in thinking *her Sex* made only for their uſe, fit "only to breed, and nurſe children in their ten-"der years, to mind houſhold affairs, and to o-"bey, ſerve, and pleaſe the maſters appointed "them by heaven." And would not all *Women* be as right in thinking the ſame with *Men?* Can it be doubted by the chriſtian *Sophia*, that her ſex was made for our uſe, after St. *Paul* has told her in his *Epiſtle* to the *Corinthians*, that the MAN *was not made for the* WOMAN, *but the* WOMAN *for the* MAN? A text ſufficient of itſelf to prove that all other creatures were made for him, if *Woman* may be allowed to be ſuperior to all but him. To which, if we add the circumſtances of God's bringing *Woman*, with the reſt of the animals and inanimate creatures, to him to receive a name, and afterwards ſubjecting them to his authority; it is impoſſible to doubt of their being created purpoſely for him.

So

So that tho' the conſideration of *Man*'s not being created till all creatures were in readineſs for him, be no contemptible argument of their being created for his uſe, yet it is far from being the only one on which he builds his authority. It is the only one, indeed, which *Sophia* thought to her purpoſe to alledge; tho' had ſhe allowed herſelf time to reflect, *Woman* as ſhe is, ſhe might have been able to ſee how little it ſuits the purpoſe ſhe has applied it to. For ſhe is certainly miſtaken in ſaying, that, "if this argument has any weight at all, it muſt "equally prove that the *Men* were made for the "*Woman*'s uſe rather than ſhe for theirs." And her miſtake, it is plain, ariſes from the vulgar error of imagining that *Woman* was created at all: whereas, any underſtanding, even inferior to that of *Woman*, if ſuch a being could exiſt, would be capable of diſcerning, that the production of that weak ſex was no diſtinct creation from that of *Man*; but only a mere refinement of his noble compoſition, by purifying and ſeparating it from its droſs. So that tho' *Woman* be, with regard to *Man*, a ſort of after-produced being, *Man* is ſtill the laſt compleat creature which iſſued from the hands of God. And, therefore, tho' the authority of *Man* over the reſt of creatures may be deduced from the circumſtance of his being created laſt, this circumſtance can by no means be wire-drawn to countenance any ſuperiority over, or even equality

equality to us, in the *Women*, who can be at beſt but mere half-creatures. Let not *Sophia* then, nor any of her ſex, glory any more in their diſgrace: Let them not be vain of the title of Creatures, with which our ſex is ſo generous as to compliment them; rather ought they to reject it as flattery, ſince they cannot themſelves but be convinced, that we can look upon the moſt perfect of their ſex in no better a light, than as a kind of amphibious thing, between a creature and no creature at all.

After what I have juſt now ſaid, good-breeding obliges me to add, that whenever I let the word Creature drop in the courſe of this little Treatiſe, it neither is nor will be my meaning to offend, or call them names; but a deſire of complying with *Faſhion*; a Goddeſs ever ſacred in their tender eyes. However, to ſhew more fully my averſion to abuſing them, whenever I may chance to give them the title of Creatures, I ſhall take the precaution of adding the ſoftening epithets, *pretty*, *charming*, *beautiful*, &c. which, unleſs I am more unfortunate than others before me, would, I know, be looked upon by the generality of them as a ſufficient atonement for the groſſeſt invectives.

Tho' I muſt allow the *Women* to deſerve that ſome care ſhould be taken of them, in conſideration of the part they have in the propagation of human nature, as a field does on account of the vegeta-

vegetables it produces; yet I cannot ſee the reaſon why they are to be conſider'd on a level with the *Men* they bring forth, any more than that the mould in a garden is to be equally valued with the fruits it produces; unleſs the Ladies place a merit in the ſuperior propenſity they have above *Men* to this office of life. But however they may value themſelves upon this ſcore, I am apt to believe that they, who have the moſt of this ſort of merit, are ſo unfortunate as to attract the leaſt of our eſteem.

To name but one inſtance of the many which this one town affords, *Salacia* is undeniably rich in this kind of worth, and too much ſo to obtain the eſteem of the more moderate even of her own ſex. It is true, ſhe is fair, moſt exquiſitely fair; but not more fair than wanton. The charms of her perſon can be excelled by nothing but the brightneſs of her wit; which bears ſo near a reſemblance to ſenſe, that any man would be liable to miſtake it for ſuch, who ſhould forbear reflection but for a minute. Her good-nature is boundleſs, and her evenneſs of temper not to be ruffled. In ſhort, ſhe poſſeſſes all the blemiſhes which compoſe the perfections of her ſex, in ſo high a degree, that we could not but acknowledge her worthy of ſomething very like our eſteem, if all theſe feminine accompliſhments were not eclipſed by one more, which abſorbs all the reſt: ſhe is ſenſible

that

that the chief end ſhe was made for is to breed; and therefore is unweariedly ſollicitous to anſwer that end. The good man ſhe pitched on for a huſband, as the moſt likely to ſecond her procreative zeal, is indeed every way qualified to anſwer the expectations of any woman leſs public-ſpirited than herſelf; and is rather induſtrious than indolent in the duty ſhe requires. But the misfortune is, that his induſtry to forward the Lady's good intentions ſerves only to point out his inability, and to convince her, that all *Mankind* are ſcarce a ſufficient match for one *Woman*, whoſe zeal nothing leſs could gratify than being the immediate mother of all men. If ſhe herſelf is not ſo, it is more to be aſcribed to the obſtinacy of fate, than any ſlackneſs in her capacious diſpoſition, which takes in the whole creation of the ſpecies. And if ſhe is not inceſſantly employ'd in this important office, it is for want of a perpetual ſucceſſion of help-mates: tho' to give her her due, nature itſelf is not more active in multiplying, than ſhe in procuring them. As ſhe is never tired with labouring towards the preſervation of the kind, no aſſiſtant comes amiſs to her: her taſte is as little nice as her appetite is far from being ſated or ſatiable. In the act of gratifying it, like a true woman,

No hungry churl feeds coarſer at a feaſt;
Every rank fool goes down. OTWAY.

And

And in the few ſhort intervals of bodily inactivity, her mind is ever buſied in preparing for action. Awake ſhe is ever conceiving in body or ſoul; and her very ſlumbers are ſo many rough draughts of future embryos. If nevertheleſs none of them are brought to maturity, it is not for want of manuring the ſoil which ſhould produce them: in this, ſo far from being ſparing, ſhe is profuſe; for, as the polite Lord *Lanſdown* ſays of another heroine of the ſame claſs, I may ſay,

She's mine, or thine, and, ſtrolling up and down,
Sucks in more filth than any ſink in town.

It is true, indeed, that all this extravagant merit in *Salacia*, intitles her to no degree of eſteem from our ſex or her own. Her too eager deſire of being ſerviceable to human ſpecies renders her uſeleſs, nay deſtructive to it. What colonies might not the motley nation of fœtuſſes within her have peopled, if properly diſperſed! which are now too buſy, in ſtruggling for room, to aim at maturity; and too much taken up in their inteſtine war, with deſtroying each other, to add one perfect individual to the decaying numbers of mankind. In a word, what eſteem can we have for a *Woman* made barren by exceſs of fertility, and laviſh of the choiceſt fruits of the creation by an inſatiable luſt of monopolizing them.

Clavia, it muſt be own'd, has been more cautious. tho' not leſs criminal. Diſpoſed from her cradle to become a common *reſervoir* of human nature, ſhe took care not to launch out into wholeſale lechery, till ſhe furniſhed the world with a breeder in her ſtead. Indeed, ſhe makes ample amends in her old age for the little time ſhe loſt in her prime, by converting her houſe into a public ſtew, and making herſelf the ſewer of it. All *Men* are welcome there, from the tall apothecary to the luſty-limb'd porter. Tho' neither the purchaſed roſes on her cheeks, nor the borrow'd ivory in her gums, would have any power over the moſt rampant, even of her powder'd, pamper'd, particolour'd ſtallions in keeping, if the yellow charms of all-enchanting gold, which the god of waſte has laviſhed upon her, did not fill the deep-indented furrows of ſeventy. 'Tis by this ſhe is impowered, in the laſt ſtage of life, to vie with her ſex in the favourite commerce of their youth, and to convince the world, that tho' there are ſome *Women*, whom the whole collection of Mankind would be an equal match for, there are others again of more extenſive inclinations, who, but for the ſhort date of their exiſtence, could indefatigably weary a new creation of *Men* in the buſineſs of enjoyment. Not that ſhe herſelf is capable of reaping any thing from fruition but the guilt of it: too old and batter'd to produce even a monſter, and too inanimate for any ſenſation: ſhe has nothing

nothing to enjoy but ſin: and this her eager ſoul has ſuch a talent for, that, like the dæmon who inſpires her, ſhe can take in an eternity of luſt into one ſingle minute: and multiply one libidinous act into an infinity. Such are the pretty creatures we are to eſteem for the talent of breeding.

This general character, however, will admit of ſome exceptions: and *Sprucilla* in one. Form'd by heaven a perfect vehicle of human nature, ſhe has every qualification requiſite to reap the fruits of fruition, and no diſlike to the pleaſure of it. The Graces have combined to enrich her with every endearment capable of charming the Man ſhe is married to, and making him to forget himſelf, to ſtoop to the low but neceſſary office of rendering her really uſeful. But pride, predominant pride, is ſo prevalent in her, as to make her prefer the empty praiſe of a fine ſhape to that of being a mother of children. And if, in complying with her huſband's wantonneſs to gratify her own, ſhe is at any time made a mother before ſhe is aware, ſo careleſs is ſhe of the only good ſhe is fit for, as rather to riſk the loſs of an heir to his eſtate, than to miſs an opportunity of gaining new admirers at a ball or a play.

Among the unmarried *Women*, what numberleſs tribes of uſeleſs things are there not, whoſe pride, avarice, fickleneſs, or icy conſtitutions, rob human nature of the individuals they were intended to bear;

bear; and by not anſwering the uſe they were given to him for, become a dead weight upon *Man?* Indeed, if there are ſome among them leſs ſqueamiſh than the reſt, who atone out of wedlock for their ſlowneſs to engage in it, how few of them is human nature yet the better for? How many of them ſtifle the fruit of their pleaſure before it is ripe! not to ſpeak of thoſe diſgraces to the ſoft ſhape they wear, who only delay deſtruction to make it more cruel.

Nor can it be deem'd a ſufficient amends to the creation, for the many particles of human nature waſted and deſtroy'd in their paſſages through theſe quick-ſanded baneful channels, that there are a few married *Women*, fertile enough to forward the propagation of *Man*, and modeſt enough to forward their pregnative zeal. Eſpecially, if we conſider how dearly their whims, their vanity, their extravagance, and fantaſtical humours, make us purchaſe the ſervice they do us. *Uberia* has bleſt her huſband with a numerous offspring, all his own. But ſhe would ſcarce be a *Woman*, if ſhe did not take pains to make him ſenſible how expenſive and troubleſome a thing is a fruitful, faithful wife. Every lying-in coſts him more than would make a handſome proviſion for the infant; beſides an eſtate ſpent in the time of her breeding. Indeed, ſhe has œconomy enough to loſe him no time between her bringing forth one child and preparing him another. The reaſon is, that there are

two

two conditions in which her ladyſhip can bear no contradiction, that is, before delivery and after: and, therefore, ſhe is in the perpetual poſſeſſion of her own will, becauſe ever *with child* or *in the ſtraw*. However, the happy father might be very well content to fell her a wood for every longing, to mortgage a manor for every lying-in, and to ſell another for every chriſtening; nay, to make her over, by deed of gift, the everlaſting property of her own will, upon the bare condition of her leaving him the undiſturb'd poſſeſſion of his. But nothing leſs can reward the prolific merit of this lady than her huſband's peace. He muſt not ſo much as look civilly on any other Female: and ſuch a miſer is ſhe of his manhood, that while ſhe takes care to hoard up the principal to herſelf, ſhe is as ſollicitous to ſecure even the intereſt. He muſt not have even the uſe of a ſingle ſmile at his own diſpoſal. His company muſt be ſuch only as her Ladyſhip approves of; and them he muſt converſe with no longer than his pretty fond thing of a wife can ſpare him from her embraces. At home, it is true, he never wants amuſement: ſure in the day-time to be entertain'd with ſeeing his children either humour'd into impertinencies, or chaſtiſed into faults, and render'd incorrigible by the folly, paſſion, and caprice of their fond, fickle, fooliſh mother; to contradict whom, would coſt nothing leſs than the price of another child. Then that he may not grow tired with ſuch entertainments

ments by daily repetition, they are ever ſucceeded by an evening interlude of vapours, ratafee, and tears, till bed invites him to repoſe; where, after he has glutted the kind creature's fonder fits, he is generally lull'd to ſleep, and awaken'd from it, by the melody of a curtain-ſerenade. Now, can it be denied, after all, that *Uberia*'s huſband is a happy *Man*; and that all *Men* have reaſon to eſteem the *Women* for their prolific merit?

But that they ſhould be entitled to any part of our eſteem, by nurſing the children they bring forth for their pleaſure, I ſee nothing in it. What is it they do for infants, which would not be much better done by the *Men*, if they were not call'd away from that meaner taſk, to provide for the ſafety and ſuſtenance of them and their mothers? Indeed, they may ſave the expence of milk, which we cannot: but how much more cheaply might this defect be ſupplied from a cow, a goat, or an aſs, than from them? And how few *Women* of any condition of life have œconomy enough to ſave us this ſuperfluous expence! Too delicate themſelves to beſtow on the fruits of their own bowels the nutriment which heaven and nature deſign them, don't they force us to hire a mercenary wretch to ſtarve her own babe that ſhe may give ſuck to ours? Pretty nurſes indeed! Happy for Man that the life of an infant does not entirely depend on the liberality of *Woman* in this particular! And how much happier would it not be for all infants,

were

were they ſnatch'd from the arms of the *Women*, in the inſtant they are born! How much more healthy, wiſe, and comely would they grow! For 'tis notorious, that the longer a child ſucks, the more weakly and ſtupid it turns out; and that thoſe which ſuck at all are never ſo wiſe, ſo ſtrong, or well form'd, as thoſe which are brought up by hand. The reaſon is plain: with the milk they ſuck in, they generally imbibe a tincture of the follies, paſſions, and imbecillities of that ſex, beſides having their various diſtempers entail'd upon them.

However, as this is a means of humiliation pointed out to us by nature, we are not to condemn it, but to apply to it, when not to be avoided without danger to the infant. The greater miſchief is that which comes from the weakneſs of *Women* in their manner of educating us. With what innumerable follies, vices, and impertinencies do they not fill childrens heads, by their example and precepts, during the time of their nurſing them! To what ſecret crimes do they often make them privy; and to what ſhameful inconſiſtencies do they not publickly expoſe and encourage them!

I can forgive a mother for putting a doll into the hands of her daughters as ſoon as they are able to hold it. As the great end of their ſemi-creation is the getting children, it may not be abſolutely improper to follow their natural propenſity to that duty, while they are but children themſelves. But

for

for this diligence in an induſtrious parent, here and there one of them might be ſo aukwardly innocent as not to know the eſſential difference of her own ſex from the oppoſite, till the period of her paſſing from a maid to a mother. Whereas, by this and other helps they are generally ſupplied with, they often are as well verſed as the moſt ſkilful matron, in the theory, if not in the practical knowledge of propagation, long before they are ripe for the fruits of it. A very uſeful ſcience to ſome young ladies who have been able to inſtruct an ignorant booby of a huſband in the ſacred and ſecret rites of wedlock, in a much more familiar manner than the modeſt *Albertus* could pretend to.

But I can by no means be reconciled to their training up our boys, as they do, from their earlieſt infancy, to folly, foppery, effeminacy, and vice. If little maſter muſt be humour'd into pride, idleneſs, or miſchief, why ſhould he be taught to lye, cajole, diſſemble to all above him, and domineer over all beneath him? If it is thought ſo neceſſary to acquaint him with the greatneſs of his birth and fortune, with the handſomeneſs of his perſon, or the acuteneſs of his underſtanding, or any advantages he poſſeſſes above others, deſign'd by nature for his equals, why muſt he be taught to make no better uſe of them, than to diſregard the authority of thoſe above him, to envy his equals, to deſpiſe his inferiors, and render himſelf the contempt of all who know him, by an unlimited gratification

of

of his lawleſs paſſions? Let his fond fooliſh mother think it wonderfully pretty to initiate the young urchin in the myſtery of intriguing with the little miſſes his companions: but let her not expoſe him to the danger of practiſing thoſe intrigues in her abſence, by abandoning him to the corrupt company of the wanton wenches her ſervants. And yet how many of our youth, by ſuch ſhocking education, have been utterly debauch'd, at an age when we ſhould ſcarce think it poſſible for them to have parted with innocence! Have we not then the greateſt reaſon to eſteem and revere that ſex on account of the obligations we have to them for our early advances in the knowledge of good and evil? Muſt not we be loſt to all reaſon, if we are not pleaſed with theſe eminent ſervices which the pretty creatures are ſo induſtrious to do us? Or if not, muſt not *Sophia* be loſt to all ſhame, ſhould ſhe again repeat, without a bluſh, what ſhe has ſo inconſiderately advanced, "that their office of nurſing our children, "intitles them to the *firſt places in civil ſociety?*" If I had a mind to be ſevere, I could tell them, that it is owing to our own generoſity that we give them any place at all; and that nothing but the want of power to annihilate them, or to create a lower degree for them, can excuſe our leaving them in poſſeſſion even of the loweſt place in ſociety. But I chooſe to drop a ſubject ſo much the more diſagreeable as we are daily made ſenſible of the truth of it. I ſhall therefore immediately paſs to another conſideration.

SECTION III.

Whether Women *are equal to* Men *in their Intellectual Capacity, or not.*

IF the buſineſs of the mind were nothing more than to contrive a dreſs; to invent a new faſhion; to ſet off a bad face; to heighten the charms of a good one; to underſtand the œconomy of a tea-table; to manage an intrigue; to conduct a game at *Quadrille*; and to lay out new plans of pleaſure, pride, and luxury: the *Women* muſt be owned to have a capacity not only *equal*, but even ſuperior to us. But, as the underſtanding of *Man* has infinitely higher objects to employ its ſpeculations on, objects beyond the very aim of the ableſt of *Women*; their intellectual faculties are ſo evidently inferior to his, that I ſhould think it an impertinence in me to take up any time to prove it, if my fair Adverſary was not *Woman* enough to call ſo palpable a truth in queſtion.

Need we look any farther than their ſoft, ſimpering, ſilly faces, to fathom the perceptible depth of their underſtandings? view the whole ſex round:

Eternal ſmiles their *Emptineſs betray*,
As ſhallow ſtreams run dimpling all the way. Pope.

A thoughtleſs ſtare, a wild vivacity, a ſleepy pertneſs, giddy gravity, or ſome ſuch other ſenſe-defying look, betray, in *all*, the narrow ſpace between the ſurface and the centre of their mimic wit. How well the maſterly limner knew them, who ſnatch'd from them the graces he ſo ſkilfully beſtowed on *Sporus*, that copy of themſelves, inſpired too by them, as they by *Satan!* As nothing can ſhew the finiſhed maſtery of that excellent piece in a fairer light than giving back to its pretty originals whatever is borrowed from them, it cannot be amiſs to do it, conſidering it requires but little alteration: a preſumption, I dare ſay, that ingenious author will excuſe.

Whether in florid impotence they ſpeak,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppets ſqueak;
Or, Eve's true ſpawn, and tools of th' ancient *toad,*
Half froth, half venom, ſpit themſelves abroad;
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lyes,
Or ſpite, or ſmut, or rhymes, or blaſphemies:
Their *wit all ſee-ſaw, between* that *and* this;
Now high, now low, now forward, now remiſs;
And each herſelf *one* dull *antitheſis.*
Amphibious things! that, acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
Bullies at cards, and flirts when *at the* * *board,*
Now jilt *like dames, now* ſwear *like any lord.*

Their

* The *Tea-board,* not the *Council-board,* which *Sophia* contends for.

Their *tempter thus the Rabbins have expreſt*;
A cherub's face, a reptile all the reſt:
Beauty that ſhocks you; *parts that none will truſt*;
Wit that muſt *creep, and pride that licks the duſt.*

In fact, what is all their diſcourſe but *froth?* What inſpires it but venom? In what does their ſprightlineſs appear, but in empty puns, conundrums, rebuſes, trifling politics, or miſchievous lyes? They, who ſhine moſt amongſt them, are ſuch as have nothing to entertain you with but ſcandal, indecency, hypocriſy, or impiety. What is their wit, but a mere ſee-ſaw from one inconſiſtency to another? Their converſation is ever ſkrew'd up to bombaſt, when it ſhould be familiar; or ſunk into meanneſs, when the ſubject they preſume to meddle with is ſublime. Where they ſhould be ſilent, they are as forward to prate, as they are remiſs in ſpeaking on proper occaſions. In ſhort, their talk, like their perſons, is one continued inſipid antitheſis. Amphibious things indeed! whoſe impotent eagerneſs to be like *Man* ſerves only to ſhew, that they are but mere mechanic rote-repeaters of *his* words, and unſucceſsful mimics of *his* ſenſe. How unlike are they at their tea-tables to the ſenſible things they would be thought; and, at the card-table, how ſhort of the ſpirit of the noble creatures they would be! There is nothing of a piece in them, but the corruption of their hearts, and the low cunning of their heads.

If

If ever they ſucceed in aping us, it is in what is a diſgrace to underſtanding. Whenever they attempt it, they can ſwear as well as the greateſt libertine among us; tho' ſtill without excelling the parrot in any thing but the guilt. Thus, ever actuated by perverſity, they are never truly like *us*; and are never *themſelves*, but when they jilt us: though in that, thanks to their native talents, they ſeldom fail to be *true Women*. How ill-beſtowed then on theſe fantaſtic things is the beauty we admire in them! and if it was beſtowed on them by nature, to decoy us into a commerce with them, for the benefit of Propagation; muſt it not ſtill ſhock our Reaſon, when we conſider it accompanied only with parts which we can reap no benefit from, nor place any Confidence in? and what aſſiſtance can we hope from their falſe wit, as groveling as the Pride it inſpires them with?

But *Sophia*, it ſeems, would fain make a handle of the beauty of her ſex to impoſe upon us an opinion of their ſenſe; and becauſe "the organs of the "body are more delicate in them, therefore they "muſt be fitter to anſwer the ends they were "made for." True, in one ſenſe, the organs of *Women* were deſigned for finical amuſements; and therefore were made more delicate than *ours*, in that ſenſe of the word. But if by *delicate* ſhe means more perfectly or exactly formed; I muſt inſiſt, that experience in the uſe proves *ours* to be more ſolidly

lidly and exactly formed than thoſe of the *Women:* and it is fit they ſhould be ſo, conſidering the more noble uſes they were deſigned for, and are employed in. But, granting for a minute, that the organs of ſenſe are as perfect in *Women* as in *Men*, and yet more delicate; what can *Sophia* infer, but that they are more liable to be thrown into diſorder; and therefore the leſs to be depended upon? as the mechaniſm of a watch, the more minute, gim, and delicate it is, the more is it ſubject to inconſtancy. A conſideration which I willingly mention, to apologize, as much as the nature of the thing will bear, for that otherwiſe unaccountable inconſtancy in which alone the fair ſex are ever conſtant.

Not that I intirely come into my ſoft antagoniſt's opinion, that the organs in *Women* are any more adapted to the natural functions of the mind than in *Men*; perhaps they are leſs ſo: for the external ſleekneſs of their pretty forms is no proof of the internal perfection of their organization. And to imagine a *Woman* muſt have ſenſe becauſe ſhe is handſome, would be as abſurd as to think, that a houſe muſt needs be finely furniſhed within, becauſe the outſide is beautiful: an error to be excuſed in none but a *Woman.*

What angel can imagination paint more beautiful than *Pavonia!* what reptile more inſenſate! to reaſon by *Sophia*'s rule, our eyes would cheat us into

into a belief, that ſhe ſurpaſſes all the ſages time has yet produced. And yet hear her but ſpeak, you will almoſt doubt if heaven had any hand in making a thing at once ſo fair and fooliſh, though ſo like a *Man*. Never guilty of deſign, ſhe never looks like it. Her ſmiles and frowns, alike effects of accident, want power to pleaſe or diſpleaſe. Her words, mere liquid ſounds of half-articulated nonſenſe, guſh from her pretty coral-ſpouted mouth with ſuch unmeaning energy, or drip with ſuch deliberate drawl, that even ridicule is robbed of all its zeſt. Frequent in blunders, ſhe excites no laugh in others; but often laughs herſelf, when ſhe ſhould be moſt ſerious. Her miſbehaviour moves no anger; and her favours lay no obligations but upon ſuch as are little wiſer than herſelf. Every motion, every air, betrays the fool; whom they who have ſenſe can ſcarce ſtoop to pity, and they who have none ſcarce condeſcend to envy. In a word, gazed at by all, ſhe is admired and converſed with by none but ideots and *Women*; amidſt whom, while ſhe alternately reigns the idol of flattery, and ſlaviſhly ſinks the dupe of deceit, ſhe is ſtill looked down upon, by all *Men* of ſenſe, with the ſame contempt as the comely peacock: though worthy greater ſcorn in this; that the more beauteous bird bears all his blemiſh in his feet, while her diſgrace is ſeated in her head: his deformity abates his pride, while hers but ſerves to make her more

more incorrigibly vain. Muſt it not be owned then, that beauty is a convincing proof of ſenſe in its fair poſſeſſors! But *Sophia* perhaps will anſwer, that one black feather makes no crow. Let us then ſee how much wiſer the reſt of her ſex are than pretty ſimple *Pavonia*.

It is a common rule, and liable to very few miſtakes, to gueſs at people's genius by their company. To know then the capacity of the fair ſex, let us but ſurvey their favourite companions: eye them, and you will find them the very dregs of our ſex; fops, whoſe whole merit is made up of dreſs and drivel, ſhew and emptineſs; mere jackdaws and parrots; nay, rather, gawdy ſcreech-owls made fine with plundered plumes; laced waiſtcoats, ſmart toupees, light heels and lighter heads, are all they have to recommend them to the ladies; yet they are ſure to pleaſe, becauſe eminently qualified to diſcuſs the weightieſt argument on country-dances, to decide the fate of faſhions, ſquare the round of a *Woman*'s Petticoat, and take the latitude of a nightcap from the equinox of her noddle, or the longitude of two lappets by the meridian of her whims. Not that I the leaſt blame the lovely female triflers who are pleaſed with them: it is but natural for birds of a feather to aſſociate; and ſince likeneſs ever begets liking, why ſhould they not be fondeſt of thoſe *Men* whoſe follies are neareſt to their own? But then I would not have them boaſt of an *equality* of ſenſe with

follies

thoſe *Men*, whoſe ſuperior underſtanding is all they have to find fault with.

It will be to little purpoſe for *Sophia*, to quote me the illuſtrious names of many of the greateſt wits of all ages who have admired, and been admired by, the *Women*. Has not the ſucceſs they have met with been more owing to their being *Men*, than to their having ſenſe? *Anacreon*, the polite the witty *Anacreon*, with all his fine parts, reaped nothing from his purſuit of thoſe unſettled things, but the contempt of his agedneſs: and *Theocritus* himſelf makes no ſecret of the little encouragement he met with. The leſſer poets, indeed, as well as *Ovid* and *Horace*, received ſome marks of their favour; but what were theſe mighty favours, if you will believe their own boaſts, but the ſharing the lewdneſs of their miſtreſſes with half the town? If I leave the claſſics, it will be an endleſs toil to enumerate the many inſtances that thought-abhorring ſex have, at all times, and on all occaſions, furniſhed, of the preference they give to fools before *Men* of parts. But where is the neceſſity of recurring to other times and countries for what our own can produce? Of all our fine Ladies, induſtrious in adorning the brows of their huſbands, where is there one who does it with a man of true wit? Of all our pretty widows, ruin'd by ſecond adventures, where is there one who does it with a *Man* of any merit? Search but the regiſters of the Fleet, and you ſhall find numbers of our faireſt, brighteſt

heireſſes, charm'd away from their guardians by lacqueys, valet-de-chambres, and powder'd empty coxcombs; but ſcarce one ſtolen match with a really rational creature. In ſhort, who are the perſons that can boaſt of the favours of all our fineſt *Women*, but wretches too low for the jeſt of our ſex, and too much like theirs to differ from them in any thing but one ſingle circumſtance. Let the amorous billets they ſcribble be produced; and for every one that is directed to a man of ſenſe, I will allow them a grain of underſtanding more than they are entitled to.

But ſurely they are not void of all underſtanding. No; but to fathom the depth of their underſtandings, remark only the objects which employ them. Frequent their drawing-rooms, and liſten to their converſation: what is that filled up with but cloying repetitions of ſtale impertinencies to every new viſiter? One part of the week, the day is waſted in viſiting and contriving viſits to perſons they hope not to find at home, and the night in receiving viſits from perſons they would rather be almoſt blind than have the ſight of: the other part, their mornings, are laid out in interrupting ſome tradeſman whom they know to be buſy, and lulling their own time as well as murdering his, in rummaging his ſhop for goods they neither want nor purpoſe to buy; and their evenings are eked out with tea, ſlander, operas, and quadrille, when the intrigues on their hands are not interfered with.

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In a word, upon examining them thoroughly, it muſt be owned, that not all the bloom on their cheeks, nor the waſhes they owe it to, can make any tolerable amends, in the eſteem of a wiſe *Man*, for the folly, vanity, affectation, malice, deceit, and impertinence, which appear in all they ſay, and inſpire all they do.

And yet it muſt be granted, there are *Women*, who employ their underſtandings on higher objects; who can try to reaſon; and almoſt ſucceed in it. Nay, there are ſome can write, can even ſpell; and, what is more, can turn a ſophiſtry to look not altogether unlike an argument. And therefore it would be quite ungenerous not to allow a brilliancy of wit (however falſe) in ſome of them. Eſpecially ſince my pretty ſmooth antagoniſt has given ſo late a proof of it in herſelf. And yet even ſhe,

Had ſhe been bleſt with only half *her ſenſe,*
None could admire too much her excellence.
But ſince ſhe can make error ſhine ſo bright,
She thinks it vulgar to defend the right.
With underſtanding ſhe is quite o'er-run;
And, by too great accompliſhments, undone.
With ſkill ſhe vibrates her unwearied tongue,
For ever moſt divinely in the wrong. Young.

So dangerous is a little underſtanding to that tender ſex! How happy is it, then, that learning but

but ſeldom moleſts them! What ſtrange diſtraction would it not create in their poor tender heads! Is not *Sophia*'s ſelf a living demonſtration, that to them,

A little learning is a dang'rous thing?

And they, alas! poor pretty creatures, have neither breath nor brains to *drink* of knowledge *deeply*. Good ſenſe and tea they are forced to ſip alike: Their heads and ſtomachs, of equal delicacy, can beſt digeſt the ſhalloweſt draughts of all but mum and miſchief. Let thus much then ſuffice to ſhew *Sophia* how little room ſhe has to complain of want of learning in her ſex; and how much leſs, for any parallel between her ſex and ours in point of underſtanding; when her own Eſſay plainly proves, how ſhort the brighteſt of them fall of *Man*'s ſuperior wiſdom. Is there nothing leſs will ſerve the *Women*'s turn than having an equal ſhare with us in government and public offices? Let us then weigh their beſt pretenſions to ſo extraordinary a privilege.

SECTION IV.

Whether the Women *are equally qualified with* Men, *for Government, and publick Offices.*

OUR female champion is in a very great paſſion with *Cato*, for excluding her ſex from all government; and, I muſt own, not without ſome appearance of reaſon. For it is certainly true, that *Cato* was not the moſt well-bred man who ever ſpoke of them. He had too little of the courtier in him to flatter; and ſpoke too plain truth not to ſet a pretty lady, who wants to wear the breeches, on pouting. But *Sophia* would have much more reaſon to be angry with him, if he had been the only one of opinion that *Women* are to be ever kept in ſubjection. Whereas, unluckily for them, all the greateſt ſages of antiquity, as well as the wiſeſt legiſlators of all ages, have been of the ſame mind. The greateſt *poets*, the moſt eminent *divines*, the brighteſt *orators*, the ableſt *hiſtorians*, the moſt ſkilful *phyſicians*, and the profoundeſt *philoſophers*, in a word, all who have been famous for excelling in learning, wiſdom, and parts, have condemn'd the *Women* to perpetual ſubjection, as leſs noble, leſs perfect, and conſequently inferior to *Men*. The laws of all commonwealths are ſo many confirmations

firmations of the ſubjection they have ever been in. Neither can the *Men* free them from this ſubjection, without revolting againſt the decree of heaven, which appointed them maſters, as I have already ſhewn, and therefore need not repeat. There are not wanting other texts of ſcripture to confirm this matter: *Eccleſiaſticus*, Ch. vii. abſolutely forbids the *Men* to give *Woman* any power over their minds; and the prophet *Micah* poſitively ſays to them, *Keep the doors of thy mouth from her who lieth in thy boſom.*

Agreeable to this are the ſentiments of the moſt eminent *divines* and *fathers* of the *church*, "*Woman*, ſays St. *Auguſtin*, can neither teach nor "teſtify, and is alike unqualified to give evidence "or judgment, how much leſs then is ſhe fit to "govern?" And elſewhere he aſſigns the plain reaſon why they ought to be ſubject to the authority of the *Men:* "Natural order, *ſays he*, a-"mong mankind requires, that the *Women* ſhould "ſerve the *Men*, and children their parents; "juſtice demanding, that the *leſſer* ſhould ſerve the "*greater.*" St. *Ambroſe* carries reaſon yet farther, to prove the juſtice of the authority which *Men* exert over them: "*Adam* was deceived by *Eve*, "not *Eve* by *Adam*; the *Woman* inticed him to "ſin, therefore is it but juſt that ſhe receive him "for her maſter whom ſhe made to be her accom-"plice, that ſhe may no more be liable to fall "through feminine frailty." Among the primi-

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tive Chriſtians it was cuſtomary for the Women to be married in veils; and St. *Iſidore* gives us the reaſon for it, " that they might remember always " to be *ſubmiſſive* and *humble* to their huſbands."

How exactly of a mind are the *divines* and the *poets*! *Euripides* tells us, that of all animals, eſpecially intellectual ones, *Woman* is the pooreſt thing. Therefore, ſays *Pittacus*, " keep *Womankind* ſub- " ject." *Tibillus* ſays, " they are a cruel genera- " tion, void of all faith." *Menander* ſays almoſt the ſame; and adds, that " when a *Woman* ſpeaks " with moſt affability, it is then ſhe is moſt to be " dreaded." And, if we believe *Plautus*, " When " once a *Woman* has any miſchief in her head, " ſickneſs, nay, what is worſe, old age, is leſs " inſupportable to her, than being thwarted in the " purſuit of it: either let her complete it, or you " make her completely miſerable. But if, by " chance or whim, ſhe attempts any thing that is " good, how ſoon is ſhe tired and ſick of it! What- " ever you do, if ſhe begins any thing tolerable, " never be afraid of her hurting herſelf; ſhe will " be ſure to do little enough: for *Women* have a " natural genius for exceeding in miſchief, but are " never guilty of exceſs in what is right.

The greateſt *orators* are not the moſt favourable to them; and the beſt character *Cicero*, one of the ableſt, had to give them, was, that they are a covetous race, ſovereignly ruled by the inordinate love of lucre. Nor are the *phyſicians* a jot more

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in their intereſt; we are aſſured by *Philo*, that the *Women*, according to the common received opinion of the faculty, "are but a kind of imperfect "*Men*; that their underſtandings are naturally "weaker than ours; and that they are incapable "of comprehending any thing but what immediately falls under the juriſdiction of their ſenſation."

If we credit *hiſtorians*, whoſe opinions are the leſs to be ſuſpected, as being founded on the irrefragable evidence of experience, we ſhall find them every where a weak and inconſiſtent generation, ever irreſiſtably led away by ſome predominant paſſion, which enſlaves and exgroſſes them. "The "Fair Sex (ſays *Tacitus*) is not only weak and un-"equal to toil, but, if truth may be ſpoken, cruel, "ambitious, and greedy after power." *Valerius Maximus* goes yet farther, and aſſures us, that the practice of poiſon had ſtill been unknown, if the cruel artifice of that ſex had not made it neceſſary to enact laws againſt it.

Cato then was not the only wiſe *Man* who thought the *Women* unfit to govern. The *ſacred writers* tell us, they are not to be truſted. *Divines*, *poets*, *orators*, *phyſicians*, and *hiſtorians* agree, that they are weak, ſilly, poor, fickle, cruel, ambitious things, ever forward in miſchief, ever ſluggards in good. Pretty qualifications truly to intitle them to government and public offices!

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But let us ſuſpend our judgment till we hear what the *philoſophers* think. *Ariſtotle* tells us, that " a city muſt needs be wretchedly governed which " is governed by *Women.*" And well may he think ſo, who tells us, that " the judgment of " boys is only imperfect, but that of *Women* is " abſolutely impotent."

To which if we add their natural itch of tattling, their invincible curioſity, and their innate averſion to ſecrecy, it can no longer be doubted that they are abſolutely unfit for public government, and every office connected with it. Nothing is more requiſite in one who is intruſted with government, than a ſteadineſs which no curioſity can make giddy; and nothing is more powerful, to make a *Woman* give up the moſt important intereſts of her own or others, than curioſity. Secrecy is the very ſoul of public adminiſtration: which to require from that tongue-puniſhed race, would be downright barbarity. The wiſe *Romans* were thoroughly convinced of the natural incapacity of *Women* for keeping a ſecret; and therefore were kind enough to them, never to intruſt any of them with one. Every one knows the ſtratagem young *Papirius* was forced to make uſe of to ſatisfy his mother's curioſity, without betraying the ſecrets of the ſenate. Being one day extremely ſollicited by her to reveal the ſubject of that morning's debate, to rid himſelf of her importunities, he was reduced to the neceſſity of feigning, that a law was propo-

ſed to allow the *Men* a plurality of wives. There needed no more to alarm the whole ſex. *Papirius*'s mother, ſpite of her ſolemn engagements, divulges it to all the *Women* ſhe knew, and they to as many more; till the whole tribe of wives, acquainted with it, formed themſelves into a league, and began to make open oppoſition to a law ſo odious to them. How ſafe would the young *ſenator* have been, had he been indiſcreet enough to truſt his tattling mother with a real ſecret as he did with a fiction?

Plutarch tells us of another *ſenator*, who, teazed by his wife, on the like ſcore, beyond all power of toleration, and unwilling to mortify her, told her, that a lark being ſeen to fly over the ſenate-houſe with a golden helmet on his head, and a ſpear in his claws, the *Augurs* had been conſulted to know what it could portend. To make it appear the more like a real ſecret, he had had the precaution to exact from her the moſt ſolemn vows of privacy; aſſuring her, that nothing leſs than his life could attone for his divulging it to her, ſhould it be known he had done ſo. But what force could the fear of a huſband's death have to make a *Woman* keep a ſecret, who muſt herſelf burſt, or vent it? No ſooner had her huſband taken leave of her, to return again to the ſenate, than ſhe eaſed herſelf of the intolerable burthen; and the tale flew ſo ſwiftly about the city, that, before he got to his journey's end, he had it whiſper'd in his ear, as a pro-

profound ſecret, by one who ſuppoſed him to have been abſent from the ſenate. At his return home, he charges his wife with having undone him: but ſhe, with a confidence peculiar to that ſex, flatly denies her having divulged what he intruſted her with; and, to ſilence him at once, Of three hundred ſenators in the houſe, why ſhould the ſecret be ſuppoſed to come from you alone? ſays ſhe. She had carried her boldneſs yet farther, but for his ſtopping her mouth, by telling her, that it was a fiction of his own making.

Fulvius was far from coming off ſo well; but he muſt blame himſelf for knowing *Womankind* no better. We are obliged to *Plutarch* for the account. *Auguſtus* diſpleaſed with *Fulvius*, for diſinheriting his own nephews in favour of *Livia*'s children, blamed him for it; and he, like a ſilly dotard, was weak enough to tell his wife: ſhe immediately tells the empreſs of it; and the empreſs upbraided the emperor with it; ſo that the next time *Fulvius* went to court, he received a ſevere reprimand from *Auguſtus*, and had the pleaſure to find himſelf ruin'd. And what did he get by returning home to tell his wife what ſhe had done, and that he was reſolved to ſtab himſelf? Why, no other ſatisfaction than to be anſwered, that he was a fool, and deſerved no better fate, for living with her ſo long without finding out that ſhe was a true *Woman*, and could not keep a ſecret.

What ſhall we ſay after this? Shall we agree with *Sophia*, that the *Women* are fit for government and public offices? or, ſhall we not rather conclude them abſolutely unqualified for them; and that the antients were undoubtedly right in ſaying, that WOMEN *are no more to be truſted than their* WOMBS: theſe being not more liable to miſcarry of their fruits, than they of the truſts we depoſit in them?

If *England* has been ſo wiſe as to admit theſe evils to reign over us, when neceſſary to avoid greater evils, is that any proof that they are qualified for it? No, 'twas not their capacity, but our prudence placed them on the throne, to remove occaſions of blood-ſhed, and other ill effects of civil diſſention. And tho' it muſt be confeſſed that during the reign of ſome of our *Women*, this nation has been in its moſt flouriſhing condition, yet to which ſhould we attribute it, the capacity of the ſoft cyphers placed over us, or the wiſdom of the miniſtry which made them of ſome account? Mere adjectives of nature; what uſe could they have been of but for the ſubſtantial ſupport of their council and parliament? Into which none, even of themſelves, ever thought it worth while to introduce a *Woman*.

However, I am apt to think, that the pretty fawning faces of theſe fair creatures would go a great way towards wheedling us into the folly of admitting them to a ſhare in public offices, if we could

could but diſcern in them the leaſt talent for governing their own families. Whereas, without much ſtudy, we need but ſtep into the next houſe we can think of, where the *gray mare is the better horſe*, to find a *Babylon* of anarchy and confuſion.

Belluina's is the firſt in my mind; let us then pay her a viſit. To do her juſtice, nothing can be more decent than her apartments; her whole houſe, from the cellars to the ſtairs, from the kitchen to the cloſet, are ſo many varied ſcenes of finiſhed neatneſs; not the meaneſt piece of furniture owes its ſituation to the hand of chance; every table has its proper poſt; every picture its fellow; there's not a chair a hair's breadth from its place; not a carpet but what is mathematically ſpread; nay, woe to Mrs. *Betty*, if the very china is not as regularly diſpoſed as the features in her ladyſhip's face. From ſuch an orderly œconomy in trifles, who wou'd not expect to find a little commonwealth, where peace and decorum have taken up their reſidence? But a moment's patience, and the all-divulging tea-table will ſet you right. An inſufferable troop of ill-train'd brats are called in to expoſe their want of manners, and put yours to the trial. Pretty Miſs muſt throw your hat about, Maſter *Jacky* muſt put his fingers in your eyes, *Charly* in your diſh, and if *Tommy*, her favourite, for never doing what his father bids him, ſhould offer to wipe his greaſy fingers on your coat, you muſt ſuffer him to do ſo, or be as much in her diſ-

grace

grace as *John*, who had his head broke but an hour ago, for haſtily ſetting *Veny* upon the bare ground, to ſave my Lord from falling down ſtairs. Happily for *John* he is in her ladyſhip's good graces, or he had fared no better than *Fanny* the houſe-maid, who had warning given her, for letting a tea-cup fall to hinder the houſe from taking fire. But this lucky fellow, who is too much uſed to his Lady to be often guilty of ſuch miſtakes, has abſolutely rooted himſelf into his poſt, by once leaving a butt of wine to run about the cellar, rather than let the parrot call him twice. So deſpotic is *Belluina* in her family! Her children, ſure never to be corrected but when they behave well, are inceſſantly rude and unruly; and her ſervants, never ſure that her ladyſhip will think what they do right, are always doing wrong, with as ſedate a confuſion as the workmen of *Babel*. If you call for a tea-ſpoon, a ſaucer is brought you; and if you have a mind for ſugar, you muſt call for the milk-pot. But it's time to leave this orderly Lady, Miſs's cap, you ſee, is the tenth part of an inch awry; the lightning in her mother's looks are portentous of a ſtorm, and once it breaks out, the houſe will be too hot for every one in it. Her Ladyſhip can bear any thing but diſorder in trifles; but that, like a true Woman, ſhe is ſo averſe to, that ſhe'll rather throw herſelf, her family, and even her country into confuſion, than ſuffer the ſymmetry of a curl or a cap to be broken with impunity.

ty. Whence it appears, that all this excellent Lady's qualifications for government, are owing to her happy want of ſenſe to ſet others right, and of temper to curb herſelf when wrong.

Litterinda has a great deal more temper, but much leſs ſenſe than *Belluina*. She can with incredible calmneſs ſee her houſe a perpetual dunghill, for want of brains to reflect how ill it becomes the fortune ſhe has, and the figure ſhe affects. She has a number of ſervants, every one of which is too buſy in helping their miſtreſs to litter the rooms, ever to be clean themſelves: neither is it fit they ſhould diſgrace their ſuperiors by being leſs dirty than they are. About ſeven months ago, before ſhe was a widow, I went, for the firſt and laſt time, to breakfaſt with her and her gouty huſband and family. The dirty diſorder of the room I was introduced to, offended me leſs than the rankneſs of my company poiſon'd me. It is true, I was forced to ſtand for ſome time, every chair in the place being taken up with ſome greaſy heap, one with foul plates, another with the lady's ſtays, and the reſt with miſcellaneous dirt. At length however I was help'd to a chair, and a diſh of excellent coffee from a ſilver tea-board, placed on a large table near my old gouty friend, and jumbled together with a mangled piece of beef, a woman's dirty night-cap, a comb-bruſh, an old ſtocking, and a urinal. The converſation I was entertain'd with, was of a piece with the perſons who held it.

'Twas

'Twas an argument between the lady and her huſband, who wou'd fain have perſuaded her that one clean ſhift a week could not prejudice her health. But with all her meekneſs ſhe had been put out of temper, if mamma's own daughter had not taken up the argument, and inſiſted that the trouble was needleſs, when a pair of ſleeves would do as well. It muſt be thought I could not be fond of ſtaying in ſuch a diſorderly jakes: accordingly I took leave, never to return thither again. My old friend follow'd my example not long after: he died in about two months, and was ſent to rot in a decent tomb, after having lived many years buried in a diſorderly ſink of ſluttery. However, I have been lately inform'd, that this lady has put her children in a terrible fright, by turning cleanly at laſt. They are under dreadful apprehenſions of her marrying again; and not without ſome reaſon: for ſhe has waſhed her hands and face twice ſince my friend's death, has the dining-room ſwept once a week, and has ſhifted her no leſs than three times in one fortnight. Whatever might be ſaid of *Litterinda* the wife, it cannot be diſown'd that the widow diſcovers a tolerable diſpoſition for government, and publick offices. For if outward cleanlineſs is any proof of inward neatneſs, and if an ordinary outſide is an indication of no confuſion within, why may not ſhe be at leaſt advanced

to

to the dignity of miſtreſs of the ceremonies to the court?

Priſcilla is akin to neither of the former: not finically nice, nor careleſly ſluttiſh. She loves neatneſs, and knows when ſhe ſees it, but has been too genteelly bred to be able to give any directions towards it. For the very œconomy of her table, ſhe is forced to depend upon the diſcretion of her ſervants: and if her houſekeeper ſhould deſert her, ſhe would be as much puzzled to order a dinner, as a blind man could be to find his way without a guide. This was a ſecret to her huſband, 'till an unlucky accident brought him acquainted with it. One day, when he was without a houſekeeper, he came home, and deſired his wife to add another diſh to the table, becauſe he ſhould have an acquaintance or two at dinner with him. She did as he order'd her, and the gentlemen, when they ſat down, had the ſolid ſatisfaction of two legs of mutton and turnips to feed on at the firſt courſe.

In juſtice to that ſex, I muſt not put an end to this ſubject, without taking notice of *Prudentia*. She is one of your notable *Women*, a tip-top houſewife I aſſure you. There's not a ſecret in domeſtic management unknown to her. She can metamorphoſe a leg of mutton to a haunch of veniſon, make the *lark* tranſmigrate to an *ortolan*, and transform *Engliſh* hog's fleſh into as good *Weſtphalia* ham as ever was imported into *Great Britain*. She is perfectly acquainted with the myſtery of

making butter and cheeſe, jellies, conſerves, ſweet-meats, cordials, and what not. Gardening ſhe is quite learned in, and at the needle ſhe is perfect miſtreſs. Nay, ſhe is a good accomptant too. In ſhort, nothing which relates to œconomy comes amiſs to her. And yet ſhe is not vain of all theſe accompliſhments; for tho' ſhe often plagues us with her diſſertations upon theſe ſubjects, 'tis ever with the commendable view of learning what ſhe knows not, or ſhewing us how much ſhe does know. So far is ſhe from being proud, that ſhe has ſtoop'd to the humble office of boiling an egg; and, to ſhew how fit ſhe was to govern, ſhe ſubmitted once, in her huſband's life-time, to boil him a pig, purſuant to his own requeſt. But, ſuch is the fatality of that poor ſex, ſhe has forfeited, ſince a widow, all her reputation of wiſdom, in the management of her children; tho' ſhe has but two to manage. Poſſeſs'd of a thouſand pounds a year, at her own diſpoſal, ſhe has withſtood the temptation of a ſecond match, to lay up all for them; and has made no better uſe of it than to ruin one by exceſs of extravagance, and the other by extreme niggardlineſs. By giving her daughter a profuſion of money and liberty, ſhe has afforded her the means to gain the title of mother, independent of wedlock; and to make amends for that error, in the care of her ſon, has kept him ſo ſhort of money, that, to get rid of a twelve-penny dun, he has married a fritter-woman. Strange as this cir-

circumſtance is, 'tis not more ſtrange than true. Nevertheleſs, *Prudentia* cannot be charged with want of love. All the defect lies in that want of talent for government, which is ſo evident in that tender ſex. It can no longer then be doubted that thoſe poor pretty creatures muſt make a very ſorry figure in government and publick offices, who appear ſo univerſally unqualified for the adminiſtration of private œconomy. But I fear I have proved this matter too plainly to them; and therefore, not to give them the pain of more ungrateful truths on this head, I ſhall follow whither *Sophia* leads me, that is to conſider,

SECTION V.

What Capacity the Women *have for Sciences.*

I Cannot help being of the ſame mind with the Duke of *Britany*, quoted by *Montagne* in his Eſſays; and every one in their right ſenſes muſt think with us, that a *Woman* is learned enough in conſcience, if ſhe can diſtinguiſh between her huſband's ſhirt and his breeches. A ſeverer imprecation could ſcarce be utter'd againſt the lovely ſex, than to wiſh them ſcience-mad. 'Tis their pretty fluency in nonſenſe, and their bewitching confidence in ignorance, which give their charms the

power of pleaſing us in the ſoft moments, when, unbending the mind from ſtudy, we ſeek in their native folly a reſpite from ſenſe and ſpeculation. But why ſhould we put them to the pains of learning, to entertain us with that nonſenſe and ignorance in ſeveral languages? Why ſhould they be ſuffer'd to diſtract their poor tender brains with hard words and technical terms: is it not enough that they can clip and carve their own mother-tongue into a variety of dialects, without obliging them to confound others into a kind of mix'd jargon, as unintelligible as the converſation of *Negroes?*

I don't, however, pretend to diſpute their natural genius for words. It is undoubtedly to them we owe the preſervation of that antient and venerable language call'd *Gibberiſh*, which had long ſince been utterly loſt, but for their care and aſſiduity in cultivating it. It would therefore be highly ungrateful, not to give them the praiſe due to their excellent talents in this branch of learning, eſpecially ſince we reap ſuch important advantages from their excellence in it. Without the inſtructions of thoſe pretty jabbering creatures, we ſhould be at a loſs to converſe with our own infants. Our ignorance would run us into the dilemma of either frighting them with plain *Engliſh*, or reducing them to the neceſſity of learning it much ſooner than the uſual time, and even before they had gone through the politer language of the nurſery. How

vulgar

vulgar would it be to hear an infant ſay, *Pray, mother give your little boy a plumb!* Is it not infinitely more elegant to ſay, *Pay mamma div eeky boy a pum.* And how ſhould a child ever be able to learn the latter preferably to the former, if the *Women* were not more induſtrious in teaching them than we are? Beſides, we are ſuch natural dunces when put out of the road of ſenſe, that we ſhould never ſucceed in making children reach the eloquent unintelligible, ſo ſoon as they do under their preſent teachers. For my own part, I have been often in a nurſery of young children, and, tho' ever ſo attentive to their converſation with one another, could underſtand no more of their meaning, than if they had been ſo many *Hottentots*; tho' every *Woman* who came in, I found, was perfectly verſed in their language. Well for me and them that they were ſo, or I am afraid I ſhould often have done miſchief, but particularly once: Being where two or three children were at play, on a ſudden I heard one of them cry, and, more good-natured than wiſe, was offering to pacify it with theſe barbarous words, *pretty thing, what do you cry for?* But the children were terribly frighten'd, and for ought I know had all fallen into fits at the cannibal ſound, if a learned woman in the room had not interpreted my meaning in familiar *Gibberiſh*, which it ſeems runs thus: *Peety ſing! did um ky, did um vets it, ſall um beat paw paw man, div me a bow den, dare, doe paw man doe.* Theſe mellifluous ſounds

ſounds quite tranquillized the little peeviſh gentry, and quite convinced me of how great importance it is to mankind, that this feminine ſcience ſhould be kept up.

So far then from thinking the ladies incapable of teaching, at leaſt this branch of knowledge, I am for moving the legiſlature for the eſtabliſhment of a female univerſity for that purpoſe: and if I were not afraid of offending my fair antagoniſt's great modeſty, I would, with all due ſubmiſſion to higher powers, propoſe her for chancellor. One of the profeſſors I have already in my eye; 'tis a lady who keeps a female academy in *Black-fryars*. I was agreeably ſurprized, ſome time ago, to find her excellent talents, for ſuch a purpoſe, diſplay'd on the very board over her door; where was written in golden capitals theſe elegant words, *Yong ladis taut to ſpill and imbrawther*. Which by the niceſt critics is tranſlated thus, *Young ladies taught to ſpell and embroider*. But I have ſince had the ſatisfaction to hear, that this piece of antique learning has brought her ſuch a number of ſcholars, that ſhe thinks it now beneath her to keep out a board, convinced of the old proverb, that *good wine needs no buſh*.

Nevertheleſs, I would not have *gibberiſh* the ſole affair of this univerſity. No, I would have ſome taught to liſp a little *Engliſh*, and write it, however aſkew and unintelligibly. If I am not miſinform'd, there is a lady now at work upon a new

Engliſh

Engliſh grammar, for the uſe of the fair-ſex; which in all probability will take very much, as her chief view has been to ſave unneceſſary trouble, by reducing the work to a very conciſe compaſs. Still ſhe has ſpared no pains to make it of univerſal uſe to the *Women*, and by the ſtrength of her genius, and continued application, ſhe has abridg'd the whole art of grammar to four parts of ſpeech, *liſping*, *miſpelling*, *noiſe*, and *nonſenſe*. If my ſcheme ſhould take effect, what a conſiderable figure would this lady make in an univerſity-chair!

I can by no means however conſent to the *Women*'s loſing any time in the ſtudy of the law. To complete a *Man* a knave, it is abſolutely neceſſary to make a lawyer of him. But every *Woman* from her cradle is by nature a lawyer in this ſenſe. They have all ſuch finiſhed talents for lying, diſſembling, cajoling, undermining, equivocating, and barefacedly cheating, that there is no law, profane or ſacred, which they cannot argue away or brazen out. 'Tis rather then a woful ſhame, their knowledge of this kind has no bridle put to it, than any ways likely they ſhould improve us or themſelves by further advances.

What a diſgrace to her ſex, and what a bane to ours, is *Lolia*, with all her juriſprudence. There is no tricking attorney ſhe has not out-trick'd, no ſharping counſellor ſhe has not bit, and no both-ſided ſerjeant ſhe has not outwitted. There's not

a court

a court in *England* but ſhe is verſed in the practice of it, and not a quirk in it but ſhe has made uſe of. She has cozen'd a J----e into open perverſion of the law, and bilk'd him after all of the premium of his iniquity. She has forged away an eminent knave's ears without riſking her own, and married away the eſtate of an honeſt dupe of rank from his lawful iſſue, to ſquander it away upon her own lawleſs mongrel offspring. Her greateſt praiſe is the having utterly ruined many, and greatly injured all ſhe ever had to do with; the never having built upon one honeſt plea the numberleſs ſuits ſhe has had upon her hands; and the having gain'd many cauſes without uſing any honeſt means; tho' ſhe never loſt a ſingle one for want of any knaviſh artifice in her power. To ſum up the litigious Merit of this machiavelian lady in few words; without ever poring over *Littleton* or *Coke*, there is no law ſo plain which could any ways concern her, but what ſhe has baffled by the ſanction of the laws themſelves. So idle and needleſs is it for that ſex to ſtudy the chicaneries of the law, ſo eaſy is it for them without ſtudy to be perfect in the practice, and ſo pernicious is this perfection in them to all who have any concerns with them! I would therefore, for *Lolia*'s ſake, have all matters of law baniſhed the female province under pain of death.

Indeed they may, if they think proper, erect a *faculty* of their own, to give a grace to the miſchief

chief they do with their *noſtrums*. To qualify them for *phyſicians*, there is nothing wanting but a ſolemnity of phiz, the uſe of ſpectacles, and a profuſeneſs of unintelligible jargon; tho' for the latter, thanks to their propitious ſtars, their natural glibneſs of tongue, and fondneſs for hard words, give them an admirable diſpoſition.

For *hiſtory* I think they have an uncommon capacity: at leaſt one of the moſt noted productions in that kind, is thought to be the work of a female genius. For though a reverend biſhop, in compliance with the modeſty of its real author, was ſo kind to lend his name to the celebrated hiſtory of his own times, it is believed by many that his chaplain's old grandmother had the chief hand in it. In politics and novels too they are remarkable for excelling: their propenſity to intriguing qualifies them for the latter, and the former they are aſſiſted in, by curioſity and the gift of tattle.

Novilia is an excellent news-paper, which neither tires your eyes, nor ſounds your purſe: your ears are at all the expence of your information. There is not a thing happens, or can happen, but ſhe knows or invents, unleſs there be too much probability in it. She can ſettle the affairs of all *Europe* with as great facility as the grounds in her coffee-pot; can carry on war with equal reſolution; and has actually taken more ſhips from *France* and *Spain* ſince the rupture, than our admirals

mirals and privateers had time to take, nay than thoſe nations had to loſe. She has often communicated to me the important conferences a certain monarch had in bed with his wife. And if ſhe is not always right in her accounts, it is owing to the impolitic proceedings of the miniſters of ſtate. For, to give her her due, in telling you what is done, ſhe only means to acquaint you with what ſhe thinks ought to be done. I would by all means therefore have a chair erected in the female univerſity, for the inſtruction of ſuch *Women* as diſcover a genius for politics: but that they may be of ſome uſe to the public, I would humbly propoſe to the government, to take off the duty from all other news-papers, and lay it upon theſe living *Gazettes*.

In the chair for the education of ſuch as have a peculiar talent for *novels*, I would have the works of the learned authors Mrs *Behn* and Mrs *Manly* read, as the ſtandard of that ſcience; and as impiety and ſmut are conſiderable branches of it, I would have thoſe paſſages, which are the moſt remarkable for either, particularly inforced to the fair ſtudents. I know no one happier for a communicative faculty, in that part of literature, and therefore none likely to make a more able profeſſor of it, than the witty *Saphira*; that ſurpriſing genius, the firſt eſſay of whoſe incomparable pen was cloſed in the ſprightly parentheſes of bawdy and blaſphemy. The Lady, you muſt know, is a

Free-

Freethinker by profeſſion; but moſt firmly believes there is a God, becauſe folks will have it there is none: tho' ſhe can with a becoming eaſe talk of him in as careleſs a manner as ſhe does of the devil, whom ſhe looks upon as a mere fiction, and wiſhes ſhe had nothing to trouble her more than the fears of hell: for ſhe is very ſure God is too good to make ſuch a troubleſome being, or ſuch a diſmal place. As ſhe has, beſides theſe accompliſhments, a tolerable taſte for poetry, ſhe may give her pretty ſcholars a little tincture of it, by reading to them Mrs *Barber*'s FAMILY POEMS, unleſs ſhe ſhould think it more inſtructive to paraphraſe Mrs *Behn*'s piece upon *enjoyment*.

If I miſtake not, *Sophia* diſclaims, in the name of her whole ſex, the privilege of interfering in matters of divinity: tho' ſhe ſtill contends hard for their natural aptneſs for it. What commiſſion ſhe may have from her pretty clients, to give up ſo conſiderable a claim I know not. However, I am abſolutely of opinion, that it becomes them full as well to hold forth on the ſubject of religion in a church as in their drawing-rooms, in a pulpit as at a tea-board; and both are as graceful in them as riding aſtride would be. What ſchiſm ever rended the church, which they have not had a principal hand in? What error ever crept in among Chriſtians which they have not been induſtrious to forward? What point ſo abſtruſe in religion which they are not for deciding? If they muſt be cham-

ber-divines, why do they not even go farther, and ſeize the church and pulpit too? Why do they not copy after that female pattern of conſiſtency, *Dromonia?* This fleſhy tabernacle of the ſpirit hath wiſely thrown off all idle forms, to preach the outward man into the arms of the inward one. Convinced of the light within her, ſhe hath not buried it under a buſhel, at her levee, but hath placed it on a candleſtick in the houſe of the Lord, that it may give light unto all that are in it. And the Lord in return hath ſo repleniſhed her with the light of his knowledge, that ſhe expoundeth the ſcriptures without ceaſing, and burſteth not, albeit ſhe knoweth not how to read them. He hath made her a picklock of wiſdom, and given unto her a key to open the greateſt myſteries of the Revelations, and ſhew that there is no myſtery in them; to unfold the prophets as ſhe unfoldeth her apron; and to expoſe the evangeliſts as ſhe expoſeth herſelf. Nay, he hath given her a two-edged tongue for a ſnare, two rolling eyes for a bait; he hath added claws unto her fingers, and behold ſhe goeth forth like unto a fiſher of *Men*, and ſpreads her ſnowy arms like unto a net. But the ſpirit bloweth where it liſteth; and the ſons of the fleſh will not bite at the bait, nor be caught in the net.

However unſucceſsful the induſtry of this female divine is, I think ſhe is a living proof of the ability of that ſex for the ſtudy of *theology*. And there-

therefore I am not againſt their erecting a chair to teach, and appointing her the profeſſor.

But I can by no means give into their puzzling their little delicate heads with the more intricate ſtudy of *philoſophy* of any ſort. Every branch of that is built upon reaſon, and reaſon they have nothing to do with. However as they have ſome faint glimmerings of it, I don't pretend to ſay there will be any harm in their gaining a little ſuperficial ſmatch of ſome trifles dependent on philoſophy: ſuch as a few myſterious terms, a ſmall number of detach'd ſentences, and here and there a trite experiment. Theſe will ſuffice to make any *Woman* as learned as ſhe need be, and theſe any *Woman* may pick up without much coſt.

I was lately entertain'd by one of your very learned ladies in her ſtudy, where I had the opportunity, during a ſhort ſpace ſhe left me alone there, to take a ſurvey of her library, and the choice collection which had contributed to make her ſuch a ſcholar. As I found it very curious, I was at the pains of writing a catalogue, which I ſhall here tranſcribe for the benefit of all the fair lovers of polite learning: ſo far am I from envying them any opportunity of improving their talents.

Her books then ſtood in the following order.

The *Atalantis*; a *Common-prayer-book*-----*Rocheſter's Poems*; *Preparation for Communion*----*Love's laſt*

laſt Shift; *Meditations on Death*-----*A patch-box*----*Paradiſe loſt*; *the Art of being eaſy at all times*-----*Behn's Novels*; *Whiteſield's Sermons*----*Ovid's Art of Love*; *Advice of a Mother to her Son and Daughter*---*Petronius in Engliſh*; *a Bible*-----*A paper of pins*----*A Thee-and-thou Almanack*; *the Moral Philoſopher*; *the Pilgrim's Progreſs*----*Geography of Children*; *the Tatlers*----*A pocket looking-glaſs*----*Dacier's Homer, Engliſh*; *Perſian Tales*; *The Merry Jeſter*; *Eſſay on Midwifry*----In a vacancy lay *Swift's Dreſſing-room*, with a houſewife upon it ſtuff'd with ſilks, and a paper with *Spaniſh* wool----The *Plain Dealer*; *Law's Serious Call to a devout Life*----*Tale of a Tub*; *Dyche's Spelling-book*----*The Whole Duty of Man*; *the Art of getting beautiful Children.*

After having given an account of her library, it is fit I ſhould give ſome idea of its fair owner. She has read a great deal, and has a very good memory; can talk incoherently in five ſeveral languages; has tranſlated and even compoſed; is a critic in proſe, and an author in verſe. But with all this deal of learning and memory, ſhe neither knows how to ſet her cap ſtreight, nor can remember to buckle her ſhoes; and is ſo blinded with poring over books, as not to be capable of diſcerning the difference of ſhades between a dirty ſmock-ſleeve and a clean apron. In ſhort, ſhe is too much taken up with the dead, to mind any decorums to the living; and, but for the ſake of inform-

informing the latter, would ſcorn to converſe with them. While I was with her, a ſudden itching in her head put her in mind that her hair wanted combing. She ſubmits to the greaſy taſk: But no ſooner had ſhe drawn the comb half a dozen times through her hair, than a learned flight ſeized hold of her ſenſes; ſhe tucks up her locks with irregular haſte; and, taking leave of me, hurries along the ſtreet, without ſo much as taking notice of the ſurprize and ridicule of the people ſhe paſs'd by, till ſhe came to her bookſeller's, who could not have ſeen ſhe had been dreſſing her head, but for the nightrail ſhe had ſtill on her ſhoulders. It muſt be owned, that if this lady is a ſcholar ſhe is a very ſluttiſh one; and the much ſhe reads is to very little purpoſe, ſince it can make nothing better of her than a *bookiſh ſlattern*. It is happy for her, and much more for our ſex, that ſhe is unmarried. A man of ſenſe muſt undoubtedly prefer to ſuch a learned negligence, an ignorant wife who can condeſcend to be cleanly, and ſtoop to be a little well bred. For my part, after ſeeing ſuch an inſtance of the ill conſequence of literature in women, I cannot but be of *Juvenal*'s mind, as Mr. *Dryden* tranſlates him,

That *of all plagues, the greateſt is untold*;
The book-learn'd wife, in Greek *and* Latin *bold.*
The critic-dame, who at her table ſits,
Homer *and* Virgil *quotes, and weighs their wits*;
And pities Dido's *agonizing fits.*

She

She has ſo far th' aſcendant of the board,
The prating pedant puts not in one word:
The man of law is nonplus'd in his ſuit;
Nay, ev'ry other female tongue is mute.
Hammers and beating anvils, you would ſwear,
And Vulcan *with his whole militia's there:*
Tabors and trumpets ceaſe; for ſhe alone
Is able to redeem the lab'ring moon.
Ev'n wit's a burden, where it talks too long;
But ſhe who has no continence of tongue,
Should walk in breeches, and ſhould wear a beard,
And mix among the philoſophic herd.
O what a midnight curſe has he, whoſe ſide
Is peſter'd with a mood and figure bride!
Let mine, ye gods! (if ſuch muſt be my fate)
No logic learn, nor hiſtory tranſlate;
But rather be a quiet, humble fool:
I hate a wife to whom I go to ſchool,
Who climbs the grammar tree, diſtinctly knows
Where noun, and verb, and participle grows;
Corrects her country neighbour; and abed
For breaking Priſcian's, *breaks her huſband's head.*

Neither *Juvenal* nor I deny that *Women* may acquire ſome ſuperficial learning: all we contend for is, that it is ever ill beſtowed upon them, inaſmuch as it renders them uſeleſs to their own ſex, and a nuiſance to ours; of which the lady whoſe portraiture I have juſt given is a ſignal proof. If *Sophia* ſhould bring me a few inſtances out of the com-

common rule, what will ſhe get by it? I grant, that *Greece* has ſhewn its *Sappho*, *Rome* her *Cornelia*, *France* has produced a *Dacier*, *Holland* has brought forth a *Schurman*, *Italy* a doctreſs; and, more bleſt than all, *England* now boaſts an *Eliza* and a *Sophia*: What then? Are ſeventy inſtances, though ſeventy times ſeven times doubled, in upwards of five thouſand and ſeven years, ſufficient to prove a general capacity in *Women* for knowledge and learning? Would my fair antagoniſt think horſes a fit party for her at *quadrille*, if I ſhould inſtance ſome of that ſpecies which have been dabs at *Put*? Or, would ſhe like to be confined to the converſation of parrots, becauſe many of them can talk a great deal? No; neither can we deem the *Women* fit aſſociates for us in the ſtudy of ſciences, becauſe a few have had a tolerable ſmattering of them. But let us proceed to view them in another light in the following queſtion.

SECTION VI.

Whether Women *are naturally qualified for Military Offices, or not.*

IDLE as I think this queſtion, it is neceſſary to take it into a minute's conſideration, in com-

plaiſance to my fair adverſary, who is diſpoſed to think it of importance. Indeed, in one ſenſe, I am of her mind: for I cannot help wiſhing, for the good of my own ſex, that the *Women*, however unqualified for military exploits, were obliged to engage in all the wars, civil diſſentions, family feuds, and bloody broils, they are the original authors of; ſince, in all probability, their natural averſion to danger would have made them leſs forward to expoſe us to it. I would have every jilting coquet, who prides herſelf in meaſuring the love of her dupes by the length of their ſwords, be compelled to act the part of a *ſecond* in the fray. And as for thoſe ladies who have pride and prettineſs enough to ſet their families on cutting one another's throats, to involve their country in civil diſcord, or to ſet nations at a bloody ſtrife; I would have them ſingled out, like ſo many *Curatiæ* and *Horatiæ*, to decide the diſpute with their own blood, and ſpare unneceſſary ſlaughter. Thus, knowing themſelves doomed to heal at their own coſt the miſchiefs of their own making, they would be leſs fond of diſcord, or we ſhould be leſs the victims of it. But to expect them to expoſe their pretty carcaſes to perils or hardſhips for the ſafety of their country, the good of the public, or the defence of virtue, would be requiring impoſſibilities from them. Magnanimity, as an illuſtrious author obſerves, was never expected from that puſillanimous ſex.

Each

Each ſex, indeed, has its perfections; but greatneſs of ſoul was never numbered among feminine accompliſhments. Nature from the beginning fixed an eſſential difference between *Man* and *Woman*, not more in ſtrength of body than of mind; and, though ſhe gave them both ſome virtues not unlike in appearance, yet ſhe diſtributed thoſe virtues between them in very unequal ſhares. What is the utmoſt ſtrength of *Woman*, but the ſtruggle of imbecillity? What her greateſt bravery, but cowardice made deſperate?

And yet I will not pretend to ſay, that every *Woman* is a coward; or that any of them are always ſuch: No; *Women* can be ſometimes fearleſs; but that is only when vice inſpires their valour. And then what is it they cannot do or dare? For, as Mr. *Dryden* ſays after *Juvenal*,

Each inconvenience makes their virtue *cold*;
But Womankind in ills *are ever bold.*

Tremula is as tender a lady, and as eaſily ſcared, as any I know of her whole ſex: Too pretty to tread the ground in a vulgar manner, ſhe cannot ſtand, though it ſhould be to ſave her huſband from ruin; much leſs can ſhe walk the enormous length of a room, unleſs ſhe has a *Man* to lean upon, or the happineſs to forget herſelf. Muſic, indeed, has a miraculous effect on the harmonious creature: it can ſolidate her too ſupple ſinews, and

give her force to foot it, without fainting, for four and twenty hours together; though her joints are naturally ſo very weak, that ſhe can ſeldom ſucceed to take two ſteps and a half without tripping. I myſelf have known her laid up with a cold for the whole winter, by raſhly venturing croſs a boarded entry to her coach, before the maid could ſpread the carpet, for all her huſband had warmed her clogs very carefully; and at this very time is dangerouſly ill of a tooth-ach, which ſhe got by inconſiderately going one night to the play without ear-rings. What makes the danger greater is, that ſhe cannot be bled: The ſight of a lancet would throw her into a ſwoon; and her fits are frequent enough, without ſeeking occaſions to make them more ſo. She is always in a panic at beſt: for, conſcious to herſelf of being ſomething very precious, ſhe never thinks herſelf thoroughly ſafe. The buz of a gnat will awake her from the profoundeſt dream of tranquillity; the ruſtling of her own ſilks has often ſet her on trembling; and, in another perſon's houſe, ſhe has fainted away at the ſight of her own ſweet ſelf in a glaſs, before ſhe had time to recollect the dear idol's features. All edge tools ſhe has an utter dread of; two croſs knives are ſufficient matter at any time to metamorphoſe the fearful thing into an aſpin leaf: her huſband's ſword, though as harmleſs as *Harlequin*'s ſabre, ſhe can tolerate no where but at his ſide; and one day finding him,

as

as ſhe came into his cloſet, with a razor in his hand, ſhe fairly fell back into the arms of the footman; and what would have been the conſequence I cannot ſay, if *Richard* had not unlaced her, while his maſter went after the houſekeeper for her lady's drops: ſo delicate and fearful is pretty *Tremula*. And yet, averſe as I am to hazards, I would venture an even wager of a ſmall matter, that if *Richard* had the ſenſe to feel her pulſe, and gueſs at her conſtitution, he might enable her to walk three or four miles to an aſſignation of miſchief, in the darkeſt night, without fear of meeting in the way a bear, or a bug-aboe; if I may be allowed this female elegance.

And why not? *Viragina* is as ſlender and delicate to appearance as herſelf; and yet ſhe can do that and more. Strong and ſtout as the talleſt officers in our ſtanding army, horſe or foot, ſhe can leap a five-barr'd gate, keep at the heels of a fox, and ſet a buck at bay, with the beſt of them. She can turn her horſe adrift, take her dog and her gun on a winter's day, and, without fear of colds or catarrhs, ramble miles in the dirt, to a ſolitary coppice, in purſuit of her game. No weather can keep her at home, and no dangers can fright her from venturing abroad. In the country ſhe can ſtrole a whole day, from cover to cover, after a brace of woodcocks; and, moon or no moon, can trapes all night through thick and thin, from village to village, after a ſingle fidler. In town ſhe

is

is as undaunted; can ſwagger at a card-table, riot at a tavern, and ramble through the ſtreets from bagnio to bagnio, with as much ſecurity in a hack as in her own coach; and that at hours when the honeſter part of watchmen are ſcarce ſafe. Nevertheleſs, it cannot be ſaid that this lady is vigorous and undauntad alike in every thing: no; in every thing that is good and commendable, ſhe is all impotence and panic; and would be full as feeble and fearful as *Tremula* herſelf, even in theſe her favourite amuſements, if the toil and danger of them ſhould once aſſume the face of virtue. It is miſchief then, dear, dear miſchief, which inſpires *Viragina* to be ſo vigorous, and act ſo valiantly. Vice and miſchief alone are capable of making that ſex ſummon all its latent ſtrength, and forget all its fears. Inſtigated by evil, what will they not hazard? Vice ſhall make a *Thaleſtris* equal to the labour of rambling after an *Alexander*; make *Sheba*'s queen overlook the dangers of a long and unknown road; and humble an empreſs, *Meſſalina*, a *Roman* empreſs, to walk the ſtreets. Every *Woman* is a *Hippia*, preſs'd in the liſts of virtue; ſlow, impotent, and heartleſs, ſcared by an atom, fainting at a roſe. But place the goal of vice, or ſtandard of iniquity, within their reach, all volunteers of ſin and luſt, they will hurry to it with the utmoſt eagerneſs; forſake their huſbands, the tendereſt of huſbands, forget their children, parents, blood and friends; dare foaming ſeas, ſnuff pitch and tar, feed

on

on carrion with a guſt, lie hard, work harder, and go through all ſufferable woes, to gain the point in view.

Can it then be denied, that ſome *Women* have ſtrength and courage enough to qualify them for military offices? And yet what *Paſchal* ſays, in his political maxims, is ſtill true: "Nothing is "more certain, than that the fair ſex is not only "weak and unequal to toil, but even, if truth is "no treaſon, as impotent as they are cruel-mind-"ed, ambitious, and greedy of power; which they "are to ſuch an exceſs, that they know no mode-"ration in their diſorders, when, ſhameleſs enough "to herd with warriors, they expoſe themſelves "to public view at the head of armies, range "troops, march with a regiment at their tail, and "value themſelves upon their own dexterity in "all military exerciſes: though, when I ſee any "ſuch forward *Woman*, I cannot help thinking I "ſee a monkey aping the actions of a Man." And, in reality, what can be more ridiculous or indecent? Is it not full as unſeemly a ſight, to behold a *Woman* giving the word of command to her troops, leading them up to combat in battle array, and giving them the ſignal of onſet, as to ſee a *Man* knotting, knitting, handling a diſtaff, or embroidering his wife's petticoat? The reaſon is, that every thing unnatural and out of character is offenſive, and therefore wrong. And what appears and is, in a valiant man, gallantry, bravery, and ſturdineſs,

dineſs, is, in a forward *Woman*, madneſs, arrogance, and cruelty; as, on the contrary, what makes a *Woman* elegant, makes a *Man* deformed; as the dreſs and ornaments which add grace and dignity to her beauty, but ſerve to make him a finical, pragmatic, enervate coxcomb. It is no praiſe then, but rather a diſgrace, to any of that ſoft ſex to be qualified for military offices. For, as the ſame learned writer obſerves, the more their natural weakneſs is a curb to their violent ſallies of imagination and whim, ſo, when they give a looſe to libertiniſm, the greater lengths are they ſure to run, and with the more difficulty are they brought back to their former modeſty, if ever they are. And ſuch of them as are ſomething more robuſt and dauntleſs than the generality, are but the more dangerous evils for being ſo; inaſmuch as their impetuoſity of temper is ever more furious. So that when once a *Woman*, impatient of her ſex, throws off the ſoft character which is properly hers, ſhe will never fail to carry her inſolence beyond the bounds which even *Men* of any ſenſe fix to their Boldneſs.

And yet I do not believe it abſolutely impoſſible for a *Woman* to have a true courage, animated by real virtue; but I look upon ſuch a *Woman* as a miracle, out of the common courſe of nature. As ſuch I conſider the immortal *Boadicea*; and as ſuch I profoundly revere the more immortal *Sophia*, when ſhe tells us, that ſhe *could, with more eaſe, and leſs repug-*

repugnance, dare the frowns and fury of an already victorious army, which ſhe had forces to reſiſt, than ſhe could ſtoop to court the ſmiles of a corrupt miniſter whom ſhe had reaſon to deſpiſe. Sentiments ſo like my own compel me to believe her, though a Woman; and I admire (I had almoſt ſaid adore) her for them. Words are but words at beſt, and hers are no more: but the ſpirit they are utter'd with is a proof to me of their being the overflowings of a heart capable of the execution. But will *Sophia* pretend to ſay, there are many *Women* like her in this particular; or that the bulk of *Womankind* are not puſillanimous things? If the ſun halted once at the valiant *Joſhua*'s word of command, muſt its courſe be interrupted for every impertinent bully? And if virtuous courage has taken a ſeat in one *Woman*'s breaſt, ſhall all the heartleſs generation lay a claim to the extra-privilege? No, miracles allowed for, timidity, like all other defects of *Men*, is an ornamental perfection in *Women*, and inſeparable, in ſome degree or other, even from thoſe *virago dames* who launch out of nature into affectation.

I will agree with my fair antagoniſt ſo far, that *the virtuous are always timid*; but can draw no concluſion thence in favour of her ſex, till ſhe makes it appear, that *the timid are always virtuous*. The contrary to which I have already ſo plainly inſtanced in thoſe little heartleſs pretty miſchiefs, that I need add nothing more to convince a rational

creature, that the *Women* are as little qualified for military employments of honour, truſt, or importance, as they are for every other office in life, except that for which they were given us, that is, the propagation of human nature.

CONCLUSION.

FROM what I have hitherto ſaid it muſt appear to all who have the leaſt degree of underſtanding, that if the merit of *Women* be weighed by the end of their production, and the circumſtances attending it, by their natural capacity, and the practice they have applied it to in all ages, by the living variety of inſtances of their folly, inconſiſtency, impotence in good, and propenſity to evil, they are not only wide of the perfection of *Man*, but even almoſt infinitely beneath him. So that far from having any juſt title, or even plauſible pretence, to claim an equality of power, dignity, and eſteem with him; the very privileges they enjoy, can only be looked upon as ſo many inſtances of his generoſity to them.

If we trace their conduct through every age, and conſider it in all lights, we ſhall find them every where, even in their ſeeming differences, the ſame; emptily vain, fooliſhly conceited, and ambitiouſly

bitiouſly groveling; at once covetous and extravagant, to extremes; reſtleſs even to indolence, and falſe in their very fits of fondneſs; in their hatred cruel, in their love laſcivious; and then moſt treacherous, when moſt induſtrious to ſhew ſincerity. What elſe do we find in *Women* but the bane of friendſhip, an inevitable pain, a native temptation, a deſirable calamity, a domeſtic ſnare, a flattering miſchief, the very eſſence of evil, under the ſemblance of good? If then there is a heinous crime in diſmiſſing them when ours, it muſt ſurely be own'd as heavy a grievance to be forced to retain them, tho' uncertain of their being only ours. And yet ſuch the hapleſs dilemma *Man* is reduced to, when tied to that frail toy a *Woman*: in danger of becoming an adulterer if he diſmiſſes her, or of harbouring an adultreſs if he keeps her.

Nevertheleſs, it muſt be owned, that *Woman*, though eſſentially an evil, is a neceſſary one; but then ſo much the more burthenſome is ſhe for being ſo; ſince what is moſt endearing in her, makes our danger the more imminent, and our only ſecurity is in what muſt render her intolerable. The *Man* who weds a beautiful *Woman*, meaſures a mark for every *Libertine*'s lechery; but he who marries a plain one, marries lechery itſelf: the former will find it an arduous taſk to preſerve inviolated his private property in the object of public luſt; and how wretched muſt be the fate of the latter, to be confined to the ſociety of one, whom

none elſe would condeſcend to couple with: however, upon the whole, there may be, perhaps, much leſs miſery annex'd to the poſſeſſion of a homely wife, than to the difficulty of keeping a handſome one chaſte; but ſtill it is plain there is a miſery in both.

Well then might *Cato* ſay, that "but for *Woman* "the world would be without woe, and the ce- "leſtial beings would delight to mingle their con- "verſation with ours." It is well remark'd by a learned author, that *Cato* ſpoke not by gueſs, but from his own fatal experience. And who better qualified to give a proper idea of the artifices of thoſe common miſchiefs, than one who was himſelf the dupe of them? Their vices and follies alike are carried to ſuch an exceſs, that nothing could make them credible but conviction; and nothing but experience could juſtify the belief of it. But *Cato* had the trial; and, to his ſorrow, found the fair deluſive flower of *Venus* like the ſoft, ſilky, touch-enſnaring roſe, beneath whoſe beauteous baneful bloſſom lies many a pointed thorn.

But I forget, *Cato* is no oracle with *Sophia:* nor would he be ſuch with me, was he particular in his opinion of the fair ſex. But ſurely all can never be miſtaken: and do not all, who bear the character of wiſe, agree, that *Women* are the ſhuttlecocks of vice and folly, impotence and eagerneſs; the dupes of others paſſions, and jilted by their own? Do not all writers, ſacred and profane, with-

without comparing notes, combine in painting them falſe as they are fair, and ſilly as they are ſweet; artful in modeſt guiſe, and impudent when lewd; treacherous, ambitious, ſlaves to avarice, the foes of reaſon, and never friends to thought, but when they think on miſchief. If *Seneca* may be believed, *a* Woman *never muſes by herſelf, but ſhe is muſing on ſome wickedneſs.* And if we diſcredit him, we muſt diſcredit all who have ever ſtooped to write about them; for all are of his mind, and all conſider them at beſt as flattering, pleaſing, deſirable evils. *Democritus* was ſo convinced of this, that, being queſtioned, *why he, who was himſelf ſo big, had married a wife ſo little*; he anſwered, *Methinks*, ſays he, *as it is, I have choſen too big a one, when all I had to chooſe was evil.* But *Protagoras* went farther ſtill; no evil, according to him, exceeds that evil, *Woman.* What made him give his daughter in marriage to his mortal enemy? aſk him, and take his reaſon from himſelf; *I gave her to him*, ſays he, *becauſe I could give him nothing worſe.*

I ſhould never have done, were I to give a liſt of all the ſages in every age who have thought like them. But what occaſion have we for the authority of others to confirm a truth our own eyes are daily witneſſes to? Let us look round the female world; what ſhall we find but weakneſs of head, and corruption of heart, intolerable trifling, or deſtructive induſtry? A giddy tribe of

uſeleſs

uſeleſs things, made up of noiſe and nonſenſe, envy, malice, impertinence, and ſhew; mere murderers of time, averſe to all that is good, and prone to all that is naught; proud only of what ſerves to humble them, and never humble but when it is baſe to be ſo; and but a fairer kind of fiends diſguiſed in angels dreſſes, whoſe actions are the beſt antidote to the poiſon of their charms? Here their inſatiable incontinence renders their beauty ſhocking; there their modeſty is meant a cover to their own luſt, and an incentive to yours; in one houſe you ſee a pretty, fooliſh, lifeleſs, moving ſtatue; in another, a homely, bookiſh, pert, prating doctreſs, a retailer of criſs-croſs ſentences, whoſe brain is a mere lottery-wheel of ſenſe and nonſenſe, drawn alike by chance, five hundred blanks to one prize, of no worth when examined; in a third, you meet with a houſe-wifely ſhrew, a ſober ſlut, an ignorant cypher, a goſſiping politician, or a learned ſlattern; in a fourth, a litigious cheat, a virago, bully, or phantom frighted at the crow of a cock; and every where you are ſure to find an inconſiſtent ſet of fickle creatures, never for a minute themſelves, but when moſt unlike us, and neareſt being unlike themſelves, and never ſteady in any thing but folly, vice, and fickleneſs.

How unlike are theſe pretty little-more-than-nothings to that lordly creature, whoſe ſuperiority of merit, as well as power and prerogative, their impo-

impotent ambition to be like him might alone ſuffice to convince them of, had they but one degree of underſtanding more than they have! *Man*, created by God to rule this vaſt univerſe, was by his maker endowed with a ſoul equal to the taſk. His body is ſtrong, his mind vigorous, and his heart reſolute; his underſtanding is fitted for the moſt ſublime ſpeculations, and his perſon for the moſt hardy and important exerciſes. He can dive into the inmoſt ſecrets of nature without loſing himſelf; and has art enough to copy her nobleſt works, and to improve the great original. He wants neither fancy to invent, nor genius to contrive. With quickneſs to apprehend, and memory to retain, he has judgment to diſcern; and can, by diſtinguiſhing and comparing different ideas, form the greateſt deſigns. Happy in a genius for the moſt glorious enterprizes, he has both courage and conduct ſufficient to execute them. For he is not only qualified by his intellectual capacity to be greatly wiſe, but naturally prompted to be truly good. In ſhort, virtue and wiſdom are the epitome of his character, where *Woman* interferes not to corrupt it. If there are a few degenerate creatures, who anſwer not this character, they are ſuch only as by converſing with *Womankind*, putting on their foibles, and affecting to be like them, degrade themſelves of manhood, commence intellectual eunuchs, and deſerve no more to be reputed of the ſame ſex with us. But ſtill

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the bulk of men were deſigned by nature to be both greatly wiſe and eminently good. And there are as many inſtances to prove theſe characteriſtics in the *Men*, as there are in *Women* to prove their want of them, and natural incapacity for them.

How many *Men* might we not point out, whom but to name would force that daring ſex to own the little claim they have to equal merit with that noble creature, though all the female train ſhould club their ſeveral worths to match it. To know what *Man* is capable of being, examine what he really is when perfect: and to gain a true idea of all *Mens* real merit, view any *Man* in whom all manly virtues are blended.

Philanthropus is ſuch; admired, eſteemed, beloved by all who know him, and loving all mankind. Majeſtic in his perſon, of a lively underſtanding, and of manners gracious, affable, and ſincere, he is ever cheerful, never light; ever preſent to his company, never abſent to himſelf; his voice all harmony, his words all ſenſe; his actions anſwer to his mien, and what he looks he is; diſcreetly daring, modeſt with becoming boldneſs, ſprightlily ſedate, eaſy without levity, ſolid without ſolemnity, good by approved principle, and wiſe by parts anticipating experience; his virtue not ſtiffened by auſterity, nor his wiſdom foiled by any fondneſs of ſhewing it; never elated by proſperity, adverſity cannot depreſs him; always ſerene in every viciſſitude of life, not from inſenſibility,

ſibility, but from thought, reſolution, and conſcious worth; grateful to his maker, he has nothing ſo much at heart as the true intereſts of religion, which he is inceſſantly ſtudious to cultivate in himſelf, and frequently happy enough to promote in others. His unblemiſhed conduct proves him the chriſtian he profeſſes to be: in him, faith free from bigotry and ſuperſtition, zeal according to knowledge, godlineſs without oſtentation or ſeverity, and devotion without enthuſiaſm, give piety ſuch an amiable aſpect, as makes the practice of it inviting. Thus bleſt, thus happy, thus worthy to be ſo, ſo far is he from taking pride in any advantages he poſſeſſes above others, that he looks on them as the common property of all. Nor is he more anxious to communicate thoſe advantages to others, than ſure to ſhare in their miſeries, by a generous fellow-feeling of their misfortunes. The widow has a protector in him, the orphan a father; the wretched find him their relief, and all who are in diſtreſs, or under oppreſſion, their advocate, ſupport, and defence. He never thinks himſelf ſo rich, as when a poor man ſhares with him his fortune. His endeavours to ſurpaſs others in goodneſs, never hinder him from labouring to make them even better than himſelf; and he never approves his own wiſdom, but when it helps him to make others wiſe, or to diſcover ſome excellence in them. The good are ever ſure of his eſteem, the ſage of his admiration, and

both of his love and praiſe: for no merit eſcapes his acknowledgment which reaches his knowledge, as no demerit incurs his ſcorn or hatred, though it cannot elude his penetration. To the gift of knowing how to applaud the deſerving, without putting them out of countenance, he joins the talent of reaſoning or laughing others out of their follies and foibles, without expoſing or offending them; ever ſure to gain a friend by the worth he rewards, never in danger of making an enemy by the vice he diſcountenances. The fooliſh he is induſtrious to direct, and is indefatigable, as well in informing the ignorant as in reforming the wicked. Thoſe whom he can better, he always encourages; and thoſe whom he cannot, he pities, but never condemns; not more liberal of juſt commendation, than ſparing of deſerved cenſure. He is juſt to the niceſt point of honour, and ſets no other bounds to benevolence than prudence prefixes. Glad of advice, he is not forward to give it, nor conceited enough to offer it unaſked, but where it is a charity to do ſo: and when he does give it, his counſels are honeſt, open, and perſuaſive, the torch of reaſon, and the flame of friendſhip; his encomiums are pathetic, emulative, and inſinuating, the ſpur of virtue, though the curb of pride; and his reproofs gentle, yet piercing; calm, but reſolute; ſerious, though ſoothing; candid, and yet ſo piquing, that every haughtineſs muſt ſtoop, and obſtinacy itſelf ſubmit to

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rule. Skilled in every ſcience, verſed in many languages, and maſter of every elegance, his learning ſerves not to make him arrogant, nor his eloquence to make him talkative. In a word, ſuch judgment, propriety, energy, dignity, and grace, combine to dictate all he ſays, and inſpire all he does, that envy itſelf conſiders him as a finiſhed pattern of manly perfection; a good chriſtian, a complete gentleman, a uſeful friend, a prudent parent, and indulgent huſband; good even where goodneſs ſeems fruitleſs, and wiſe even in a choice where wiſdom has but the left hand of chance, the election of a wife.

Angelica, the fair, the charming, lovely *Angelica*, is the bleſſed object of this happy choice. In her perſon is all beauty, ſoftneſs, eaſe, and delicacy. Nature, in a ſtrife of grandeur, faſhioned her to ſhew how far the charms of ocular perfection could be carried. And then, ſhe is good beyond what fancy can conceit of *Woman*, and wiſe enough to copy from her huſband ſuch accompliſhments as may be molded into female virtues: yet her virtue neither renders her formal nor cenſorious; and her ſenſe but ſerves to make her eaſily reſerved, and modeſtly free. Her only pride is, to enrich her mind with ſuch uſeful knowledge as may complete her a perfect mother, wife, and friend. Without the ambition to appear learned, ſhe has gained a ſufficient tincture of the ſciences, to make herſelf an agreeable companion to her

huſband and all who converſe with her: though, whenever ſhe treats of learning, it is in a manner which ſhews rather a deſire of receiving information, than a conſciouſneſs of being able to afford it. The books ſhe reads are ſuch only as can aſſiſt her judgment, and refine her morals, the choice of which ſhe ever depends upon her huſband for: and them ſhe never ſuffers to break in upon the eſſential duties of her ſtation; for ſtudy is only the occupation of her leiſure hours, not the buſineſs of her life. Her chief care is, to pleaſe and be uſeful to her lord; to nurſe her children, to educate them in virtue, and to inſtill into them, by her precepts and example, an early averſion to vice, folly, idleneſs, and trifling. And the next to this is the œconomy and government of her family; in which, with ſenſible ſubordination to her huſband, ſhe is abſolute miſtreſs without being imperious, frugal without meanneſs, hoſpitable without prodigality, and neat without affectation. She can manage her domeſtic affairs without neglecting the ſervice of her friends. Ever aſſiduous to oblige, ſhe has the art of doing it without making an obligation a burden. The poor, the ſick, the impriſoned, and diſtreſſed, all look upon her as a common mother; and that truly chriſtian piety, which gives life to all ſhe does or thinks, inſpires her with means to aſſiſt them all, which ſhe does without the leaſt exterior oſtentation or inward vanity. Thus free from

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every vice, ſhe is deficient in no one commendable quality her ſex can be capable of, but that of forgiving enemies; which ſhe cannot practiſe, for want of foes to forgive: for, reſpectful to thoſe above her, courteous to her equals, affable to her dependents, and beneficent to all, ſhe reigns the object of juſt admiration, reſpect, and eſteem in every heart, and forces envy itſelf to wiſh for her friendſhip.

Such is *Angelica*, and ſuch the height of *womaniſh* perfection, as near to that of *Man* as *Womens* lovely faces in a glaſs appear to *them*. All that is wanting is the life, the truth, the reality. Still lifeleſs and feeble as their merit is, compared with manly worth, how happy might not *Man* eſteem himſelf, if each *Philanthropus* among *mankind* had an *Angelica* to match with! But ſuch a one is too delicate a work for nature to produce in every century: it is like a phœnix, the prodigy of an age; and ſuch a miracle of completeneſs but ſerves to make the reſt of the ſex more contemptible by compariſon; as *Michael*, painted with the rebel angels, ſhews the fiends more frightful.

Let *Women* then give up their claim to an equality with the *Men*, and be content with the humble ſtation which heaven has allotted them. If their ſouls are great enough to aſpire to our eſteem, let them learn from *Angelica* to be more deſerving, and leſs aſſuming. And ſince neither their capacity

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of head, nor their diſpoſitions of heart, can lift them to emulate, let them apply their little talents at leaſt to imitate us; that, pleaſed with the pretty mimics of ourſelves, we may venture to place them in our boſoms, without fear of cheriſhing a viper there. Let them remember, that *Man* holds his ſuperiority over them by a charter from nature in his very production; a charter confirmed by heaven; to annul which a bare equality of perfection with him would not ſuffice, could they prove it. And nothing can juſtify their calling that charter in queſtion, till they are able to prove even a ſuperiority over him.

BEAUTY'S TRIUMPH.

(PART the THIRD.)

Proving WOMAN ſuperior in EXCELLENCE to MAN.

By *SOPHIA.*

BEAUTY'S TRIUMPH.

PART III.

Proving WOMAN ſuperior in EXCELLENCE to MAN.

WHEN firſt I began to examine into the real talents of my ſex in general, it was purely from a deſire of improving them in myſelf, to the full extent of the capacity I might poſſibly find myſelf gifted with by heaven. And though the prejudice I had imbibed from vulgar error falſely perſuaded me, that I ſhould find the ſphere which *Women* are capable of acting in extremely narrow; I thought it, nevertheleſs, a duty in us all to make ourſelves perfectly acquainted with all our obligations, by a full diſcovery of

the province of our abilities. In reality I don't yet ſee how any *Woman* (or *Man* either) can anſwer the end of their creation in the faithful diſcharge of all they ought to do, without firſt being perfectly appriſed of all they can do. Upon theſe principles I began my enquiry; and as I can with the utmoſt veracity aver, that I entered into it without the leaſt pride, or partiality to my own ſex, ſo I can with equal ſafety ſay, that all the prejudice I ſet out with was in favour of the *Men*, tho' the honeſty of my intentions ſoon helped to undeceive me. I was not long in my purſuit before I diſcovered a much wider fairer field of female glory to expatiate in than I expected; and upon the niceſt, moſt unpaſſionate compariſon of my own ſex with the oppoſite, to my great aſtoniſhment, I found *Woman* by nature formed no leſs capable of all that is good and great than *Man*.

Once I got the better of prepoſſeſſion, I was thoroughly ſenſible of the prodigious advantage which education gives that arrogant ſex over us, and could not help being provoked to ſcorn and indignation at the little mean artifices which moſt of them practiſe to deprive us of the ſame benefit: But what incenſed me the moſt was, to conſider the immenſe fund of knowledge, and uſeful diſcoveries, which their groveling jealouſy has by ſuch means robb'd the world of. If two heads are better than one, two thouſand enquirers muſt in courſe

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be better than one thouſand, and in all probability make at leaſt double the diſcoveries. So that, if it be but allowed that the *Women* are equal in number to the *Men*, we may very modeſtly conclude, that, at the loweſt computation, one half the profitable knowledge which human ſpecies might by this time have been poſſeſſed of is irreparably loſt, through the indolence of ſome *Women* in not exerting their talents, and the mean tyranny of moſt *Men*, in putting it out of their power to improve thoſe talents.

The impoſſibility of concealing with any honour ſuch reflections as theſe, which ſo nearly concern the whole human ſpecies, and more particularly my own injured ſex, was the grand motive which ſet me on writing the little piece I lately communicated to the public, under the title of WOMAN *not inferior to* MAN. When I had finiſhed, examined, and meaſured it by all the rules of unbiaſſed truth and rectified reaſon, I reſolved to publiſh it; not from any ambition of commencing an author, as the writer of MAN *ſuperior to* WOMAN would ungenerouſly inſinuate; but from a diſintereſted deſire of contributing to the benefit of others, at the ſame time that I was ſeeking information myſelf in an affair, in which I was not vain enough to think it impoſſible for me to be miſtaken. I was not inſenſible that ſuch an undertaking muſt meet with ſome oppoſition; this however I was fully perſuaded of, that whether

what I advanced was right or wrong, I had but two ſorts of adverſaries to apprehend, *Wiſe Men* and *Fools*: The approbation of the *latter* would be an infamy to poſſeſs; and the *former*, to act like ſuch, muſt either at leaſt tacitly give me their approbation, or confute me with ſuch inſtructive arguments, as would largely over-balance to me the mortification of having expoſed my own ignorance.

But it ſeems I have been groſsly miſtaken, and in conſequence of my miſtake find myſelf unawares attack'd from a quarter I the leaſt expected oppoſition from: It is one of your amphibuous things between both the above characters, which I think they call a WIT. Every one will gueſs from theſe outlines, that I am ſpeaking of the anonymous author of the above-mentioned treatiſe, entitled, MAN *ſuperior to* WOMAN, who has taken abundance of pains to give us under his hand, that he is none of your rigid ſticklers for truth and ſenſe, called *Wiſemen*; and yet, to do him all the juſtice he deſerves, ſufficiently appears to be no fool.

It muſt be own'd, indeed, that this gentleman would have been a very formidable adverſary, had his ſtrength been equal to his courage. For my own part, I no ſooner ſaw his firſt ſolemn ſtrut towards the liſts, than I dreaded all for myſelf and *Sex*, apprehended nothing leſs than deſtruction to all our pretenſions, and was upon the point of ſurrendering

rendering at diſcretion, with a ſubmiſſive addreſs, *As you are big be merciful.* But how great was my ſurprize, when I beheld, at his approach, the giant dwindle to a dwarf! the *Achilles* to a *Hector!* nay, the *Hector* to a *Therſites!* He has omitted nothing to ſhew himſelf a zealous champion of his own ſex, and as implacable an adverſary to ours; but then his attacks are as void of generoſity, as his *zeal* is without *knowledge.* What thanks his good-will to ſerve them may deſerve from the *Men,* I ſhall leave to them to determine; but I am very ſure they owe him none for the manner of expreſſing it: And for my own ſex I dare anſwer, that, however incenſed thoſe few may be whom he has painted in ſo odious (and perhaps native) colours, much the major part of us muſt be indebted to him for the eminent ſervice he has effectually, though undeſignedly, done us in his impotent endeavours to wound us. Had he, like the reſt of his ſex, remained ſilent, all the harm he could have done them, and all the ſervice he could have rendered us, would have been merely negative, and amounted to no more than a tacit confirmation of all I advanced, according to the common received notion that *ſilence is a plea of conſent*; and the vainer part of the *Men* might have ſtill triumphed in the trivial bravado, that their ſilence was the effect of their contempt for their adverſary. Whereas by attempting to ſupport their pretenſions, without proper materials,

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he could not fail of corrobating ours, ſince a weak defence is ever the ſureſt way to make a bad cauſe worſe. How exceſſively weak is the anſwer he has endeavoured to make to my piece, I ſhall find no difficulty to make appear; and every one who but reads that anſwer will be able to ſee, that if he has not been able to make a better, it was not for want of inclination or genius; it muſt then be for want of materials. But where is the honeſty, or generoſity, in endeavouring to cruſh innocence and equity, to palliate palpable fraud and falſhood? As where is the wit in labouring to ſtifle truth with fallacious witticiſm, merely to countenance bare-faced oppreſſion and tyranny? Does he imagine all the *Men* to be ſo perverſe as not to be reaſoned into juſtice and generoſity, while they may make uſe of the mean methods of fallacy and evaſion? Or does he take all the *Women* for ſuch eaſy ideots, that they are to be coax'd out of their natural right by every fawning ſycophant, ſneer'd out of it by every word-retailing witling, or braved out of it by every wife-beating bully? No, I hope, he is miſtaken; at leaſt I would believe there are ſome among that corrupted ſex capable of ſoaring above prejudice or paſſion, to diſcern truth and honeſty from fiction and fraud, and to give juſtice and reaſon the right hand of uſurpation and fallacy. And for my own part, I am reſolved to ſhew my adverſary, and all his ſex, that there is at leaſt one *Woman* capable of

of preferring truth to flattery, ſenſe to ſound, and who dares to aſſert her right in the face of uſurpation, though hardened by cuſtom into tyranny: And if one is ſo, why may not all, or at leaſt as many of them as of the *Men*, be ſo too? They have underſtandings capable of proving that right which the generality of *Men* want the heart to acknowledge; and they have hearts capable of reſolution enough to aſſert that right againſt ſuch of the oppoſite ſex as want the ſenſe to do them juſtice.

But theſe are truths I have already made ſufficiently appear in my firſt eſſay upon this ſubject; and experience has made them ſo trite, that I ſhould bluſh to repeat them, was it not to anſwer the much triter reflections on our ſex, which my adverſary bluſhes not to make uſe of: Tho' frequent repetition has made thoſe reflections ſo rank, and reaſon has rendered them ſo obſolete, that the little modeſty which ſtill ſubſiſts among the more ſenſible part of his ſex has ſhamed them out of ſuch ſtale meanneſſes.

However, the gentleman I have to oppoſe, is not ſo eaſily put out of countenance, I find; reſolved to omit nothing which could poſſibly anſwer his purpoſe of decrying the *Women*, he has ranſack'd all the rubbiſh of antiquity, and plundered all the *Men* of note, who have in any ages diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their manniſh ſpleen againſt us, of all the ribaldry they have ſo liberal-

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ly beſtowed upon us. But of what uſe can all this be to raiſe the merit of his ſex, or depreſs that of ours, unleſs he can produce better reaſons to juſtify the repetition of their ſcurrilities than they could bring to vindicate their advancing them? To make them of any weight, he ſhould have ſhewn the reaſonableneſs of them; for, till he does, they can have no other weight than that of voluntary aſſertions. And with me, nay with every one who will be at the pains of thinking juſtly, every man, whether ancient or modern, is a *Cato*, and every *Cato* a fool, as often as he advances more than he can prove, or believes more than he has ſufficient grounds for believing. And no aſſertions unback'd with reaſon can be ſufficient motives of credibility to any one in poſſeſſion of common ſenſe. Now I would fain aſk any one of my impartial readers, who has peruſed the anſwer of my antagoniſt, what one ſolid reaſon, which can juſtify belief, has he given throughout that piece, for all the voluntary aſſertions of his own, or any of the authors he has quoted? And leſt I ſhould ſeem upon the catch, I will even entreat them to peruſe it a ſecond time; and till they can ſatisfy me, all I deſire is, that they ſuſpend their belief of any thing they find there merely aſſerted.

However, the better to guard the candid part of my judges from every ſurprize of fallacy, let me beg leave to attend them in the peruſal of that extravagant piece, a favour which no polite man

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can with any decency refuſe a young lady when aſk'd.

The firſt method then which our author makes uſe of to prove the ſuperiority of his ſex over ours, is to overthrow what I have ſo fully proved in the introduction to my former treatiſe, *that all their pretended ſuperiority is only the blind effect of prejudice built on inconſiderate cuſtom.* And how does he go about this? Why truly, to prove that cuſtom not to be groundleſs, he is reduced to the humble ſhift of pleading its antiquity; as if any thing was more antient than prejudice and error. But it ſeems that prejudice can have no ſhare in this cuſtom, according to my adverſary, becauſe, forſooth, it is univerſal, and I am challenged to name any one cuſtom as univerſal, as to place and time, in which mankind have confeſſedly found themſelves in an error: As if too, *Man* muſt needs be ſo beſotted an animal, that he cannot be groſsly miſtaken in one conſiderable point without being ſo in all others. And yet, upon ſecond thoughts, we ſhall find him but too much ſo; and, without attempting impoſſibilities, may oblige our adverſary with many inſtances in which mankind have been univerſally in the wrong. If we except *Noah* and his family, not one of all mankind could be brought to believe the poſſibility, much leſs the future act of an univerſal deluge, till they felt the fatal effects of their univerſal error: which error, if it was not as univerſal in point of time as

that of *Man*'s tyranny over *Woman*, it was owing to the early extirpation of the whole race of *Men* who were infected by it. For had the divine providence been pleaſed to ſuſpend the threatened deluge till this age, or the next, it is more than probable, that mankind would have continued in their prejudices till this very time, and would now have been as little diſpoſed to give into the belief of it, as the *Antediluvians* were, who were confeſſedly in the wrong. Tho' this miſtake then happened to be removed by the deſtruction of all who gave into it, it was equally univerſal while it laſted with that by which the *Women* are robb'd of their natural right; and would, in all probability, have been full as univerſal in point of time, had the deluge been placed as far forward as the general conflagration is.

With regard to this laſt event, the errors and prejudices of mankind are full as univerſal, as to place and time, as that of the deluge had been if put off to the like period; or as the pretended ſuperiority of the *Men* over us. From the beginning of the world mankind have placed the conſummation of things at a prodigious diſtance, even at this time it is eyed from very far; and the very day before it will happen, the ſurviving part of the human ſpecies will continue in the ſame error we are in. Indeed, if we conſider only the real duration of things hitherto, we cannot ſay that, as matters have happened, the antients err'd in thinking the

end

end of the world to be far off. But if we reflect, that they had no more foundation in reaſon for their opinion than we have for ours, we ſhall be forced to own, that the principles they reaſoned upon were as much the effects of vulgar error, and univerſal prejudice, as ours are, or as theirs will be who ſhall be living at the time when the conflagration ſhall take place. And if there have been a few inſpired perſons free from this univerſal error, it muſt be owned, that upon a fair average, the exceptions are not more numerous, proportionally, in this, than in the caſe of the *Antediluvians*, or of the tyrants who plead univerſal preſcription to ſubject us. Nevertheleſs, it will be, I preſume, but a very barren comfort for thoſe unhappy mortals who ſhall live to ſee themſelves as groſsly in an error as we perhaps may be in the very ſame particular: It will be, I ſay, but a ſolitary conſolation to think on the univerſal prevalence which this prejudice has had over the minds of almoſt all mankind, and in every age. When they ſee themſelves confeſſedly in the wrong, and upon the point of being abſorb'd in the deſtruction they were inconſiderately accuſtomed to conſider as ſomething at a great diſtance off; the antiquity of their error will appear to them a very ſorry excuſe for not having lived in perpetual preparation for its approach, as they, as we, and as all mankind from the beginning of the creation ought to have done: Conſidering that none knew the

day

day or *hour*, much leſs the *age*, which the *eternal father* has kept *in his own power*. And is it not as ſorry an excuſe which my adverſary brings for the injuſtice of his ſex, in uſurping an authority over *Women*, which they can aſſign no reaſon for, to ſay, that it is *venerable from the ſingle conſideration of its antiquity?*

Indeed, for want of more ſubſtantial arguments to render the antiquity of this unjuſt practice venerable, we are told, that it has been follow'd by the wiſeſt *Lawgivers*, and approved of by the *wiſe men* of all ages. But what is this to the purpoſe? Where is, or was the *Man*, or body of *Men* actuated by mere human wiſdom, who could ſhew ſuch a uniformity of conduct as not to have parted from it in many conſiderable matters? And to prove that all the pretended *wiſe men* and *lawgivers* whom this gentleman lays ſuch a mighty ſtreſs upon, acted like *wiſe men* in their concurring to keep *womankind* ſubject, it will not ſuffice to ſay that they enter'd into no deliberate confederacy. For, in the firſt place, if they did not conſult each other, then it is ſtrongly to be preſumed that all their ſteps to that end were taken without ſufficiently debating upon or weighing the juſtice and prudence of ſuch a procedure. And next, if they did not in perſon combine with one another, they may truly be ſaid by their example and books to have combined with one another in that uſurpation which their concurring paſſions agreed

agreed to promote at all times, and in all places. Beſides let it be remember'd that their *lawgivers* and *wiſe men*, ſo unwiſely introduced to ſupport a bad cauſe, were themſelves *Men*, and conſequently intereſted in the uſurpation they are quoted to aſcertain. What weight then can their evidence have againſt the rights and liberties of *Women*, which they had a prior intereſt in violating? Should a receiver of ſtolen goods bring the evidence of the felons he had them from, to prove them his property; would we have reaſon to admit of his claim?

The caſe is clear, and therefore needs nothing more to illuſtrate it: however, for the ſake of ſuch as are apt to be prejudiced in favour of the antients, I ſhall hereafter more fully examine what weight their authority can have in the preſent ſubject, to counterpoiſe the reaſons which juſtice, truth, and common-ſenſe eſtabliſh to the contrary, by conſidering in what light their writings againſt us ought to be taken. At preſent let us follow my adverſary.

The pacific diſpoſition of *Womankind*, and the univerſal eaſe with which they ſupport their ſubject condition, he brings as a plea to authorize the *Men*'s unjuſt uſurpation of ſuperiority over them, and to prove that ſuperiority to be the dictate of nature and reaſon. So ungenerous is that aſſuming ſex! And ſo dangerous is it for us to ſtoop to their weakneſs in any thing! Our complaiſance

plaiſance but ſerves to make them more arrogant; our tenderneſs more ſavage; and every favour we beſtow upon them adds freſh fuel to their ingratitude.

To vindicate their engroſſing the advantages of education and learning to themſelves, they muſt be able to prove that monopoly grounded on reaſon; and to warrant them to ſay it is ſo, they muſt be in a condition to prove that they have never communicated among themſelves thoſe advantages but to ſuch as were ſuſceptible of them; never admitted any to ſtudy but ſuch as had talents for them; and never raiſed to a publick charge but ſuch as had a capacity for it. In a word, they muſt never have ſet any one upon any thing to which his genius, as well as inclination, did not render him equal: whereas we ſee nothing more common than the contrary practice; chance, neceſſity, or avarice, engaging the major part of the *Men* in the different ſtates of civil ſociety. Children are put to the trades which pleaſe their friends the moſt, tho' they ſuit themſelves leaſt; one is hurried into the gown, and his merit ſtrangled with a ſcarf, who would have made an incomparable beef-eater; another is dubb'd a phyſician, who might have excell'd in a *Clare-market* ſlaughter-houſe or *oratory*; a third is buried in contempt beneath the character of a ſtateſman, whoſe native genius for making breeches for the public ſufficiently appears from his unwearied aſ-

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ſiduity in pulling up his own; and had not a fourth been made a politician, what credit might he have acquired in making ragouts, who has but a ſorry hand at cooking *Conventions?*

Wherefore do the *Men* fancy that we *Women* are leſs fit for ſuch employs than they themſelves are? Surely it is not nature, but *manniſh* injuſtice, which debars us from playing our parts. I do not pretend to ſay that all *Women* are capable of all employments; neither can the *Men*, forward as they are, have the confidence to make any ſuch pretenſion. No, all I intended in my firſt Eſſay was to ſhew, that, conſidering both ſexes in a fair light, it muſt be own'd that we have an equal aptitude to ſenſe and virtue with the *Men*, and conſequently an equal right to dignity, power, and eſteem with any of them. But ſince the *Men* are ſo ungenerous as to diſallow us this modeſt pretenſion, and the gentleman, my antagoniſt, is ſo weak as to diſpute our equality with the *Men*, till we can ſhew a ſuperiority over them; I think it but a juſtice due to my injured ſex to accept of his challenge, and to prove, what is matter of fact, that *Womankind* are not only by nature equal, but far ſuperior to the *Men*; which I ſhall not only make appear from rational theory, but even, to ſtoop to my adverſary's method of arguing, conſider in a practical light.

Our adverſary ſeems to triumph mightily in the ſcriptural texts he has produced to authorize his tyrannic

tyrannic uſurpation of authority over us. But ſurely he did not ſufficiently weigh them, or he would have found how little they are to his purpoſe. Unable to juſtify their ſubjecting us from any laws of nature, he has recourſe to divine laws; but happily for us, theſe are as little favourable to his purpoſe as the others, which we ſhall ſee upon a fair examination. The firſt law he pretends to quote againſt us is from the words which *GOD* ſpoke to *Eve*, in *Gen.* iii. *Thy deſire ſhall be to thy huſband, and he ſhall rule over thee*, as our *Engliſh* tranſlators have render'd this paſſage; tho' I think the *Latin* is, *Et ipſe dominabitur tui*, which may be equally tranſlated, *and he ſhall domineer over thee.* But, let the text be tranſlated which way beſt pleaſes my antagoniſt. Who does not ſee plainly from the whole chapter, that theſe words were not utter'd by God in form of precept, any more than thoſe to *Adam*, *In the ſweat of thy face ſhalt thou eat bread till thou return to the ground.* And if this had been a precept, it muſt bind all *Men* to *eat bread* at the *ſweat of their brows*, whether rich or poor, noble or ignoble. All then theſe paſſages can import is the curſe which the Almighty declared our firſt parents to have entail'd on themſelves and their poſterity, in conſequence of their joint diſobedience: which curſe to the *Men* was perpetual drudgery, and to us *Women* that we ſhould ſtoop our eaſy tempers to the ſavages our huſbands, till we taught thoſe ungenerous creatures

tures to take advantage from our meekneſs to enſlave, domineer, and play the hectors over us.

Our adverſary ſeems conſcious himſelf how little this text is likely to anſwer his purpoſe, and therefore endeavours to ſupport it with another from St *Paul* to the *Epheſians*, chap. v. where he ſays, *Wives ſubmit yourſelves unto your huſbands, as to our Lord: for the huſband is the head of the wife.* But the gentleman took care not to quote the preceding verſe, wherein the ſame St *Paul* directs both *Man* and *Woman* to ſubmit to each other reciprocally, *ſubmitting yourſelves one to another in the fear of God.* Whence his meaning plainly appears to be nothing more than that the *Woman* is bound to obey the *Man*, whenever his requeſts are the dictates of *reaſon*, or the *fear of God*: which, who can be impious enough to queſtion? As who can doubt but the *Man* is equally bound to comply with thoſe of his wife, when flowing from the ſame ſacred ſources? But what ſuperiority is given here to the *Men* over the *Women*, which the latter have not an equal right to over the *Men?* If St *Paul* tells us in this Epiſtle that the MAN *is the head of the wife*; he tells us in 1 *Corinthians*, chap. xi. that ſhe is his *glory*, and *therefore ought the* WOMAN *to have power upon her* HEAD. Neither can what this Apoſtle ſays, that *the* MAN *is not of the* WOMAN, *but the* WOMAN *of the* MAN, without wretched trifling, be wreſted to prove any authority in the *Men* over *us*, more

than *we* have over *them*. For in the very ſame chapter whence theſe words are quoted he adds, *neither the* MAN *without the* WOMAN, *nor the* WOMAN *without the* MAN, *in our Lord*, *For as the* WOMAN *is of the* MAN, *ſo alſo the* MAN *by the* WOMAN: *but all things in* GOD. So that according to this divine writer, all the dependance which is in the one and the other ſex is mutual on both ſides, as both are equally ſubject to GOD. And yet what I have here ſaid to overthrow the pretended ſuperiority of *Man* and *Woman*, will by no means diſprove the ſuperiority which we have a right to claim over them. For though we neither have nor pretend to have any ſanction from the laws of God, or nature, to found that ſuperiority upon, yet as no laws of either can be produced which diſqualify us for any ſuperiority our perſonal merit can raiſe us to; and as experience has demonſtrated, that whenever we are poſſeſt of the advantages we have an equal right to with them, we generally make a much better uſe of them than they do; it cannot be denied that our perſonal diſpoſitions to what is good and great are much ſuperior to any they make appear, and conſequently ought to entitle us to a much ſuperor degree of dignity, power, and eſteem, than they have any right to.

The pretty whimſical flight of imagination with which our adverſary diverts himſelf, concerning the creation of both ſexes, may for ought I know

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ſupply the place of demonſtration with the witlings of his own ſex, who ſeldom think any thing ſo convincing an argument as prophanity. If I had leſs compaſſion than I have for the gentleman's weakneſs; I cou'd laugh along with him: Or if I could think it lawful to be merry with ſcripture ſubjects; I wou'd make bold to retort his joke upon himſelf. I cou'd eaſily ſhew him how very forced is the jeſt he labours to divert us with, and how much more natural it is to conjecture that *Man* being form'd a mere rough draught of that finiſh'd creature *Woman*, God ſnatch'd from the lumpiſh thing the few graces and perfections he found in it, to add them to the many he deſign'd to enrich her with. And if he did entail upon her a rib of that ſtupified mortal, it was out of pure pity to him, that *Woman* bias'd by the ſympathetic tye might with leſs repugnance ſtoop her exalted Soul to ſome regard for him. I will not, however, carry the jeſt ſo far as my adverſary thinks proper to do. I am not ſo weak to think the Creator, in order to make *Woman* the compleat being ſhe is, had any need to prodnce that rude ſketch of her, *Man:* Neither do I trouble my head whether the production of him can be juſtly deem'd a compleat creation in the ſtrict ſenſe of the word or not. This I know, there need but five ſenſes to compare them together, to perceive that *Man* among the works of nature is as much beneath the perfection of *Woman* as thoſe rude

rude half-ſhapen blocks, which the firſt *Egyptians* erected into deities, were ſhort of the beauties of thoſe maſter-pieces of art which the ableſt ſtatuaries have ſince produced. And why heaven has been pleaſed to place ſo wide a difference between creatures of the ſame ſpecies, I can beſt anſwer by retorting the text quoted by this gentleman, and recurring to that unſearchable wiſdom of him who had it in his power *of the ſame lump to make one veſſel to honour, and the other to diſhonour.*

It is a very poor ſhift then our adverſary is reduced to, to overthrow the proof taken from her after-production, of MAN's *being rather created for* WOMAN's uſe, than ſhe for his. What though St *Paul* ſeems to ſay the direct oppoſite; yet it is plain from his own words a very little lower, that he was too divinely inſpired to think, *Man* as he was himſelf, that *Woman* was in any other ſenſe made for *Man* than to be his glory, if he copied after her, as ſhe is his ſhame while he does not. It is ſtill true, then, that the only argument *Man* has for his being created ſuperior to the reſt of his brother brutes, and their being created for his uſe, is that of his not being created till they were all in readineſs for him: and it is as true what I obſerved in my former Eſſay, that if this argument has any weight, it muſt equally prove that the *Man* was made for the *Woman*'s uſe, and not *ſhe* for *his*. This appears ſufficiently from the miſerable come-off which that gentleman is reduced to of denying the

the *Women* to be created; tho' without being able to give any better proof than that of horſe-jeſt: an argument which, did I not ſcorn to retort it, might ſufficiently ſhew what wretched *poor creatures* they muſt be, who are glad to lay hold on any evaſion capable of ſcreening them from the truths their injuſtice dare not face.

Our adverſary, however, is honeſt enough to own, "that the *Women* deſerve ſome regards from "the public, in conſideration of the part they "have in the propagation of human nature." But then, leſt thoſe very generous creatures the *Men* ſhould exceed in their regards for us, he adds, "that there is no reaſon why we ſhould be con-"ſider'd on a level with thoſe of his own ſex, "whom we bring forth." Nay, we are all to be vilified, and ill-treated, becauſe ſome few among us are ſo little like *Women* as to forfeit their native modeſty and continence. But if I may aſk a fair queſtion; upon a juſt and unbiaſſed computation, which of the two ſexes is the moſt notorious for lewdneſs and libertinage? If there are among our ſex, as it cannot be denied but there are, ſome few wretches (tho' too many by all) who are as infamous as this gentleman paints them; are they not more the abomination of the generality of us, than they are of the *Men?* Are not we ourſelves the firſt to condemn and give them up? On the contrary, how few among the *Men* preſcribe any bounds to their luſt and brutality? Do they not openly

openly glory in their iniquity? Where is there one among them who, if he is not himſelf a profligate letcher, ſcruples to keep company with another *Man* who is ſo? Nay, ſo little are they aſhamed of the vice they ſo unjuſtly and baſely aſcribed to us, that the wretch who either wants ſpirit, money, or parts to gratify his libidinous appetites to their utmoſt extent, is forced to add to his real vicious practices the borrow'd guilt of feign'd adventures, merely to recommend himſelf to the reſt of his ſex as a *polite Man*. Whereas the moſt notorious rakes are ſo convinced of the natural love which our ſex in general have to modeſty and continence, that, ſpite of all the vehemence of their corrupt inclinations, they are forced to put on the reſerve of decency, to recommend themſelves to our eſteem, and to ſave themſelves from being ſhamefully baniſh'd from our preſence. What horror, foulneſs, and confuſion, muſt not the world be over-run with, were not *Women* in general infinitely more chaſte than the *Men* are!

Obſerve but *Fiddius*, the noble, the exalted *Fiddius!* What a rampant wretch he is! What has his youth been waſted in but an uninterrupted ſeries of ſhame-daring purſuits? As if born to people a new world with vice, and ſtrip the old one of all the virtue remaining in it, he has let no modeſt *Woman* he could come at eſcape with her chaſtity untried; and has ſuffered no proſtitute to repent whom he could make an accomplice in lewdneſs.

lewdneſs. His own ſex have no other way to be admitted into his graces, than that of becoming panders to him: and no one of ours can hope for juſtice or charity from him, without purchaſing it at the enormous price of her honour. Above the fear of human laws, he has often trampled under foot the divine: and, ſpite of all the drubbings he has been forced to ſubmit to, ſo little is he tamed, that his faſcinating looks dart a rape on every innocent virgin he ſees; no young widow can paſs him unviolated, by his wiſhes; and no wife, who has a tooth in her head, can be ſecure from his adulterous attempts. In a word, all the merit of this pretty creature is ſumm'd up in the rapes, fornications, and adulteries he has committed, which if they are not in reality infinite, are as much ſo in his wiſhes as his puny ſoul can make them. And yet ſo little are the moſt proſtitute of harlots obliged to his luſtful inclinations, that it is neither their perſons nor qualities, but their caps and their aprons, which provoke his brutal appetite; and would have the ſame effect if tied upon a baboon or a monkey. Nor is his luſt more univerſal than his induſtry in it. That he may loſe no time or opportunity which can ſecond his flagitious inclinations, like the unclean dæmon who actuates him, he has a band of underfiends ever out upon the ſcout, and prying about in ſearch of innocent victims for him to devour.

Captain

Captain *Bluff* is at the head of this virtue-hunting tribe; and none more fit for ſuch an office than ſuch a wretch, whoſe very features look the ſoul of ſin; whoſe pamper'd carcaſe, fatted with mangled innocence, riots in foul obſcenity, and breathes deſtruction to the friends of modeſty. Virgins in cradles ſhrink at his approach, the baleful ſounds of his uncleanly tongue make infants tremble for their ſafety, and one lewd glance of his can ſtare the chaſtity of ſucking babes into convulſions. No place ſo ſacred but he dares prophane with baſe attempts againſt unguarded purity; no ſtew ſo common which he has not ranſack'd to ſate the luſtful cormorant he ſerves; and no vile method has he leſt unpractiſed to gratify his beaſtly paſſions, which villainy could dictate, or impudence ſucceed in. Such are the wretches *Fiddius* loads with favours, ſuch the objects of his inglorious profuſeneſs; while thoſe unhappy victims his lewdneſs has devoted to ruin, are left by him a prey to want and infamy: witneſs the hapleſs, ſtill pitied *Gloriana*, who, too unpractiſed in the baſeneſs of his ſex, ſacrificed her perſon, peace, and honour to his unwearied artifice. And what was her fate at laſt? Why, if for a while he loaded her with all her vanity could wiſh, or his fantaſtic prodigality could purchaſe, how dearly did he make her pay for it in the end! After her providing him with ſeveral lovely children, after her having fixed her affections and happineſs wholly

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in him, after her having given up the juſt pretenſions of her high extraction for his ſake, did he not, when ſated with her, abandon her helpleſs and friendleſs to ſhame and penury; and by a neglect, ſo much more keen as his extravagance of pretended paſſion had made her leſs expect it, hurry her deſpairing ſoul to ſeek by haſty ſteps, an azylum from preſent miſery, in death?

What horror then, I ſay, what foulneſs and confuſion, muſt not the world be over-run with; were there many *Women* vicious enough to match this illuſtrious letcher and his pander!

I do not pretend to palliate or protect the viciouſneſs of thoſe ſcandalous creatures who depart from that modeſty and ſpotleſs virtue, which make an avowed part of the characteriſtic of our ſex, and ought to be the ornament of both ſexes. I only mean to inſiſt, that it is as barbarous as unjuſt to charge the innocent part of us with their ſhame, eſpecially ſince much the major part of our ſex are averſe to their guilt, and have them in deteſtation; and much leſs ought their irregular conduct to rob the ſpotleſs majority of *Womankind* of the reſpect which is confeſſedly their due, on account of the virtuous and painful part they have in the continuating human poſterity.

If among theſe there are ſome few odd tempers, are there not as many among the *Men?* If there are jealous wives, are there not many more jealous huſbands, with much leſs appearance of reaſon?

Are there not more profuſe *Men* than *Women*? And where there is one *Woman* makes her huſband juſtly uneaſy, or ſpoils her children by her management of them; are there not hundreds of huſbands who are induſtrious in making the former wretched, and the latter uſeleſs to ſociety? I myſelf know ſeveral inſtances of this kind.

Hectorinus is one: The only wiſe action he ever was guilty of in his life was that of marrying an agreeable, virtuous, careful and ſenſible wife; which, however, he atones for every day of his life by a thouſand means he has to make her wretched. For the firſt years of their wedlock he was as induſtrious to be troubleſome to her, by an extravagance of ill-expreſt fondneſs, as he has ſince taken pains to load her with every ill uſage. The whole ſtudy of her life is to pleaſe him, and the whole pleaſure of his to torment her. If he is in a good humour; his manner of expreſſing it is by calmly finding fault with every thing ſhe does, or her ſervants have done, tho' by his orders: And if he is in an ill one; plates, cups, knives, or whatever things come firſt to hand, are the vehicles by which he conveys his ideas to her. It is true indeed he will allow her a belly-full if her back and her heart pay for it: For he forces her to keep a tolerable table, tho' he neither affords her money for the purpoſe, nor the liberty to go upon truſt. It is not that *Hectorinus* is really poor, but the tyrant's dear ſelf is ſo exorbitantly expenſive

to

to him, that he can illy ſpare his wife money to ſend to market, much leſs cloaths to appear in. And yet he can be generous at times: For notwithſtanding the late expence which a new ſuit of black, a mourning ſword, and other grief-trappings which the death of her father has put him to, to ornament his ſweet perſon with, he gave his wife t'other night in a fit of fondneſs three whole ſhillings to buy her a pair of new ſhoes; and has promiſed her that when the laſt gown of all ſhe brought with her from home when ſhe married him is worn off her back, he'll buy her a freſh one of ſome handſome ſtuff. For this tranſient ſun-ſhine the lady may thank a lucky accident which juſt happen'd to humble him. For ſuch is the daſtardly ſpirit of this narrow ſoul'd wretch, that humiliation alone can render him as meanly tractable as he is haughty, inſolent, and overbearing, wherever the leaſt ſucceſs lights a link before him. In ſhort, generoſity and affection have ſo little power over him, that nothing can make him act as becomes a Man of goodneſs or ſenſe, but what will make him afraid: Thus he who makes ſuch an inſufferable tyrant to a kind wife, wou'd make an excellent ſlave to a mercileſs maſter.

Umbroſus is not of this ſort of tyrants; this gentleman loves his wife to exceſs, and I dare ſay is ſtrictly faithful to her. But well he may be ſo: For her perſon is a maſter-piece of beauty, and

and her ſoul is made up of virtue, ſenſe, and ſoftneſs. And yet if we ſhou'd reaſon by *Ariſtotle*'s rule, *Every one judges of others as he feels himſelf affected*; we muſt believe *Umbroſus* to be a very *Fiddius*. No man can approach this lovely creature, ſpeak to her, or look at her, but he thinks her virtue tottering. A kind of perpetual itching in his forehead makes him ever fearful of horns when awake: And no *Turk* or *Spaniard* dreams more of antlers than he does. If his lady welcomes to the houſe a friend of his own bringing; ſhe has an intrigue in her head: If ſhe curt'ſies to him at departing; 'tis an appointment. If ſhe is ſilent in company, there is myſtery in her ſilence; if ſhe talks, every word is a *double-entendre*. When by themſelves, if ſhe ſmiles; he fancies ſhe is contriving to make a fool of him: And if ſhe looks grave, it is for want of love for him. Her very ſervants ſhe ſcarce dares be commonly civil to: And ſuch is the fantaſtic delicacy of this extravagant admirer of his wife, that he once fell ſick of a fit of jealouſy he conceived againſt a figure in his own tapeſtry; becauſe forſooth his wife's admiring the beauty of the work, made him apprehend, *that if that figure had been a real Man, ſhe would have liked it preferably to him.*

Now I would know, if one inſtance of like extravagance was ever ſeen among *Women*. That there are ſome *Women*, and valuable ones too, who are jealous of their huſbands, cannot be denied:

But

But then that, generally ſpeaking, their jealouſies are too well grounded, is as much beyond diſpute. I don't take upon me to ſay that there are no mothers who contribute to the ſpoiling their children, by falſe tenderneſs, and a fooliſh manner in bringing them up; and, indeed, if we conſider the induſtry which the *Men* in general take to confine all our ſex to a narrow way of thinking, it muſt appear a kind of miracle that all *Women* are not guilty of the ſame fault. Yet if the *Men* dared be honeſt, they would find themſelves under a neceſſity of confeſſing that, where there is one young perſon prejudiced in mind or heart by the tenderneſs of a mother, there are many hundreds abſolutely devoted to ruin by the raſhneſs, whims, brutality, and ill example of a haſty, fantaſtical, ſurly, vicious fool of a father.

Molybditis is one of your happy *Men*, whoſe fathers were born before them; a kind of ſilver froth extracted from the quinteſſence of city-lead; and of the number of thoſe wiſe creatures who think education uſeleſs to *Women*. Wherefore, fortunately for his daughters, he has left them wholly to the care of his wife, and took upon himſelf the education of the boobies his ſons. But what has been the iſſue? why, the young ladies, without ever ſtirring from home, by the example as well as precepts of their mother, and other uſeful helps ſhe has procured them of books and proper teachers, are become compleat ornaments of civil

civil ſociety. Their minds are as enrich'd with uſeful knowledge as their perſons are with charms. Their hearts are as fortified with virtue and noble ſentiments, as their native beauty is heightened by modeſty, eaſe, and every winning grace. As if the world had paſſed in review before them, they are perfect miſtreſſes of whatever is worthy obſervation in other countries, and no ſtrangers to any thing proper for ladies to know of their own. To a taſte for the ſciences they join ſuch a happineſs in the uſe of them, whether converſing or acting, as is ſufficient to excite others to the ſtudy of them. All they do has in it a dignity which ſeems to ſpeak a finiſh'd education; tho' accompanied with ſuch a facility as if it flow'd alone from unconſtrain'd nature: And all they ſay is utter'd with ſuch an eaſy eloquence as violating no rules ſeems above all. How unlike to theſe ladies are the coxcombs their brothers! Their father has ſpared no expence in the bringing them up; but has rather been profuſely laviſh of the money he has miſapplied in their education, if it can be called ſuch. Indeed he took care to ſend them betimes to the univerſity, and kept them there even longer than was neceſſary for their improvement: but at the ſame time was more ſollicitous about the figure they ſhould make in their garb and equipage, than in their ſtudies. And yet even in this his prodigality was without judgment. Extravagant to a height in every thing elſe, he was niggardly to an

exceſs

exceſs in the choice of tutors for them: And while he grudged not to waſte hundreds of pounds yearly, to promote in them the ſpirit of luxury, he had not the ſoul to part with one annual hundred to a gentleman capable of training them up in ſentiments ſuited to the external grandeur they ſet out with. *Tinſel* the elder, without ſeeing any thing of his own country, was ſent on his travels into foreign ones. A gentleman of undoubted probity and verſed in the knowledge of men and books, might nevertheleſs, by attending him abroad, have greatly improved him; might have made uſeful remarks to him; and, laying hold of every incident, taught him to make ſuch wiſe obſervations himſelf as would have ſerved to bring him home a finiſh'd gentleman. But then ſuch a tutor would have required, in gratuity for his labour, loſs of time, and the great truſt repoſed in him, ſuch a ſalary as ſhould place him in a virtuous independence, above the neceſſity of acting meanly, and doing pitiful things unworthy the character he appear'd in, or capable of injuring the morals of his pupil. Wherefore our wiſeacre every ſagaciouſly pitch'd upon a mean-ſpirited hireling to attend on Maſter for forty pounds a year. This fellow, without genius or experience, accompanied him abroad: and as he had neither virtue nor ſenſe to govern himſelf, it is not ſtrange that he ſhould want art to keep the awe over his pupil, which is neceſſary to guard young people from the vices and follies

follies juvenile warmth is apt to hurry them into. It was not to be expected that a young fellow ſhould be under any reſtraint to a man whom he ſaw giving an unbounded looſe to his own paſſions. In fact, he ran into every exceſs of debauchery and extravagance: and the mercenary wretch of a governor, whoſe ſalary was too narrow to anſwer the extent of his libertinous appetites, had no other way to render himſelf uſeful to his pupil, than to become an accomplice with, and a pander to him; that he might have a ſhare at free-coſt in his criminal pleaſures. Balls, plays, drinking, gaming and debauchery were all their purſuits in every town they paſſed through: players, ſots, ſharpers and harlots were all their company; and *Tinſel* is at length returned home, with a journal of moſt ignominious intrigues, to ſhew what ſucceſsful apes our *Engliſh* fools can be, when they undertake to copy the fopperies and vices of foreign nations. Screw'd up in a pair of *Paris ſtays* and an *a-la-mode* coat, ſtrangled in a *ſolitaire*, and daub'd over with *point* and *paint*, he ſtruts the very monkey in *Gay*'s fable. He can liſp a little lewd *French*, ſwear in bad *Italian*, knows by rote who are the beſt actors on the ſeveral ſtages, has a liſt of the moſt noted courtezans in *Europe*, and can give you one of all the inns where the beſt wine and eating is to be had between this and *Rome*. Such are the glorious fruits of this young fellow's travels! Without this expenſive progreſs, by the help and induſtry

of

of ſuch another tutor, his brothers are return'd home from the univerſity as compleat debauchees as himſelf. The education their wiſe father has laviſh'd ſo much money to give them has anſwered no one end, but to forward them in wickedneſs; they are as ignorant almoſt as when they firſt ſet out, in every thing commendable; and much greater fops than ever. If they had any breeding or ſenſe; the former they have loſt by what little ſtudies they applied to, and the latter they have forfeited by the uſe they have put it to. In ſhort all goes againſt them, and they againſt all things: ſo that one would be apt to imagine they had ſpent their whole youth, the one abroad, the reſt in *England*, in a ſociety of ſavages. All they have learn'd is the mere acquiſition of ſmugglers, which they either cannot or dare not vend: and before they can venture into the world, with any honour or ſafety, they muſt be forced to go to ſchool to their ſiſters for all the qualifications requiſite to make them fine gentlemen.

If we conſider this, where is the mighty wiſdom theſe *Men* have to boaſt of in the education of their children? and what room have they to find fault with *Women* for their manner of bringing them up, when left to their care? Inſtead of undervaluing our ſex for ſpoiling youth, they ought to eſteem us for the many we ſave from ruin. Inſtead of contemning us for want of learning, they ought rather to admire ſuch of our ſex as are poſ-

ſeſt of it, or at leaſt think thoſe happy who are without it. Since, on one hand, if they are thence render'd deſtitute of means to ſet off their parts; on the other hand, they are leſs in the occaſions of depraving them; and notwithſtanding that defect, make quicker advances in virtue, wit, and graceful behaviour, than any of the oppoſite ſex.

It is true indeed, that all our ſex are not brought up with the ſame happy care: But why is it? Becauſe, generally ſpeaking, few mothers are left at liberty to educate even their daughters as they pleaſe. I am as much againſt putting a doll into a girl's hands, as I am for ſubſtituting books in the place of it. And, I believe, were all *Women* miſtreſſes of their own will in this particular, they wou'd be of my mind. But the malice of the *Men* who firſt invented this pitiful artifice to confine us to trifles, and now meanly turn it to the baſeſt reflections on us, are too abſolute in their uſurp'd dominion to leave a wife ſo much as the choice of the toys to divert her daughters with, much leſs the means for their inſtruction. And for the boys, they are ſo much out of their mother's juriſdiction from their infancy, that it is much if they are not taught to ſhew her contempt inſtead of reſpect, as ſoon as they are capable of expreſſing either. Before little maſter is well breech'd, he is taught to lord it over his ſiſters; before he can well know what an eſtate is, he is made ſenſible of being heir to one; and all the relation

relation he is taught to conſider his ſiſters in, is, that he is to have the payment of their fortunes at his own mercy, if his parents ſhould die before they are of age. Nay, it is a hundred to one if he is not inform'd too, that when his father dies, his very mother will be in ſome meaſure dependent upon his honeſty and good nature for the punctual payment of her jointure. What great power then can the example or precepts of a mother have over a ſon thus tutor'd; even when ſhe is allow'd the liberty of reproving? Tho' how much oftner is ſhe ſnub'd before his face for finding fault with his unluckineſs? Let the *Men* therefore blame themſelves for all the extravagancies which the minds of their children are fill'd with from their earlieſt infancy: ſince the caſe wou'd be quite different was their education left to *Women*. For it cannot be doubted but that thoſe mothers to whom it coſt ſo much anguiſh to bring them into the world, and ſo much care and fatigue to preſerve them in it, wou'd be in general as anxious for the good of their minds as they are tender of their perſons, and as ſollicitous to ſupply them with virtuous ſentiments, as to nouriſh them with their milk.

But what honeſt conceſſion have we reaſon to hope for from that ungenerous ſex, when their barbarity can, contrary to all evidence, diſpute our good-will even in this? If there are ſome *Women* ſo extremely weaken'd by their child-bed pains

pains as to require a reſpit from ſuckling their infants; is not the ſuffering they endure exquiſite enough to deſerve the pity rather than inſults of our adverſary, if he had a grain of humanity in him? And even where this is the caſe, is it not with the utmoſt reluctance they ſubmit to it, and often merely to comply with the reſiſtleſs inſtances of a huſband? Where then is the crime for a healthy young creature, who has milk enough for two children, to take another to her breaſt, for the ſake of gaining neceſſaries to ſupport an innocent babe which the ſottiſh brute of a father would ſuffer to go naked? Nothing ſurely but an extremity of ſavage heartleſſneſs could induce this gentleman to argue as he does. But it is no wonder he ſhould rail ſo unmercifully at us, when he dares accuſe nature itſelf of a crime. For ſurely nature muſt be to blame to furniſh *Women* with milk merely to ſuckle their infants, if that milk ſerved only to render them ſtupid and ſickly. If thoſe children who are brought up by hand are wiſer, ſtronger, and better form'd than thoſe who ſuck at all; then nature has been bountiful in vain, nay miſchievous in her bounty. And if all the *Men* who ſuck imbibed a tincture of the follies, paſſions, and imbecilities of the *Women* who ſuckle them, how muſt the *Men* come by the ſtrength they make ſuch a buſtle with? Have not the ſtrongeſt of them all been ſuckled by their nurſes, excepting here and there an accidental caſe? Or will

they

they rather chuſe to paſs for puny poor things and fools, than not have the pitiful ſatisfaction to lay their ſollies and imbecilities upon us? Let our adverſary then be as ſevere as he can; till he and his ſex are able to prove what they want not the courage to aſſert, nothing can reduce them lower than the place they at preſent deſerve in our love and eſteem but annihilation: which the ſcorn, they will, I hope, be henceforth treated with by all unmarried *Women*, may make them the more eagerly covet, the longer purſuing vengeance preſerves them to be their own worſt puniſhment. "But I chuſe, *in the gentleman's own terms*, to "drop a ſubject ſo much the more diſagreeable, "as *we* are daily made ſenſible of the truth of it;" and proceed to examine how our antagoniſt diſproves our *intellectual capacity* to be *equal* with that of the *Men*.

Our author, indeed, ſets out with acknowledging, that "we ſhew a ſuperior genius to the *Men*'s, "in the buſineſs of dreſs; in the œconomy of a "tea-table; in the management of intrigues; in "the conduct of a game at *Quadrille*; and in "plans of pleaſure, pride, and luxury." Indeed, with regard to dreſs, the *Women* have ſufficiently ſhewn their prudence and ſkill, in laying hold of this little advantage in their favour. For obſerving the fickleneſs of the male creatures they had to deal with, and finding that external ornaments, added to their native charms, had render'd their condition

condition more ſupportable by making them appear more lovely and dear to the *Men*, they have neglected nothing which cou'd furniſh them with new beauty and graces of body in the eyes of thoſe headleſs heartleſs wretches, who want the ſenſe to ſet a juſt value on their inward worth. But this, inſtead of being mention'd as a reproach to *Women*, ought to be conſider'd as a matter of panegyric. And our adverſary, inſtead of reviling and under-rating us for ſo doing, ought to acknowledge it as a proof of our ſuperior ſenſe. Since, if we are capable of improving to ſo ſurpriſing a degree every the leaſt advantage they have the honeſty to allow us, how infinitly ſhou'd we ſurpaſs them, had we the free acceſs to all the advantages we have a right to in common with them?

And ſurely, if the *Men* are ſo ſtupid as not to have genius enough to manage the trivial affair of a tea-board with a dexterity equal to *ours*, can their parts be equal to *ours* in any thing? Nothing but a ſpirit of cruelty can make the *gentleman* give us any preference in the management of intrigues, if by *intrigues* he means the contrivance of lawleſs purſuits; in this there are very few *Women* who take either pride or pleaſure: and the few who do are no leſs our averſion in general, than they are made a reproach to us all. It is too glaringly known to need any proofs, which of the two ſexes is the moſt faithful to the marriage-vow, and by

ſhewing

ſhewing the moſt conſtancy in bearing with oppoſite treatment, make appear the greater ſhare of wiſdom and virtue. But perhaps this writer means by intrigues, the art and induſtry the *Women* often exert in extricating their witleſs daſtardly huſbands from many difficulties their folly and vice involve them in, and to free themſelves from which they are forced to have recourſe to that *womanly* capacity they ſo much affect to deſpiſe. And is he ſo blind as not to perceive that, by acknowledging the *Men* to be inferior in judgment to us, with regard to private life, he ſufficiently ſhews how much ſuperior our talents are to theirs for the management of public affairs? The ſuperiority of genius he allows us at *Quadrille* is no leſs to the diſadvantage of his ſex. There are many ſciences which require leſs time and pains to become perfectly acquainted with, than that and ſome other games at cards. How much more then may not the *Women* ſurpaſs the *Men* in thoſe, when they avowedly tranſcend them in theſe? I will forbear, in pity to my adverſary, ungenerous as he is, to make any obſervations on the aſcendant he gives us over his own ſex in the plans of pleaſure, pride, and luxury. Since if the *Men* are ſuch intolerable dunces in their favourite purſuits, as to allow themſelves inferior to ſuch of our ſex as tread the ſame paths, in complaiſance to them; how little right muſt they have even to an equal capacity with

us in all that is great and good; which is as much againſt the grain to them as it is natural to us!

Our witty gentleman ſeems mightily pleaſed with the invectives he heaps upon the malkin of his own ſex, he has ſo miſerably metamorphoſed into a *Woman*, by ſpoiling the excellent original-piece of one of the beſt authors his ſex has to boaſt of. But let him reflect that his calling it a *Woman*, and covering it with a coif, will not hide the impudent empty phiz of its true owner. Indeed the great pains he has taken to ornament this picture, ſhew his genius for making fools-caps: wherefore I have too much kindneſs for the *Men* not to adviſe them to beware how they try any one of them on, for fear it ſhould fit.

If my adverſary has ſuch a paper-ſkull that he cannot diſtinguiſh between thinneſs and ſubtlety, minuteneſs and delicacy, let me inform him that true delicacy conſiſts in poliſh'd ſolidity join'd with accurate proportion; in which, as the organs of *Women* have the undoubted advantage over thoſe of *Men*, it cannot, without a mixture of weakneſs and obſtinacy, be denied that our organs are more adapted to the functions of the mind, and our intellects conſequently more elevated and laſting than theirs. My antagoniſt, indeed, doubts of their being *equally*, and ſays, "perhaps they "are leſs ſo." But till he ſupports his *perhaps* by ſome appearance of reaſon, none but perſons as weak and prejudiced as himſelf can be biaſſed by what

what he ſays. For to argue in his own way, let him anſwer me one civil queſtion. What induces him to think the *Men* endow'd with more ſolid laſting ſenſe than the *Women?* Becauſe *their* bodies are more hardy, robuſt, and bulky than *ours* are? Idle reaſoning! The clumſy ſtrength of their awkward outſides is rather an argument of inward groſſierty, and a proof of no other perfection in their organization than that of weight, which we do not diſpute with them. But to imagine that a *Man*'s ſkull muſt needs be fill'd with laſting ſenſe, becauſe it is ſtrong, would be as abſurd as to have thought, that the mountains of ice which were lately upon the *Thames* muſt needs be durable becauſe they were thick: when, let but truth and ſun-ſhine break forth, either error will appear too groſs for any, but a *Man*, to give into.

What beaſt of burthen can vie with *Morio* for muſcular ſtrength? What inſect has a more trifling head or puny heart? To reaſon by our adverſary's rule, we muſt believe him poſſeſs'd of reſolution enough to conquer a world, and wiſdom enough to rule one, while at the ſame time every word he ſays betrays the ſot, and every thing he does points out the coward. He has nothing in common with *Men* of any wit or ſenſe but their misfortune, the defect of memory, which providence mark'd him with, to guard us from his lying tongue. His gravity and mirth are both in extremes, and never adapted to time or place. The

one renders him either ſilently ſulky, or ſnarlingly waſpiſh: and the other makes him noiſy, impertinent, abuſive, or immodeſt. His itch of appearing ſprightly, in ſpite of his ſtars, makes him exceſſively talkative; tho' the beſt of his converſation is but a dull repetition of other people's wit, which, however genuine in itſelf, comes from him like ſtale, ſecond-hand coffee, without reliſh or ſpirit. In cracking ever ſo witty a joke, he is always ſure to drop the kernel; and whenever he attempts to repeat a humorous jeſt, he puts me in mind of a ſtupid fellow of a water-man I once ſaw, who, after taking abundance of pains to draw his boat to ſhore, that he might get into it, leap'd over it into the *Thames*. In dreſs, as in converſation, he is entirely directed by the rules of abſurdity in every particular but one, *that is*, if I may be indulged a *manniſh* piece of wit, the covering his enormous noddle with a *Tête-de-mouton* *. The wiſeſt action he ever did, was that of ſubſcribing himſelf a minor for life, after having ſpent, in leſs than two years, an immenſe ſum of ready money he was worth when at age, beſides encumbring his eſtate, which is of ſome thouſands per annum. The next to this was his being able to account for the going of ſo much money, all but the trifling ſum of about thirty thouſand pounds: which was no very fooliſh thing in him, conſidering that players, panders,

* *Sheep's-head.* A name given to the little perukes worn by ſome ladies, who are forced to cut off their hair.

panders, fidlers, and gameſters, who had the greateſt benefit from his profuſeneſs, ſeldom keep a caſh-book. However, if you cannot admire his wiſdom, you may, at leaſt, his fortitude. He has given ten guineas at a time to a ſtouter *Man* than himſelf, to ſtand a horſe-whipping from him; and has nobly gone a-begging to his own gate, in the guiſe of a ſtroller, with ſuch a generous anxiety to be horſe-whipt himſelf, that any ſervants, who were abſent enough to know him for their maſter, were as ſure to loſe their place, as they were ſure to be the moſt amply rewarded who abuſed him the moſt, and ſhew'd the leaſt diſpoſition to miſtake him for a gentleman. Such is his induſtry to laugh, and be laugh'd at. And yet ſo ſtrange a fool is he in every circumſtance, that nothing he ſays or does can provoke us to be merry or ſad. His words and actions are as much beneath the dignity of a jeſt, as his perſon is below that of love or hatred. So that, tall and luſty as *Morio* is, all his bulk and ſtrength are good for, is, to ſhew the folly and malice of fortune, in loading him with exorbitant riches, merely to rob the town of a notable porter.

But, as my adverſary juſtly obſerves, one black feather makes no crow; and the character of *Morio* would be no reproach to his ſex in general, if the generality of them were not guilty of as great follies. And if his rule will always hold good, that peoples genius is to be gueſſed at by their

company, what a motley ſet of changlings will not the major part of *Men* appear? What are their favourite companies made up of, but pipers, actors, jockies, fox-hunters, and gameſters, at beſt, and often of proſtitutes, ſots, and debauchees? What are their places of *rendezvous* but bear-gardens, cock-pits, gaming-tables, taverns, and ſtews? And what are their darling topics of converſation but racing, ſporting, gaming, drinking, and riot? How often are our ears ſtunn'd by them with this kind of impertinencies! Not the averſion they know we have for ſuch empty nonſenſe can hinder them from perpetually entertaining us with it.

Will all the contempt we ſhew for Miſs *Prelatino* make him leſs buſy to buzz his empty nonſenſe in our unattentive ears? If we are ſilent, he'll aſk us impertinent queſtions: if we return no anſwer, he will coin one for us; and with a ſimpering ſilly face quote us for the authors of the goſſip's tale he whiſpers to the next lady he viſits. He can extract her ladyſhip's meaning from the dreſs ſhe has on; can gueſs who and who are to be married, by the necklace of one, and the golden-headed cane of another; and can tell who and who are at odds, by the quantity of ſnuff Miſs *Such-a-one* took laſt night at the play, the number of flirts her grace gave her fan in the drawing-room, and the many times lady *Betty* and Miſs *Fanny* nodded their heads, whiſper'd together, and look'd, the Lord knows how, upon the honourable Mrs

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Somebody. No undertaker has earlier informations of deaths, no milliner has ſpeedier intelligence of the birth of a new mode, and no wholeſale haberdaſher of ſmall news has quicker accounts of town-chat, than he has, nor is half ſo induſtrious in vending his ſtock. How then ſhall we avoid this inundation of froth, which is ever at our heels? To affront him we are too well bred; to laugh at him we have too much pity; and to look grave, as Mr *Pope* happily expreſſes it, *exceeds all power of face.* As therefore it is paſt his ſkill to be ſilent, and paſt ours to be attentive, what have we to do with ſuch a ſilly creature, but either in complaiſance to him, to laugh, look ſilly with him, and let him run on; or, in compaſſion to ourſelves, to wedge him to a *Quadrille-table*, where we may, at leſs coſt to our patience, loſe our money to him and pay it, or win his and not take it? But muſt we therefore be accountable for his follies, or be thought fools ourſelves, becauſe he is a fop we can't get rid of? If he will prim up his mouth to mimic us; if he will put on our ſofter manners; if he will dreſs as much like a lady as parliament will permit him; have we any legiſlative power to check him? No, all we can do is to contemn and divert ourſelves with him, and all ſuch fools as want the manhood to keep up to the dignity of their own *ſex*, and grace to copy the better qualities of *ours:* their incapacity of reaching, which is plain to be ſeen in that vanity which makes them

them ſo aſſiduous in pilfering, however unſucceſsfully, our moſt trivial talents.

So if lord *Thimble* prefers our company to the *Men*'s, let them blame themſelves for it, but not fall out with us. It is neither likeneſs nor ſympathy makes him take refuge among us. He has no more of the *Woman* in him than he has of the *Man:* but, a kind of ſpecies in himſelf of no one ſex, he has juſt ſenſe enough to diſtinguiſh which of the two ſexes have the moſt temper and maſtery over their paſſions to bear with him. And would it not be quite barbarous, as well as unpolite, not to bear with a poor good-natured inoffenſive thing, and a lord too? eſpecially ſince he is not without his uſes. But for him, we ſhould perhaps never have thought of the advantages of a working aſſembly. Beſides, how convenient is it, as well as pretty, to have a nobleman, who underſtands the buſineſs of a tea-board, to take that trouble off our hands, while we mind our knitting! If we read a play to him, he knots a petticoat for us; and if we ſhew him ſome degree of condeſcendence, he pays us no leſs a degree of gratitude. Beſides the perfection to which he is ſtudying to bring the ſcience of needle-work for our improvement, he is drawing up a bill to bring into the houſe, to oblige all the ſitting members to knot for their wives while the reſt are ſpeaking; which, if it ſhould paſs, will contribute no leſs to the eaſe of our fingers than the ornament of

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our toilets. However, little as he is obliged to the *Men*, to render this extraordinary genius as beneficial to that ſex as to our own, as ſoon as ever he has finiſh'd the weighty buſineſs he is about, I deſign, as I am a ſort of favourite with him, to ſet him upon writing a *Treatiſe* on the ART *of* FENCING *with a* NEEDLE. As he is quite maſter of the ſubject, I make no doubt but the piece will meet with univerſal approbation, and ſave a great deal of harmleſs blood, ſhou'd our war with the *Spaniards* be purſued for any time with the ſame warmth it is now carried on. So induſtrious are *Women* to extract public benefit from the otherwiſe moſt uſeleſs fops they are forced to admit into their company. Inſtead then of being reproach'd with their follies, we are rather entitled to the thanks of the public in general: eſpecially ſince it is not from any pleaſure we take in the converſation of ſuch empty creatures, but from the neceſſity which the general inſipidneſs of the *Men* reduces us to, of converſing with coxcombs, ſots, or knaves, if we converſe with any of the ſex.

Our adverſary then had little room to triumph over us for keeping fools company, or to attribute to any liking of ours what is the mere effect of our good-nature and pity. However, if he will have it that none but birds of a feather aſſociate, and that *we* are fools becauſe we keep company with ſuch, what will he make of the generali-

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ty of *Men*, among whom almoſt all of any worth or note have been ſignal for their courting our converſation? He is pleaſed to warn us, that " it " will be to little purpoſe for me to quote him the " illuſtrious names of the wits of all ages, who " have admired the *Women*" and been done juſtice by them. But ſurely it will not be to as little purpoſe to quote them to all other *Men*, unleſs all are as void of candour and ſolidity as himſelf: which I am far from believing. My adverſary is certainly out, in ſaying " the polite, the witty *Ana-* " *creon* met with nothing but contempt from our " ſex." On the contrary, he was honour'd with the regards of the greateſt ladies at *Samos*, and all he complains of is the univerſal virtue he found among them, which obſtructed his vicious gallantry. The charges of *Theocritus* are of the ſame kind; and if *Ovid* and *Horace* have rail'd at ſome *Women* for their infidelity to them, their own writings prove them to have ſet the example; both admire the good, as much as they beſpatter the bad; and the latter allows excellencies in many, and ſings *Palinodia* to one whom he had wrongfully aſperſed. And why may he not as well be believed, when he does juſtice to injured merit and innocence, as when he abuſes ſome for their being as wanton as himſelf, and inſults others for being too old for his debauch'd taſte to be faithful to any longer? Or rather, why ſhould he be believed in what he ſays againſt any of our ſex, who

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has ſubſcribed himſelf, upon record, the baſe calumniator of one virtuous *Woman?* Can it be ſuppoſed that *Horace*, who had ſuch a luſt of fame, would have ſubſcrib'd to a lye, to record himſelf to poſterity an infamous forger of ſlander?

Our adverſary might have ſpared himſelf the great pains he has taken to invent a diſtribution of time for us; which is too ſenſeleſs to fill the life of many *Women*. That modeſty, which keeps us from prying into the indecencies of the *Men*, ſuffers me not to oblige him with a return. But wou'd this prying gentleman look into the purſuits which fill up their days and weeks, what a circle of vice and folly might he not diſcover! And what abundance of miſ-placed invectives might he not excuſe himſelf from!

Thoſe invectives, indeed, have as little real force to diminiſh the ſuperior merit of my ſex, as his compliment to myſelf hath power to affect me with vanity. Mean as the notion he entertains of *Women* is, I am *Woman* enough to prefer his falſe cenſure to his inſidious praiſe.

The whole artill'ry of the terms of war,
And (all thoſe plagues in one) the bawling bar:
Theſe I cou'd bear; but not a Thing *ſo civil,*
Whoſe tongue will compliment you to the devil,
With royal favourites in flatt'ry vie,
And Oldmixon *and* Burnet *both out-lie.*

He ſpies me out: But tell me, gracious God!
What ſin of mine cou'd merit ſuch a nod?
That all the ſhot of dulneſs now muſt be
From this his blunderbuſs diſcharg'd on me?

POPE's *Dr.* Donne.

Let our adverſary and his ſex then reſerve their compliments for ſuch unhappy creatures as are reduced to the infamous neceſſity of wanting them; and be aſſured, that if all *Women* are of my mind, their flattery to us will meet with a due ſcorn, till they ſhew ſome honeſty in reſtoring us to the power, dignity, and eſteem, we have a natural, equal, nay, ſuperior right to. In the mean time let us ſee what arguments our author uſes in his attempts to diſprove that right.

What I have before ſaid will ſuffice to ſhew how little ſuccour our antagoniſt can expect from any of the texts of ſcripture hitherto quoted by him: And a very few words more will ſerve to convince the honeſt part of his ſex, how little reaſon he has to expect favour from any part of it. The whole ſacred ſcriptures are full of encomiums on our ſex: and afford many inſtances of *Women* governing nations, and greatly governing them. *David*, a *Man* according to GOD's own heart, is well known to have been a conſtant admirer of the *Women* to his death: nor can it be ſaid his ſtudy of them was not ſufficiently extenſive to know them thoroughly. *Solomon* his ſon, wiſe as he was with

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inſpired knowledge, thought it no ſtooping of his wiſdom to have the greateſt regard for *Women*. And even *Eccleſiaſticus*, whom my adverſary has the courage to quote, is full of ſublime praiſes of *Womankind*. Nay, in the very paſſage this gentleman hints at, he ſays, *Haſt thou a wife after thy mind? forſake her not: but give not thyſelf over to a light woman.* All then which this writer ſays againſt bad *Women* hinders him not from doing juſtice to the *good*, or owning that there are *good Women*; nay, and *wiſe ones* too. For in the very ſame chapter he poſitively ſays, *Forego not a* WISE *and* GOOD WOMAN, *for her grace is above gold.* What then could infatuate this enemy to our ſex to ſend us to a paſſage ſo much in our favour? The text of *Micah* is levell'd no more at *Women* than *Men*; but at the general corruption of the *Jews* of his time, which was ſuch, that the father was not ſafe with his ſon, the mother with her daughter, nor the friend with his friend; and the prophet ſubjoins that *a Man's enemies are the* MEN *of his own houſe.* But how does this affect *Woman* more than *Man?* Or what advantage can our adverſary hope to draw from ſcripture, till he finds ſomething more to the purpoſe?

The *Men* lay a mighty ſtreſs on the laws concerning *Women*; and becauſe, hood-wink'd by cuſtom, they blindly conceit that they are infallible decrees which ſecure to every one their right, they as fooliſhly conclude that nature had a hand in the

framing thoſe laws which exclude us from power, dignities, and public offices. But how ſtrangely ſhould I puzzle them, was I to preſs them hard upon this article, and oblige them to explain, in a manner to be underſtood, what they mean by nature in this caſe, and how it impower'd the *Men* to make ſuch laws without conſulting the *Women!* The *law-givers* were *Men* themſelves; and therefore no wonder they ſhould favour their own ſex. Had the *Women* been in their place, they might poſſibly have done the ſame: though their natural propenſity to juſtice and generoſity renders it highly improbable. But does the advantage the *Men* have laid hold of juſtify their uſurpation? No: they themſelves acknowledge dependence and ſervitude to be contrary to the deſign of nature, which made all *Mankind* equal. Dependence in itſelf is a mere civil reſtraint introduced by chance, force, or cuſtom, and ought rationally to affect none but children, and that only till an age when they are capable of governing themſelves. And if they lay aſide for a minute the laws of their own making, they'll find it a difficult taſk to prove why a *Woman* ſhould obey her *huſband* any more than *he* his *wife*. The *Woman* has, generally ſpeaking, at leaſt as much and often more wit and diſcretion than the *Man*: and if ſhe ought to obey him when what he ſpeaks is reaſonable, there is no ſolid reaſon can be aſſigned why he ſhould not obey her, when what ſhe ſays is ſo: unleſs my adverſary pleaſes

pleaſes to recur to the old plea, the law of the ſtronger.

Next to the authors of *Holy Writ*, I have the profoundeſt veneration for thoſe pious *Divines* and *Fathers*, who have taken ſo much pains to illuſtrate it with their learned comments. Yet I do not think myſelf obliged to believe all they ſay with the ſame implicit faith as I do the ſcriptures, eſpecially where I ſee them carried away by popular prejudice to favour a cauſe themſelves are parties in, and without being able to aſſign a reaſon for what they advance. It no ways concerns chriſtian faith, whether *Women* are qualified to govern or not; and therefore it would be no great wonder that any of thoſe reverend writers ſhould err in their opinion concerning it: ſince all their inſpiration related only to matters of faith. And yet the paſſages which our adverſary has been at the drudgery to quote upon us, out of their works, are far from being ſo diſadvantageous to us, as he would have his readers believe; of which he himſelf ſeems conſcious, by his having recourſe to the mean artifice of unfairly tranſlating them.

St *Auguſtin* does not ſo much as inſinuate, in the text quoted by our author, that the *Women* are *unfit* to govern, to teach, or to teſtify: But only argues from the laws in force againſt their teaching or giving evidence, that much more may they be ſuppoſed to be forbidden by thoſe to exerciſe any government: His expreſs words are, *A Woman*

man cannot exerciſe the office of teaching, appear as an evidence, nor even declare her opinion; how much leſs then can ſhe give laws to an empire? 'Tis one thing to ſay that *Women* are diſqualified from power and public offices by laws, another to ſay they are naturally *unfit* for them. Now this Father does not ſo much as hint the latter; and tho' he does tell us what the *Women* are reduced to by the laws of uſurpation, he does not take upon him to juſtify thoſe laws. Indeed, in the ſecond paſſage, he ſeems to inſinuate ſomething like it. But when he ſays. that "natural order among mankind requires that "the *Women* ſhould ſerve the *Men*," upon what does he build his aſſertion but the vulgar prejudice then in vogue, that the *Men* were the *greater* of the two ſexes, which, without troubling himſelf to examine into it, he leaves as he found it: it not being ſo much his office as a divine to new-mould the laws of the ſtate, as to exhort Chriſtians to conform to their duty, according to the circumſtances which thoſe laws ſubjected them to while unrepealed. What St *Ambroſe* ſays, in the place quoted by my adverſary, is undoubtedly ſufficient to juſtify the divine equity in puniſhing *Woman* for her diſobedience, by ſuffering her to become ſubject to the unjuſt uſurpation of *Man*, whom ſhe had made an accomplice in her crime: and this is all that Father propoſes. For he neither proves nor attempts to prove that uſurpation lawful in the *Man*. And if one *Woman* muſt be own'd, in the

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ſingle circumſtance juſt mention'd, to have greatly injured the whole rational ſpecies, let it be alſo remember'd that another *Woman* has as greatly repair'd the injury done, by bringing a *Saviour* to the world.

All the invectives he has pick'd out from the *Poets* and *Orators*, will have as little weight with any, even of his own ſex, who are diſpoſed to be rational. The great end of theſe kinds of writers is to pleaſe and perſuade; and every one knows that, with the generality of *Men*, probability and appearance of truth ſerve the ſame turns as well as truth itſelf could. No wonder, therefore, that ſuch gentlemen ſhould have recourſe chiefly to exaggerations and hyperboles, as they are moſt likely to metamorphoſe good into evil, and evil into good, at their pleaſure. One common trick with them is to attribute the properties of a part to the whole; a weakneſs not diſcernable to the ſuperficial part of readers, for the ornaments of eloquence it is dreſt in. Thus is it ſufficient for them to have known ſome few *Women* guilty of any one fault, to attribute it to the whole ſex: and as there are no *Women*, any more than *Men*, but what have ſome few defects, and there are no defects but what ſome few *Women* are tainted with; hence they very artfully, though baſely, charge all *Women* with all defects. And the pretty ſmooth jingle of words they wrap their accuſations in, contribute not a little to gain them credit with the vulgar. Where-

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as, let but their pieces be ſtript of the gaudy trappings of rhetoric which ſurround them, let the metaphors, quaint ſayings, deſcriptions, ſimilies, antitheſes, and other flowers of eloquence, be ſifted from them; in a word, let them be diveſted of all thoſe glittering embelliſhments of ſpeech, which are apt to dazzle the feeble eyes of the unſkilful many, and how exceſſively empty of truth and argument will they not appear! How full of falſe reaſoning and paſſion! And how ſtuff'd with prejudice and calumny!

How weak then is our adverſary, to inſiſt ſo much upon the opinion of *Poets* and *Orators!* If *Euripides*, by the ſnarling invectives he loads us with in his writings, gain'd the character of a *Woman-hater*, his life and conduct were ſufficient to clear him of that imputation: the ſame may be ſaid of poor *Pittacus*; and for *Tibullus*, we know that if he was ſaid to be jilted by his miſtreſs, he gave ſo little credit himſelf to the report, that he himſelf begs it may be ſtifled. However, let them laugh who win: if virtuous *Women* have had the pleaſure of triumphing over the deceitful attempts of theſe peeviſh wits, theſe wits ought at leaſt to be indulged the liberty of railing. Indeed *Menander* deſerves a better treatment, for if he has been ſevere againſt ſome bad *Women*, it was no more than they deſerved, as appears from the readineſs he ſhews to do juſtice to the virtuous many, in the encomiums he beſtows on them. He calls *a virtuous*

tuous WOMAN *the ſtay of* MAN*'s life*, and ſo far is he from conſidering her as unequal to the huſband, that he ſcruples not to ſay, *ſhe is the helm* (or PILOT) *of her family. It is beautiful*, cries MENANDER, *to obſerve the beauty which appears in the conduct of* WOMAN. Nay, in another place, he ſticks not to add *that* WOMAN is the faireſt plant in life. So little is *Menander* of the opinion of my adverſary, who quotes him againſt us with as little reaſon as he does *Plautus*. For tho' this poet is pleaſed, in the paſſage quoted, to be a little witty at our expence, to humour the prejudice of his ſex, yet he elſewhere ſhews himſelf of a very different ſentiment, by putting into the mouth of one of his perſonages the following words:

" In troth the laws are cruel with regard to *Woman*,
" 'Tis baſe in them to make her life a miſery:
" And much more baſe to make *her*'s ſo than *Man*'s.

Again, to ſhew how much our ſex has the ſtart of *Men* in virtue and conjugal fidelity, he makes a contraſt between the married of both ſexes.

" The wife thinks only on her own *good man*,
" But every huſband every woman craves.

And, *laſtly*, to ſtop his own ſex's mouths entirely, he brings them a kind of *argumentum ad hominem*. " More widows, *ſays he*, are to be found than

" widowers. " If this was true in *Plautus*'s days; how much more ſo is it in ours! For one *Woman* who ventures her happineſs in a ſecond marriage; how many *Men* think it no hazard at all to engage in wedlock a ſecond, nay a third time! And how ſhould this be true, if it were not true that the *Men* find greater choice of virtuous and good qualities among the *Women*, than *theſe* do among the *Men?*

If my adverſary will excuſe me for leaving him awhile, I will bring an inſtance or two to confirm the obſervation of *Plautus*. *Pulchrina* and *Cornelia* were both left widows in the prime of life. And yet neither the one nor the other have, in twenty years time, found one of all the oppoſite ſex worthy their acceptance: tho' it has not been for want of a number of ſuitors; nor for want of as much artifice and courage in the *latter*, as there appear'd virtue, ſenſe, and beauty in the *former*. But *Pulchrina*'s firſt luck was too bad not to deter her from truſting her children's happineſs and her own peace to the mercy of a ſecond tyrant. And though *Cornelia* had one of the higheſt tickets in the marriage lottery, it is plain ſhe thought that more than her ſhare, by her never venturing again to put into a bubble, where there are ſo many blanks to one prize; nay, where the beſt chance is but a kind of blank. For as the polite Lord *Lanſdowne* ſays of his ſex, and what a *Man* ſays muſt be true,

The beſt moſt perfect
Are ſo alloy'd, the good ſo mix'd with bad,
Like counterfeited coin of mingled metal,
The noble part's not current for the baſe.

Not ſo the *Women*, they are a kind of genuine ſpecies, with little or no alloy, but what ſerves to make their virtues more truly and generally ſerviceable. Elſe why ſhould the *Men* be ſo covetous of them, as they, for the moſt part, ſhew themſelves?

Did not *Hoar-froſt*'s experience of two wives encourage him, even in his old age, to marry a third? If he had not been practically convinced that there is a felicity in life which none but *Women* can give, and no *Man* can miſs, who is once bleſt with a *Woman*; if his knowledge of *Womankind* had not been enough to ſecure happineſs to him in any *Woman* he could pitch upon; would he have ſubjected a child he loved, and who was capable of being miſtreſs of his family, to the novercal authority of her dirty maid? But the graces which glared through the ſlime on her face, and the extravagant merit of her homely attire, appear'd a ſufficient argument to the widower that any wife is better than none. No wonder therefore that he ſhould be in a hurry to make a third match for himſelf before he made one for his daughter; ſince probably he might never have

lived to enjoy the bleſſing of another wife, ſhould he have reſolved to wait till he could match his daughter with a man who really deſerves her.

It is the ſame way of thinking that makes *Redivivo* put on, at the decline of life, all the fopperies of a young fellow. It is now, indeed, upwards of three months he has buried an excellent wife, and he is ſtill a widower. But if he did not try to mend his hand in a ſecond, even before ſhe was laid in the ground; it muſt not be imputed to any diſlike he entertain'd of our ſex. For tho' during her life-time no *Man* was more ſatirically arch upon ſecond adventurers than himſelf, his conduct ſince her death ſufficiently ſhews his archneſs to have been only a copy of his countenance. The beauty, wit, and diſcretion of a dutiful daughter would ſuffice to put him off all deſigns of marrying again, and even render the very thought horrible to him, if the merit he finds in the generality of our ſex did not incline him to think that there is no true happineſs for *Man* in this world without a wife, and no unhappineſs with one. For this reaſon from a very ſloven he is turn'd quite a prig; from a miſer, profuſe; and from a homeſpun *Stoic*, a downright *Epicurean*. He can ſimper like a *Soupe mitonée*, can gibe like a country juſtice, and affects nothing but gallantry, gaiety and politeneſs; tho' his gallantry is as aukard as an *Oxonian*'s, his mirth as ſtiff as a *Spaniard*'s, and his

his breeding as formal and out of date as that of an old-faſhion'd courtier. However his good-will is the ſame, and the diſadvantages he labours under from the deep-rooted habits of irrevocable years he endeavours to repair, or at leaſt hide, with the fervor of his youthful inclinations, which make him an abſolutely humble ſervant to the *Women* in general, from the polite lady to the girl in the kitchen. In reality he has tried his fortune with them in all ſtations; and has now, for ſome time, laid cloſe ſiege to *Jandicia*, for this ſingle merit, that, of all the *Women* and *Wenches* he has purr'd about ſince a widower, ſhe is the firſt who has return'd him a ſmile. And yet, did he but know himſelf, he muſt ſee that the ſame cauſe makes her pleaſant which put the others out of temper. They ſhrunk with horror at the unnatural ſight of a wanton letcher of fifty; and ſhe cannot help tittering at the exceſſive extravagance of *manniſh* pretenſions to wiſdom, while ſhe ſees one of that ſex, after having at a very eaſy rate acquired the character of a wiſe man in his younger days, take pains, for the ſake of gratifying a fit of luſt, to appear a fool in his old age. Still *Jandicia* thinks to have him: ſhe has nothing to truſt to for a ſupport but his wantonneſs or her own labour; and deems it more adviſeable to play upon an old fool, than run the riſk of working all her life time for a young knave. And therefore ſhe deſigns to ſell him a very great bargain, in her

her own perſon, on the *firſt* day of next *April*. As my maid is privy to this love affair, *Redivivo* has deſired her to think of a poſie for the ring, and by my advice ſhe has given him the following one. *HO! HO!*

It is pretty plain then, to return to my adverſary and his company, that the *Men* find not ſuch a dearth of ſenſe and virtue among us as we do among them, any more in our days than in thoſe of *Plautus*. If *Tully* accuſes the *Women* of *Avarice*, he is very far from laying his charge ſo ſtrongly as my antagoniſt makes him: tho' *Cicero*, of all *men*, had the leaſt reaſon to find fault with us. It is well known he was never ſuſpected of the oppoſite virtue, nor indeed deſerved to be ſo. However his failings would be no excuſe for ours, as his bare accuſation can be no ſufficient proof to convict us of any. The *Orator* but copied from others, as this gentleman does from him: For

Mankind each-other's ſtories ſtill repeat,
And *Man* to *Man* is *a ſucceeding cheat*.

HOWARD.

I am not inſenſible that many gentlemen of the faculty, have been very long-winded on the different temperament of *Sexes*, to the diſadvantage of *our's*. But it was no new thing, even in *Philo*'s days, for thoſe gentlemen to affect a great deal of wiſdom, at the expence of ſenſe and truth. But let

let their reaſons be examin'd into, and what will they appear but light conjectures, form'd in the ſhallow heads of *Men*, guided by prejudice and ſimple appearances; If a *Man* of *ſenſe* and a *Phyſician* were either ſynonymous or analogous terms, I ſhould be cautious how I diſſented from their opinion. But as the antipathy is notorious, which reigns between reaſon and the generality of that unintelligible race, no *Man* of ſenſe, without hazarding the reputation of one, can copy any thing they advance. The *Radcliffs*, the *Friends*, the *Meads*, are as extraordinary *Phænomena* in the medical ſphere, as an *Atterbury* on the bench, or a *Murray* at the bar: comets of a happy age which take many centuries in their revolution. To quote then the herd of graduates for judges of ſenſe is as abſurd as to appeal to the honeſt gentlemen of the law in a caſe of conſcience.

How is it poſſible to look at *Pollypheme* and think of ſenſe! How much leſs is it poſſible to depend on his opinion of it! If what an illuſtrious author ſays be true, that *ſolemnity is the cover of a ſot*; his ſolemn phiz betrays one. A pompous ſtrut, the ſmiles of ſelf-approving confidence, and ſomething of a tolerable perſon, ſet off with a look of conſequence, ſtand him in ſtead of genius. And for learning,--- a loll of ſtate, with eyes uplifted and a leg ſtretch'd out, the head lent careleſs on this upright arm, while ſome important motion waves the other, big words, and faithful

lungs

lungs ſtand proxy. St *Paul*'s at noon ſtrikes not with more deliberation than he ſpeaks, tho' it gives over ſooner. For not even bells can ring ſo long as he can talk. Yet ever inhumed in native want of thought, in vain he ſtruggles to bring meaning forth. *Self*, big *ſelf*, the conſtant burthen of the ſong, ever at odds with ſenſe, forbids it elbow-room, and while he ſpeaks ſo ſwells each puny tale, that like ſome huge unwieldy mount in labour, the loud, ſlow, grave, mile-meaſured words his drawling tongue groans out, portend ſome mighty birth; till, when the lengthen'd, irkſome, tedious period ends, out pops the ſilly mouſe, *great I*, and only makes you ſmile. With him every phyſician is a fool but one; and that muſt be *I: Great I* is ſtateſman, poet, critic and divine. No wonder then if *Pope* and *Swift* ſhould ſooner ceaſe to write than he to rail. Not but his doctorſhip could write as much as they, with the ſame eaſe he can out-puff a *Henley*. He'll tell you to a minute the criſis of a patient's death, without telling the doſe with which he deſigns to diſpatch him; can affect an intimacy with great *Men*, he neither knows nor is known by; and, after walking a mile to ſave ſix-pence, can coach it from *Cheapſide* to *Batſon*'s to ſave appearances. Now muſt it not be own'd that the doctor has all the qualifications requiſite to make a figure in *Warwick-lane*; and yet, where but at *Gotham* would

would *Men* of this ſtamp be ſet up for arbiters of ſenſe?

But the *Hiſtorians* it ſeems are leſs to be objected againſt, as being *Men* of experience. I would fain aſk my adverſary, whether all *Men* of experience are men of ſenſe, or judges of ſenſe? And tho' it muſt be granted that a *Man* ought to be a perſon of excellent ſenſe, who undertakes to write hiſtory, yet experience itſelf has ſhewn how little ſenſe the major part of *Hiſtorians* have been poſſeſt of. Not that I want to wave the authority quoted againſt me. *Tacitus* is one of my favourites among this claſs of writers; which he would not be, if I did not conſider him as a *Man* of ſenſe. But ſtill he was a *Man*, and like the reſt of *Men* prejudiced in favour of his ſex. And therefore I muſt beg leave to reject his authority, till ſome reaſon be alledged from him to ſupport what he ſays. If he gives ſome inſtances of cruelty and ambition in the degenerate part of our ſex, he has given many more inſtances of tenderneſs, humanity, diſintereſtedneſs, and other virtues. And tho' hiſtory in general can only be conſider'd as a kind of tradition of vulgar prejudices, it is very notorious to all, who are in the leaſt converſant in that kind of reading, how much better a figure the *Women* in general make in it than the generality of *Men*. All hiſtory, prophane as well as ſacred, bears witneſs to the native greatneſs and

goodneſs of *Women*, as it does to the infamy of the *Men*.

If here and there a ſurly philoſopher (who by-the-bye are no leſs *Men* than my adverſary and the reſt of his company) is pleaſed to ſnap at us in a peeviſh fit, the froth of his ſpleen will never be able to tarniſh our real glory, in the eyes of ſuch *Men* as have any ſenſe left. And yet *Ariſtotle* himſelf, though quoted in this number, ſays in his 8th book of *Animals*, that, "*Woman* has more "piety, and is of a nobler compoſition than *Man*." When this philoſopher ſays then that *Women* are unfit and want judgment to govern, to be conſiſtent with himſelf, he muſt mean it only of *Women*, conſider'd in their then and now preſent circumſtance of ineducation. For he himſelf, while maſter of *Alexander*, thought it not beneath him to ſubmit to the government of his miſtreſs: nay, attributes his doing ſo to the dictates of philoſophy, not of love, and even goes ſo far as to inſiſt upon his wiſe-man's engaging in love before he meddles with ruling the ſtate. Why ſo, but that he may learn of his miſtreſs the art of ruling well? For the truth of this I appeal to *Diogenes Laërtius*. Neither was this great Man the only philoſopher who admired our ſex. *Socrates* was the ugliеſt as well as the wiſeſt *Man* of his time. I ſay not this in contempt to his perſon; for if a *Man* is but one degree above the devil, he is handſome enough in conſcience. I only mention it to ſhew, that he thought

thought it no breach of wiſdom to aim at love in ſpite of nature. And *Plato*, the divine *Plato*, was not more aſſiduous in erecting ſtates, than offering incenſe to the *Archeanaſſas* of his time. And what had either to do with *Women*, had they not found them capable of adding to their knowledge and philoſophy. As why had St *Jerom*, that wiſe philoſopher as well as orator and father of the church, ſuch an eſteem for *Women*, as to inſcribe many of his works to them? It had been idle if he had not thought them competent judges, and by their judgment capable of adding in their names a luſtre to his works.

Let our adverſary's *anonymous* author then ſay what he will, we'll find another to match him on our ſide, with this addition, that our's cannot only ſay, but give reaſons for what he ſays. 'Tis the *anonymous* author of the Political Aphoriſms. "*Wo-*
" *men* (ſays he) in the greateſt emergencies and
" moſt imminent perils are never at a loſs to find
" a remedy, or to hit on ſure expedients. Nay,
" their counſels are the beſt reſource in all ſudden
" caſes. For ſuch is the natural genius of that ſex,
" that in impendent dangers their very firſt im-
" pulſes of ſoul are greatly excellent and happy."
Who then more fit to govern ſtates than they. It was this, doubtleſs, made *Libanius* in his Academics ſay, that " Nothing more becomes a *Man*, who
" means to ſhine in ſtate-affairs, than to make it
" his rule to go from his wife's cloſet to the ſenate-

 " houſe,

" houſe, and from the ſenate to return again to " her. For ſuch as follow this rule will be ena- " bled by it to add ſpirit to their counſels, diſ- " cernment to their affairs, and reputation to " their adminiſtration." And how could this be, if their counſels and conduct were not aſſiſted and improved by the advice of their wives? Well then might *Plutarch* ſay, that " He who takes a " wife becomes a perfect maſter of a family: but " he who loſes his wife is not only an imperfect " but a maim'd one." For, in reality, what is he more than a half-headed ruler, who loſes at leaſt one half of the underſtanding which help'd him to govern.

One would hardly after this imagine it poſſible for my adverſary to quote this very *Plutarch*'s authority to prove us unqualified to govern, if we had not already ſuch flagrant proofs of this gentleman's ſhameleſs courage. And what is it *Plutarch* charges us with? Why, among many inſtances of the ſpirit of tattle in his own ſex, he mentions ſome few in our's: tho' he no where pretends to ſay that all *Women* are like them. Had my adverſary been a faithful quoter, he would have added the oppoſite inſtance that author gives us of *Læna* of *Athens*, who, being engaged in a conſpiracy againſt *Piſiſtratus*, and fearing leſt the exquiſite torture ſhe was put to ſhould extort any diſcovery from her, bit her tongue off. At leaſt, ſince he thought it neceſſary to reflect on *Fulvia* for her levity,

levity, it would have been but fair to do juſtice to that brave Lady's memory, in adding the attonement ſhe made, by poniarding herſelf to encourage her huſband by the like means to avoid the fatal effects of their joint indiſcretion. The very ſame *Plutarch*, in another part of his works, has recorded the *Women*'s talent for ſecrecy, in thoſe of *Melita*, of whom, tho' all were in the conſpiracy with their huſbands, not one diſcloſed the ſecret. And my adverſary's friend *Tacitus* has perpetuated the memory of *Epicharis*, whom all the cruelties of *Nero* could not induce to betray any of the ſecrets ſhe was privy to in the conſpiracy laid againſt him. But where is the neceſſity of recurring to foreign climes, and diſtant ages, for proofs which our own country, and almoſt our own times, can produce. The *Saxon Women* were a counterpart to thoſe of *Melita*. And ſuch as have been engaged in plots in this kingdom have ſhewn as much fidelity to the truſts repoſed in them, as any of the *Grecian* or *Roman* ladies recorded by *Plutarch*, *Tacitus*, or any other antient hiſtorians. Let any one but look back into the State Tryals of ſome former reigns, and they will find what numbers of daſtardly ſqueakers there have been among the *Men*; while neither pillory, whipping, nor hopes of life, or fear of death, could ever extort a diſcovery from the *Women* who were concern'd with them. Was there not one expoſed to the outrage of the populace in one conſpiracy? Were there not three

three executed in another, and no leſs than fifteen excepted in a general amneſty? And what lights or helps was the government able to get from any one of them, either by threats or promiſes? I ſay not this to commend them for their treaſon, or obſtinacy in perſiſting in it, but only to ſhew my adverſary that *Women* can keep a ſecret, tho' it be to their greateſt diſadvantage ſo to do. And tho' the being detected in a treaſonable conſpiracy is no reaſon why the perſons detected ſhould add to their former guilt, by obſtinately perſiſting in it, yet ſurely ſuch miſtaken *Women* as continue ſtrongly poſſeſt with the lawfulneſs of the plot they have (however unlawfully) engaged in, and therefore rather chuſe to die than betray their truſt, are worthy pity, if not applauſe. Whereas what pity do thoſe baſe wretches among the *Men* deſerve, who without any remorſe of conſcience have ſacrificed to their own ſafety the lives of their accomplices, and without any other ſorrow for their criminal attempt than regret for it's having miſcarried, aggravate their treaſon againſt their country with treachery to their friends. It is pretty plain that ſuch wretches would have equally ſacrificed the moſt honeſt cauſe they could have been concern'd in. As, on the contrary, it is very natural to believe, that, if ſuch *Women*, as we have been ſpeaking of, had been happily embark'd in the true intereſts of their country, they would have as nobly ſacrificed all their private hopes and fears

ſears to the faithful diſcharge of any truſt repoſed in them. If *Homer* commends *Ulyſſes* and *Telemachus* for their ſteadineſs in keeping a ſecret; he is no leſs eloquent in the praiſes of *Penelope* and *Euriclea*, the wife and nurſe of *Ulyſſes*, for the ſame virtue. *Angerona* was ſo famous for it, that the *Romans* worſhip'd her for the goddeſs of *Silence*. And while the myſteries of the *Good Goodneſs* were wholly in the *Women*'s keeping, the ſecrecy of them was ſo inviolably preſerved, that the *Men* had no other way to come at the knowledge of them than by ſacrilegiouſly intruding among them, diſguiſed in *Woman*'s apparel.

It is quite childiſh then in our adverſary, to argue us incapable of government for want of a ſpirit of ſecrecy. It is notorious what goſſips the antients as well as moderns of the male ſex have been, the voluminous tattle of many of them is a ſtanding proof of it. *Simonides* and *Xenocrates*, ſo mightily cried up for their reſerve of ſpeech, were as arrant tattlers as any; and both allow, that, tho' they had never any cauſe to be diſpleaſed with having held their peace, they had often found room to regret their prating: A plain proof of their having as little government of their tongues as ſome of our ſex, not one of whom, however, could pretend to vie with a *Cteſiphon*, who valued himſelf upon being able to chatter a whole day long, upon any ſubject that could be ſtarted to him; as *Eraſmus* tells us, who was not the leaſt chatterer of his time,

time, tho' perhaps one of the leaſt tireſome ones. If the *Latin* editor of *Pindar* is not an idle prater, the *Men* of *Smyrna* were all goſſips. The famous *Ariſtotle* was ſo egregious a one, that he confeſſes himſelf, that nothing ſeem'd to him leſs practicable than keeping a ſecret. Indeed *Pythagoras* was ſo in love with ſilence, that he obliged all his ſcholars to keep a five years taciturnity. But if we may credit goſſip *Laërtius*, it was the ſilence of others that pleaſed him; inſomuch that the luſt of hearing himſelf prate made him uſe that ſtratagem, not to be interrupted by contradiction. The ſame *Laërtius* tells us, that *Zeno* thought it a wondrous piece of news to ſend *Ptolemy*, that there was one old fellow who had learn'd to hold his tongue.

It is ſurely therefore conſcious guilt which makes our antagoniſt unwilling to truſt the ſafety of his cauſe to this common-place ſtuff. No wonder then that after finding his ſtock of ridicule out, he ſhou'd have recourſe to the mean expedient of arguing from particulars to the general, and, after the drudgery of hunting out three or four ſilly *Women* who know not how to govern their families, triumphantly conclude that all *Women* are unfit for public government. If we have here and there a *Belluina*, a *Muccabella*, a *Priſcilla*, or a *Prudentia*, our adverſary will not ſure have the face to ſay we are all like them. At leaſt he would think me very raſh to ſay that every *Man* is a *Hectorinus*, a *Molybditis*, a *Morio*, a *Hoarfroſt*, or *Redivivo*, or

to

to argue from their indiſcretion in private life, that all his ſex are diſqualified from public government. Nay, I'll go farther,

Even *Anarchus*, for what I know, might make an excellent ſtateſman, tho' a wicked manager of his private concerns. He is one of the moſt induſtrious men living in ordering the affairs of other people, and that may be one reaſon perhaps why his own are ſo vilely neglected. The money he ſquanders, in ſtrolling about collections for others, hinders him from affording a ſufficient proviſion to his own family: And the liquor he guzzles, in making up breaches among his acquaintance, occaſions his perpetually breaking peace at home. Abroad he is ever laviſhing his ſubſtance with alacrity, on ſuch of his fellow-brutes as deſerve it the leaſt, and in his own houſe is as ſparing of neceſſaries to his wife, as he is heedleſs of the waſte in his ſervants: When he is up he is for ever abuſing her, and when a-bed frequently puking upon her. Tho' civil to all beſides, the public contempt he treats her with ſtrips her of the authority requiſite to put a remedy in his abſence to the irregularities of her diſorderly dependants, which his example when preſent ſerves to encourage them in. So that while he, at ſome tavern or ale-houſe, is drunk with wine and ſollicitude for every one but thoſe he owes it to, ſhe is ſtruggling with a weight of miſery, amidſt a wreck of confuſion at home, with no other comfort to buoy her up than

the ſolitary ſolace of expecting a midnight viſit from her dear monſter, when he ſhall reel home to load her with ill-uſage and filth.

Now tho' this picture be ſo very like the major part of the *Men*, that few will believe *Anarchus* was the only one who ſat for it; yet I am far from arguing from it that all *Men* are unfit for public government. Nothing then but a creature as weak as my adverſary, and ſome of his ſex, can conclude from the weakneſs of ſome *Women*, a general incapacity in us all for government and public offices. But enough has been ſaid of this matter, and therefore it is time to proceed to the examination of what our adverſary has to object againſt our capacity for the ſciences.

Our adverſary takes a great deal of unſucceſsful pains to be witty in his common-place jokes upon gibberiſh; which, if the *Men* will but be honeſt, they muſt fairly confeſs are applicable to as many of their own ſex as of ours, and therefore I ſhall take no trouble to anſwer or defend it in either. Neither can I be deſirous to ſee any of my ſex converſant with the matters of the Law; though I believe there are few who would not diſcharge any duty of it with much more honeſty, clearneſs, and diſpatch, than the moſt irreproachable of thoſe *Men* who make themſelves ſo buſy with it. I am very ready to give up flagitious *Lolia*; and the univerſal contempt ſhe was treated with by all my ſex, ſhews ſhe was more the deteſtation of *Women* than

ſhe

ſhe was of the *Men*. I agree with this gentleman, " that to complete a *Man* a knave, it is abſolutely " neceſſary to make a lawyer of him." And therefore perhaps is it, that the ſureſt way to advancement among the *Men* is the ſtudy of the Law. If they did not in general look on the perfection of diſhoneſty as a favourite accompliſhment, why ſhould they make this the readieſt road to promotion? Or if a genius for tricking was not a title to eſteem with moſt of them, why ſhould they not ſet *Albone* at bay? why ſhould not their public reſentment ſingle him out to ridicule and contempt, as our's does *Lolia?*

Albone is no more a lawyer by profeſſion than *Lolia* was, and therefore has no more licence to cozen than ſhe could ſhew. His trade is that of a gameſter; and yet it is hard to ſay whether he has enrich'd himſelf moſt by ſharping at *Mordaunt*'s, or by tricking with letters of attorney the perſons he has coax'd them from. He is ſo deeply read in thoſe inſtructive books called the *Law-Quibbles* and the *Engliſh Rogue*, that he can teach a *Man* the art of becoming the latter without ſeeming ſuch, and could ſet a *Bailiff*, a *petty-fogging Attorney*, or a *Juſtice* of the *Quorum*, right in any relating to the former. He has bought goods of a tradeſman, and arreſted him for the money he paid for them; he has paid a fellow eighteen pence for mending his ſhoes, and then forced three ſhillings and four pence from him for writing a receipt for it,

becauſe the wretch was too poor to contend with him. And empower'd by a young lady to manage her affairs, he has appropriated her money without accounting to her, brought her in debtor to him for articles he had the impudence to forge, and the emptineſs not to forge well, turn'd her out of doors in an abuſive manner, for refuſing to ſign away her all to him, without advice of her counſil, in conſideration of his faithful diſcharge of his truſt, and arreſted her when he had done for ſome hundreds he could ſhew no juſt right to. And yet *Albone* is a religious *Man* enough, all things conſider'd: he no more miſſes prayers once a day, than he does the gaming-table once a night; a Bible is as familiar with him as a pack of cards; and he is as liberally impartial in diſtributing his devotions between the ladies and the church, as he is in dividing his *curſes* between the poor and the clergy. However, the ladies deſpiſe him, the poor hate him, the clergy pity and pray for him in vain, and the church cannot but be diſgraced by ſuch a prophane out-law's pretending to be a member of it.

Now tho' I am very wide of thinking that there are many *Men* as baſe as *Albone*, yet I cannot think any of thoſe who aſſociate with him much better: and this I am pretty ſure of, that were the *Women* executors of the laws, they would think it a juſtice due to their own ſex, and the few honeſt perſons of the other, to wed with an indiſſoluble knot him

and

and *Lolia* together by the neck, was ſhe ſtill living, that they might add no more reproach to thoſe laws, by uſing them as a ſcreen to pervert the ends they were made for.

What I have already ſaid, relating to phyſic, in my former Treatiſe, is ſufficient to ſhew that we are no leſs capable of ſucceeding and ſhining in that branch of ſtudy than the beſt of the oppoſite ſex: nor does it appear that our adverſary has any thing ſolid to object againſt this. And as for his ſarcaſm upon the middle-rated gentry of the faculty, let *Polypheme*, and ſuch of them as it affects, fight it out with him.

Unable to ſay any thing ſolid againſt the *Women*'s capacity for *Hiſtory* and *Politics*, the gentleman attempts to be arch upon our ſex, tho' at the expence of his own, by craftily calling a late celebrated *Hiſtorian* an *Old Woman*. As to this particular, I agree with my adverſary in his opinion, and if the ſounder part of his ſex are not all as arrant old women as the *reverend* author of the *Hiſtory of his own Times*, we may add to the catalogue of ſuch a *Baker*, a *Kapin*, and many others, antient as well as modern. If *Women* have not been ſo induſtrious to ſignalize their talents in this way, it ought more to be attributed to their innate modeſty than to any want of ability in them. The antient policy was leſs refined than that of our times, and the intereſt of princes leſs interwoven: ſo that it muſt require infinitely leſs pains to unfold

ſold a *Roman Hiſtory* than one of our *Gazetteers.* Why then may we not be as complete miſtreſſes of *antient Politics*, as our antagoniſt ſeems to allow us to be of the modern.

Indeed he does it by way of ſneer: tho' if I have any reaſon to depend on the veracity of the *Men*, his own ſex have leſs reaſon to be pleaſed with his wit upon this ſubject than we have. For one *Novella* who peſters our drawing-rooms, their coffee-houſes can produce hundreds of *Verboſos* as incorrigibly impertinent: wretches who, without organs for hearing, are perpetually talking of things they know nothing of, will run you over countries they never ſaw ſo much as in a map, and ſettle all *Europe* with the ſame facility they confound your ſenſes with.

Eccho is one of this ſort of mongrels, a kind of a half-pay ſpy, who has juſt impudence enough to thruſt himſelf into every one's converſation, tho' not ſenſe enough to gather the information neceſſary to make him uſeful to his pay-maſter. He is very intimate with my Attorney, to whom I am obliged for his character. At the *Old Houſe* this extraordinary perſon was lately pointed out to me among the heroes of the pit; and proved at laſt to be my old acquaintance. I have ſeveral times been preſent when he has ſignalized the ability of his lungs at a cat-call; and, if I am inform'd right, he is as often buſied in ſaving the drooping nation as in damning a new play. The creature has a

good

good broad phiz of his own, which an uncommon ſhare of ſelf-content has plump'd into arrogance, and the redneſs of his coat, reflecting a fluſh on the lividneſs of his empty looks, gives him a ſettledneſs as unalterable as bronze. By the help of theſe Corinthian talents, he ſo happily clods into one ſolid maſs, within his own *dura mater*, the ſeemingly jarring qualities of wit and ſtateſman, that he can preſage the fate of a farce before it appears on the ſtage, and could foretel the event of the preſent *War* before it was declared. At *Slaughter*'s he concludes a treaty with the *Emperor*, flogs Don *Carlos* for wearing the old breeches of *Broglio*, ſails down the *Mediterranean*, ſinks a fleet of *French* in a diſh of coffee, and takes the *Havanna* when he has done; from thence proceeds to the *Pine-Apple*, with equal expedition enters into an alliance with the *Czarina*, gets a footing in *Florida*, and with one and the ſame knife hacks a *beef-ſtake* and a body of *Spaniards* to pieces. Some time ago, hearing I had a pretty large acquaintance at this end of the town, he found means, without any perſonal knowledge of me, to ſollicit my intereſt at court for the poſt of *Engliſh* courier from the Prince of *Saxe-Gotha* to the author of the *Farthing Poſt*. But St *James*'s and St *Martin*'s court happening to be divided in their politics, I had not the pleaſure of contributing to the promotion of this ingenious gentleman. However, as ſhaving muſtachoes has nothing to do with party, if he

ſhould

ſhould happen to underſtand handling a razor as well as ſtate affairs, I am in great hopes of getting him a patent for barber to the *Daniſh* troops, when they ſhall be landed in *England*.

In the mean time, let the *Novellas* and *Ecchoes* couple together, if the number of the former be at all proportion'd to that of the latter. But let neither *Us* nor the *Men*, if they wiſh not to forfeit the little ſenſe they have among them, pretend to conclude from ſuch uncommon mortals a general incapacity on either ſide, for the ſtudy of politics or any other uſeful ſciences.

In like manner let not my adverſary expoſe the littleneſs of his genius, by concluding *Us* all unfit for the ſtudy of poetry, philoſophy, or any other profitable ſcience, becauſe a *Manly*, a *Behn*, or a *Saphira*, have ſhamefully miſapplied their talents. For a few ſhameleſs *Women* who have proſtituted their wit to wanton ſubjects, how many illuſtrious ladies have raiſed the dignity of writing to the higheſt pitch of ſublimity, delicacy, morality, and piety! whereas, among the ableſt authors the *Men* have to boaſt of, how rare is it to find one who does not ſhed his vicious thoughts on the moſt ſacred ſubjects!

However great pains my adverſary has taken to find out three or four ſilly *Women*, as induſtrious to expoſe the levity of their heads or the corruption of their hearts, as the flood of *male* ſcribblers we are daily overwhelm'd with, I ſhall take no pains

myſelf

myſelf to give him a liſt of the many whoſe excellence in writing has forced their juſt praiſe from the mouth of envy. I ſhall ſend no expreſs to *Greece* to fetch thence the nine *Muſes*, nine *Sybils*, and nine *Lyric Poeteſſes*. Let *Voſſius*, *Midas*, and *Lilius Geraldus* inform you of *Megaloſtrate*, and the daughters of *Steſichorus*; of *Eritrean Sappho*, *Demophila* her miſtreſs, *Erinna*, and the three *Theanos*, one the wife of *Pythagoras*, who improved his ſchool after his deceaſe; beſides *Cleobulina* the poeteſs, *Praxilla* another, and *Aſpatia Mileſia* a poeteſs and teacher of rhetoric, if we may believe *Plutarch*. Let *Strabo* do juſtice to the talents of *Heſtiea*, and *Theſſalian Antipater* to the genius of *Nyſis*, while *Tatian* labours for the immortality of *Anytes*. *Athenæus* thought it an ornament to his works to quote the poeteſs *Hedyle*, and *Diogenes Laërtius* deem'd it no diſgrace to *Plato* to give him for company his fair diſciples *Laſthemia* and *Axiothea*, beſides the beautiful *Hipparchia*, whoſe life in particular he diſdains not to write; in which he celebrates her as a lady equally excellent in dramatic poetry, ethics, and philoſophy. We need but recur to *Diogenes Harlicarnaſſæus* and *Longinus*, two of the ableſt critics of their times, to learn the merit of *Sappho*, whoſe odes, ſpite of their *manniſh* prejudice, they prefer'd to any of their own ſex's, for a ſtandard of wit and accuracy. But what will my adverſary ſay, ſhould I dare to mention two other *Grecian* ladies? The one is *Taleſilla*, that

famous Woman, who to an excellent poeteſs added the character of an heroine, and ſignalized her courage by ſpiriting up and heading her countrywomen to victory over the *Spartans*, who came to ſurpriſe them in the abſence of their huſbands: The other is *Corinna*, who five ſeveral times gain'd a compleat victory of wit over *Pindar*, the beſt lyric poet of his ſex, as *Propertius* relates the ſtory.

Was I but to name the illuſtrious ladies who have added luſtre to the ſphere of learning among the *Romans*, I ſhould never have done. *Quintilian* has ſaid enough of *Cornelia*, *Salluſt* of *Sempronia*; and for *Sulpicia*, *Cornificia*, *Polla Argentaria*, and *Helpine*, the wives of *Lucan* and *Boëtius*, who had no ſmall ſhare in the works of their huſbands, as well as *Proba*, *Falconia*, and others, I ſhall refer my adverſary to *Voſſius*'s account of them. If this gentleman had travell'd thro' *Italy*, *Spain*, *France*, and *Germany*, he might have heard of many of thoſe learned names, which *Jacobus a S. Carolo* has been at the pains to regiſter in his library of *learned Women*. Had he ever read *Voiture* and *Balzac* he would have found, that there have been ſome *Men* of ſenſe who could both acknowledge and admire learning and wit in a *Woman*. Or was he at all converſant in the republic of literature, he could not be unacquainted with the merits of *Mademoiſelle Le Fevre*, afterwards Madam *Dacier*, and Madam *Scuderie*; to the former of whom we owe many excellent tranſlations, and valuable criticiſms

ticiſms on the *Greek* and *Latin* poets; and to the latter ſeveral curious eſſays, beſides the ſhare ſhe had in thoſe of her brother. I don't ſuppoſe he has ſo much as heard of Signora *Cornara*, probably ſtill living, who before ſhe attain'd the age of thirty was perfect miſtreſs of ſeveral different languages, and all the branches of polite learning, beſides having gone through a compleat courſe of every Science dependent on Philoſophy, with ſuch ſucceſs as to attract the admiration and eſteem of the greateſt *Men* in *Europe*. Neither can I think he ever heard the leaſt mention of Madam *Gournay*, of *France*, who publiſh'd a treatiſe on the equality of the ſexes, or of Signora *Marinella* of *Italy*, who wrote another on the ſuperior nobility of the fair ſex: And tho' he has got by rote the name of Madam *Schurman*, ſure he could not be acquainted with either her writings or her talents: otherwiſe he might have ſpared me the pains of quoting the names of theſe illuſtrious ladies, who might themſelves have ſpared the trouble of writing in defence of the *Women*, as they themſelves were the beſt arguments of their ſex's ſuperior capacity. Tho' moſt people who know any thing know it, leſt our adverſary ſhould not, I ſhall beg leave to inform him, that this laſt mention'd lady was perfectly verſed in the *Hebrew*, *Syriac*, *Arabic*, *Chaldaic*, *Greek*, *Latin*, *Italian*, *German*, *Spaniſh*, *Engliſh*, *French*, *Flemiſh*, and *Dutch* languages; was a pretty poet in them all, was miſtreſs of every

branch of *Philoſophy*; and to her univerſal knowledge of the *ſciences* added a delicate taſte in the polite amuſements of *Painting* and *Muſic*: and all this before ſhe was completely thirty years old.

I might be expected to pay ſome compliment to the eminent ladies of my own country: but I cannot think it in the leaſt neceſſary. Let it ſuffice that *Eraſmus* has given us the account of Sir *Thomas Moore*'s daughters; without mentioning thoſe of Sir *Nicholas Bacon*, not behind hand with the former for wit or learning. As for lady *Pembroke*, Sir *Philip Sidney* has immortalized her genius; and for the parts and extenſive knowledge of *Mary* queen of *Scots*, lady *Winchelſea*, Mrs. *Philips*, and many other *Engliſh* geniuſes and poeteſſes of our ſex, their beſt panegyric is the modeſty with which they labour'd to conceal their abilities. But for this obſtacle they have put to their fame, the *Women* of *Great Britain* might ſhine in equal numbers, and with the ſame luſtre, as thoſe of *Greece*, *Rome*, or any other country; as the liſt of truly learned *Women* in general might, for ought I know, far exceed that of the ſolidly learned of the oppoſite ſex. At leaſt, were the bare familiar letters of both ſexes to be produced for a trial of wit between both, I fancy the *Men* would be the firſt to put in a demur.

It is more than plain then, that whenever the *Women* have been upon any degree of equal advantage with the *Men*, they have always run at leaſt

leaſt parallel with them in moſt things, and even outſtript them in ſome particulars; and that there are almoſt an infinity of our ſex, who, had they had the like advantages, would have made an equal progreſs with them in uſeful knowledge.

And yet, though from the cradle the ſofteſt ſex gives the faireſt hopes, ſuch is the unjuſt partiality of the *Men* to the blockheads of their own, that all the advantages of education are wholly reſerved for them. The greateſt care is taken to form and improve their minds; and the poor *Women* are left to loiter away life in indolence and ignorance, or at beſt are employ'd in ſuch offices only as the *Men* think the loweſt and moſt ſervile.

In fact, nothing is omitted to give our ſex a degenerate way of thinking, and to reduce them to as narrow a way of acting. All their ſcience is confined to the needle; and the looking-glaſs is the great oracle they are taught to conſult for their deportment. The induſtry with which the buſineſs of dreſs is inculcated to a young girl makes her give up her favourite hours to it. The ogles, the ſigns, the love-tales, the encomiums on her beauty, and the fulſome compliments ſhe is eternally peſter'd with, decoy her unawares into placing all her happineſs in being admired, and contribute to fill her mind with vanity and impertinence. Dancing, reading, writing, and playing a ſoft tune, are the ſum of her compleateſt education;

tion; the books her *Father* or *Guardian* ſtocks her ſtudy with are at beſt a treatiſe or two of devotion, a few play-books, and a ſet of romances; and all her entertainments are limited to balls, operas, and faſhions. Such of our ſex as diſtinguiſh themſelves by uſeful and inſtructive books they have ſeized with the utmoſt difficulty, and often by ſtealth, are frequently forced to hide them from the eyes of the *Men*, whoſe envy is ever ready to ſneer them out of the true knowledge of themſelves and the world: nay, they are forced to hide them even from ſuch of their own jealous companions as have earlily loſt a reliſh for the like entertainments, thro' the crafty practices of the *Men* they have been ruled by.

So that there is no wonder if *Women*, being bred in this limited manner, ſhould ſometimes be guilty of overſights when they are engaged in a marriage ſtate; which they are but too often inhumanly forced into againſt their inclinations, and even without ſo much as being conſulted, like *Negroes* bought and ſold at a *Weſt-India* fair.

And yet, notwithſtanding all the advantages which the *Men* have engroſſed to themſelves, and all the diſadvantages they have laid *Women* under, there needs but a common degree of obſervation to perceive, that the caſe of the two ſexes is like that of two brothers, of the ſame parents; between whom this is the only great difference, the elder got the ſtart in coming into the world, and the younger

younger makes the beſt figure in it. To be convinced of this, we need only compare them together, or converſe with them apart. The *Women* are ſtately and graceful in their carriage, uniform and prudent in their actions, reſerved and yet eaſy in their converſations, and their words are generally a flow of ſenſe and ſincerity. The *Men*, on the reverſe, are for the moſt part odd and antic in their geſtures; raſh and unſettled in their conduct; forward, looſe, weak and vicious in their language. When *Women* expreſs their thoughts, their words coſt them nothing, order is eaſy to them, and fancy ſupplies them with inexhauſtible funds. If a queſtion is ſtarted to them, they have the point at once, they view it with one glance in all its lights; and, when they find it worth an anſwer, return ſuch a clear, ſuccinct and deciſive one, as renders a reply often needleſs. They are neither fond of contradiction, nor addicted to diſpute, and are generally averſe to thoſe technical, hard, and ſcientific terms, with which the generality of pretenders to learning of the other ſex ſtuff their works. Wherever they are free enough to give their own opinion, it is ſo ſquared with ſenſe, ſo ſuited to time and place, and ſo mix'd with ſweetneſs and decency, that it ſeldom fails to inſinuate into the minds of their company, like the genial warmth of temperate ſun-ſhine into the bowels of nature. Whereas, what the *Men* utter is moſtly dry, ruſtic, barren, and obſcure. What is moſt unintelligible

ble firſt attracts their attention, becauſe the neareſt to myſtery. In a word, the generality of *Men*, whom the world calls learned, are a ſpecies of over-topt mortals, who ſeem to have ſtuff'd their heads with ſtudy, only to confound their underſtanding. Nothing comes eaſily from them; and ſuch is the labour they are at in digging for expreſſion, that they either loſe the thought, or throw it out in a manner which makes them appear but like drudges, employ'd by the nicer artiſts of our ſex to cut diamonds from a rock: the rough and ſhapeleſs things they hew out we are forced to poliſh, and give luſtre and play to. Nay, ſome of them have but juſt enough vivacity to diſtinguiſh them from rocks themſelves; and, whatever luſtre and value they may intrinſically poſſeſs, are but ſo many buried treaſures till we take them in hand.

Occiput is one of theſe rough diamonds, a mere unpoliſh'd being, all brilliancy within, but ſo outwardly beſet with aukwardneſs, that every ſmooth coxcomb, tho' of leſs value than a *Briſtol-ſtone*, appears with more luſtre in public. With a lively penetrating genius, he poſſeſſes ſolidity of judgment, both which the advantage of liberal ſtudies has greatly improved; and, thanks to his own induſtry and good taſte, as well as to the aſſiſtance of reading and maſters, he has acquired an extenſive knowledge in books and *Men:* a lawyer by profeſſion, by talent a poet; prodigious! he is the one

one without diſhoneſty, and the other without vanity, and yet bids fair for raiſing his fortune by his buſineſs, and his reputation by his amuſements. A modeſt, candid, and ingenious critic of other men's works, he ſhews himſelf an accurate ſprightly author in his own. Who would not think it an advantage to ſo much perſonal merit for the perſon to be ſet in full view? But! if peruſing his productions you wiſh to converſe with the Man, when you view himſelf you are ſtrangely tempted to fancy him incapable of converſing with you. With *Coke* and *Horace* he is all alive; but take him from both and he ſeldom appears half awake. In company he is ever ſneaking behind, as if aſhamed of his companions, or afraid they ſhould be aſhamed of him: and indeed, but for his head and his heart, his garb and his gait would almoſt juſtify their being ſo. His cloaths, which generally look the refuſe of *Monmouth-ſtreet*, would fit any one better than him; and his wig, made of the beard of old *Aaron*, which innumerable ſhowers have waſh'd all the oil off, and ſucceeding ſun-beams have rectified into ruſhes, gives him ſuch a felonious look, that, without knowing ſomething of him, no one could well be mentally preſent where he is, for conſulting the ſafety of their pockets. Then, he never erects his head but in making a bow; and on other occaſions, when an eaſy bending of the neck is becoming, he walks as if he thought all joints uſeleſs but in the hips and ſhoulders; to gueſs by

their motion, you would take his legs for a pair of ſtilts, and either arm for the ſwing of a pump. But when he ſtands or ſits, his whole body is bent like the ſtalk of a poppy under the weight of its flower, or rather like a collier's back under a buſhel of coals. If he is ſilent, he looks as if he had nothing to ſay; and, when he talks, ſeems afraid of what he ſays. Tho' whatever he utters is good in itſelf, and quite to the purpoſe, it comes from him like contreband tea, with ſuch confuſion, falſe modeſty, and ſo ſeemingly by ſtealth, as makes one almoſt cautious of dealing with him. The truth is, he conſiders ſatire as a general exciſe upon wit, which, tho' no one has leſs cauſe to be uneaſy about, a kind of intellectual avarice makes him unwilling to ſubmit to. Wherefore, like a covetous trader, rather than pay the uſual cuſtom for the large creditable commerce of a fair dealer, he chuſes to confine himſelf to the narrow ſphere of a ſmuggler in converſation. No wonder then his converſation is without ſpirit, his delivery without grace, and his carriage without dignity: all which is owing to the want of that modeſt aſſurance which conſcious worth ought to give him. Deſirous of ſteering the mid-way between levity and dulneſs, the dread of falling into one extreme joſtles him into another. In running at a break-neck rate from the ridicule of others, he ſtumbles into lampooning himſelf; forfeits in trifles the wiſdom he purſues, and the fools he has the head

to

to deſpiſe, he has the weakneſs of heart to under-act, for fear of ſeeming like them. Now, muſt it not be own'd that, if *Occiput* has parts and learning, he has them to very little purpoſe; ſince they ſerve only to make him appear a *ſlovenly, formal, aukward Scholar?* And yet I will not, to mimic my adverſary, ſay, that it is happy this gentleman is not married. I am rather diſpoſed to think it a pity he ſhould not be married before his outward coat of oddities be too much harden'd into habit for a wife to poliſh away. If any of our ſex was to take him in hand, in all probability ſhe might gradually ſmooth him into *eaſe*, laugh off his formal baſhfulneſs, and at the ſmall expence of a genteel ſuit of cloaths, a new wig, a little powder and oil, and a few leſſons from *Glover*, mould the ruſtic ſcholar into a compleat gentleman, by finiſhing to convince him that it is no ornament to a *Man* of ſenſe to make the figure of a fool; nor any blemiſh to the merit of an honeſt *Man* to dreſs like one.

If there be any truth in that prevailing notion, that where both parents have ſenſe the children ſeldom have much, I would by no means propoſe a match between this gentleman and the learned lady my adverſary's acquaintance. For tho' I give little credit to the library which he has been pleaſed to provide her with, and which could not contribute to make her what he confeſſes her to be; yet from the ſketch he has given of her natural

parts,

parts, it appears that her oddities and *Occiput*'s are owing to the ſame cauſe, and a little matter would finiſh both the compleat perſons they are capable of being; and therefore I think it highly unfit they ſhould be man and wife, however like one another, leſt they ſhould beget ſuch another wit as our adverſary.

But at his return to *England*, I think it would be very proper to publiſh the banns between *Campo-bianco* and my adverſary's *Dromonia*. For if it be true that the wiſeſt children are the offspring of a fool and a mad-man, why may it not be as probable that a croſs breed of oafiſh fanaticiſm and wild enthuſiaſm ſhould produce an orthodox babe of grace? If *Dromonia* is ſilly to an extravagance of bigotry, *Campo-bianco* is frantic to the utmoſt fury of ſenſeleſs zeal. Commiſſion'd by a ſolemn ſquint of devotion, the ſwelling of ſelf-applauſe, and the knawings of envious want of merit, he can preach anarchy up to the eminence of chriſtian obedience, blow pride to the warmth of religious ardour, and deal out damnation by wholeſale at the expence of the clergy. A zealous apoſtle of Satan, he can look the ſaint and put on the ſimilitude of an angel of light, to make the good rebel, and the wicked blaſpheme through deſpair. He can thin churches by church authority, overthrow ſcripture by its own words, cant virtue out of practice, and religion into confuſion. He has bilk'd the poor of their induſtry, the rich of their

their money ; rob'd one half of the people of their ſenſes, the other half of their conſcience ; talk'd libertines out of all hopes of repentance, the virtuous into diffidence of their ſalvation, and deprived church and ſtate of the means to rectify this diſorder by the contempt he has rail'd them into. Nay, a mere eccleſiaſtical prig, by an odd kind of miracle, he has at once render'd venerable and ridiculous the moſt contemptible fopperies, by a formal coalition of jarring ones in his own groteſque figure ; has ranted a coxcomb's toupee out of buckle in a ſmartly froſted bob, puff'd away the powder from one young girl's locks without ruffling his own, and with his gold-watch in his hand preach'd poverty to another ſo pathetically, that he had melted the golden pride on her manteel into ſolid humility in his own purſe, if he had not been unluckily defeated with a ſmart repartee by the ſerpent of her wit.

However, if this ſolid Divine ſhould have too high an opinion of his own country to entertain any hopes of gulling it a third time, and *Dromonia* too mean a one of *Penſilvania* to hazard a voyage thither ; let her not deſpair of a huſband, while *Puzzle-Conſcience* is in being. This worthy perſonage, without being a Divine, has all the merit requiſite to qualify him for a Mitre, as Mitres are ſometimes beſtow'd. He is one of your good ſort of *Men*, whoſe goodneſs, not unlike ſome of our *Engliſh* country roads, is excellent at bottom ; but

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(as the peaſants expreſs themſelves) *there's a woondy woy to't.* Bleſt with an energic corpulence of fleſh and a happy broadneſs of viſage, where native dulneſs ranges through every feature unhaunted by the ſhadow of meaning, he looks a very biſhop for gravity. His brain, the paſture-ground of folly, ignorance, and bigotry, like a heath of fern and furz, is a kind of *vacant plenitude*, if I may call it ſo, of ſcriptural texts and common-place arguments fitted for every religious topic; which, by the help of an all-inſpiring pipe of Tobacco and a pot of porter, he often applies with uncommon ſucceſs. The fairneſs of his wig, the ſmugneſs of his dreſs, which for an old beau is ſmart enough, and a fortunate ſettledneſs of phiz, add ſuch force to his diſcourſe, that, after ſome hours talk, he ſeldom fails to convince you that he is very earneſt about ſomething that is deſignedly good, tho' you cannot tell what. He is ſo eaten up with the zeal of the houſe of the Lord as to retain but little for himſelf; and therefore, if he is impertinently forward in rebuking his neighbours for their conduct, they are the more obliged to him, as his charity renders him ſollicitous to make others as good chriſtians as he thinks he is. If you copy not after him, he will be friendly enough to tell you of your miſtake; and, if you do, it is a hundred to one but he alters his practice, convinced that cannot be lawful for him to do which he ſees done by frail ſinners. Nor is he more ſparing in his pious reproofs

proofs to the clergy than to the laity ; he has conſulted a body of Divines about a lady's dropping aſleep in church, and, the manner of their own behaviour out of it ; he once aſk'd me, piouſly ſtaring me out of countenance, whether I ever ſaid my prayers with ſincerity ; and to ſhew his own ſincerity another time, aſk'd a reverend clergyman, with graceful ſerioufneſs, whether he ever committed fornication after he was in orders : nay, I am told, he deſigns, if ever the Convocation ſhould ſit again in his time, to propoſe for their advancement in perfection, that all Church-men ſhall go cloath'd in ſack-cloth, and wear linen a groat a yard cheaper than winnow-ſheets.

I muſt confeſs that ſuch geniuſes as theſe outtop the abilities of our ſex for divinity, as moſt of the philoſophic tribe of that ſex diſtance us in trifling with the ſciences. But however we may be excluded from the ſacred ſtudies by the laws of God, for the reaſons I have already hinted in my former Eſſay ; yet I defy the *Men* to prove from any arguments, divine or human, that we are by nature unqualified for divinity, or by any laws of God or nature prohibited or diſencouraged every other commendable ſcience ; or even that we are leſs, or not more, capable of ſucceeding in the ſtudy of them then any of the *Men*.

Indeed, as I have already obſerved, we have no ſhare with them in the external advantages leading thereto ; but are we therefore incapable of them ?

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To convince us of this, the *Men* ſhould prove, that the reaſon why we are not admitted to them is becauſe we are eſſentially unable to reap any benefit from them. But this they will find an impracticable taſk. Whereas it would be no difficult matter to prove, that the very reaſon why they themſelves acquire ſo very little benefit from the ſciences is the confuſed notion they have of them in general.

One grand vulgar error which has crept into *Philoſophy*, through the extravagance of manniſh learning, is the very great diſtinction made among the ſciences. Inſomuch, that, to follow their round-about methods of teaching them, it is impoſſible to find any coherence in them; and hence perhaps it is that human underſtanding is conſider'd in ſo limited a light, as to be thought incapable of excelling in many ſciences. If we hunt this chimera up to its ſource, we ſhall find it to proceed from the ſame cauſe with that which influences their weak opinion of *Womankind*, to wit, *Prejudice:* which, confounding *Cuſtom* with *Nature*, takes the diſpoſition of different perſons to different ſciences for an effect of natural temperament, when in reality it is oftener the caſual effect of neceſſity, chance, or education. So that would the *Men* once make a ſacrifice of prejudice to reaſon, how plainly might they not ſee, that there is in fact but one great ſcience in the world, whence all the reſt, like ſo many branches from their trunk, are natural emanations; which is, the knowledge

ledge of ourſelves and all external objects according to their manner of affecting us. The reſt of our knowledges are all dependent on this; and this well underſtood, the others, propoſed in order and method, have no greater difficulty, nor any thing in them which the meaneſt *Women* are not as capable of reaching as the greateſt *Men*. The *Ideas* of natural objects are abſolutely neceſſary, and theſe are form'd in all after the ſame manner. *Adam* and *Eve* had them, as we have: we firſt received them as children now do, and they have no other way of entrance into the minds of *Men* than of *Women*, both acquire them by the uſe of the ſenſes.

There is nothing more wanting than ſenſation, reflection, and attention in obſerving the different appearances of nature, to diſcourſe on their effects. By the help of theſe any one will be capable of remarking that the luminous bodies in the heavens are of an igneous nature, ſince they both warm and light us as our terreſtrial fires do; and to judge of their motion and courſes, there needs no more than comparatively to conſider their different and ſucceſſive appearances by the help of proper inſtruments. Now whoever are able to contain great deſigns in the mind, and ſet the ſprings of them in agitation, may with equal eaſe and exactneſs turn there the whole machine of the world, if they are but careful to remark its different appearances. The mind is always in action, and ſhe who has once obſerved

the main ſpring of nature, and knows how it proceeds in one thing, may, without much drudgery, diſcover its manner of operating in another: there are but different degrees between the impreſſion made by the *Sun*, and by a ſpark of *fire*; nor is there any other difference than that of more or leſs, eſſential or participative, in all the analogies of nature. So that, to become perfectly verſed in them all, there is neither required exceſſive ſtreſs upon the mind, nor violent exerciſe of the body.

In works of fancy there is much more induſtry and genius wanting, as they are arbitrary, and not to be perfected ſo much by rule as by ſtrength of judgment and delicacy of taſte; which is the reaſon perhaps why few *Men* ſucceed in them ſo well as the *Women*. This is evident in the works of the needle, the tent, and the loom: where very great ſkill, judgment and dexterity are required to diſtribute the threads, to mingle the colours, to diverſify the ſhades, to obſerve the proportions on a canvas, and ſo place the figures as neither to join them too cloſe, nor place them too much aſunder; to link the threads together, and render the knots imperceptible; in a word, to place no more in one rank than in another; neither to croud the ſcene, nor leave it too bare; and ſo to play with art as to conceal its aſſiſtance, and make the whole look with the eaſy air of one of nature's frolics. To arrive to any perfection in this, there is need of invention; whereas, to become miſtreſs of the ſciences,

ences, a *Woman* has nothing more to do than to inſpect with order works already done, compleat in their kind, and ever uniform. And ſuch *Women*, as fail of ſucceſs in the ſtudy of them, miſs their aim more from the want of ſkill and method in their maſters, than from the obſcurity of the objects themſelves, or their own incapacity. For if we ſeriouſly conſider, we ſhall be obliged to own that every one of the rational ſciences requires much leſs genius and time than is neceſſary to reach to any excellence in tapeſtry, point, or embroidery, in which the *Women* undeniably far excel the *Men*.

The cauſe then of the *Men*'s thinking that ſo much trouble is neceſſary to acquire a few knowledges, is the tautology with which they croud their methods of attaining to them. To make their pupils reach one neceſſary truth, they often lead them a wild-gooſe chaſe through many unprofitable ones. All their knowledge generally conſiſts in a confuſed hiſtory of other *Men*'s ſentiments who have gone before them; hence moſt *Men* repoſing on cuſtom, and the credit they give to their maſters, few have the good fortune to gain a clear conception of things, for want of a natural and conciſe method in ſtudying them. And therefore perhaps one reaſon why *Women*, when they apply to the ſciences, make ſo much greater proficiency, in leſs time and with leſs labour, than the *Men*, is their having a greater brilliancy of parts, and ſo-

lidity of judgment, to enable them to ſteer the ſhorter way to truth.

The two great ends for which we apply ourſelves to ſtudy are, undoubtedly, to attain to a true knowledge of things, and by that knowledge to ſoar to virtue. Now if one truth will not choak the *Men*, they muſt own that the major part of our ſex are in poſſeſſion of virtue, which they could not be, without ſufficient knowledge to acquire and retain it. Wherefore, ſince knowledge is the handmaid to virtue, and the *Women* in poſſeſſion of this, it is the peculiar praiſe of moſt of them to have gain'd the principal advantage of all ſciences without the opportunity of ſtudying them, while all the ſtudy of the *Men* ſeems uſeful only to alienate them from the great end they were deſign'd for. It cannot then be doubted that the *Women*, who make ſuch excellent uſe of the little knowledge they are allow'd, would infinitely ſurpaſs the *Men*, had they an equal ſhare with them in the advantages of education: ſince it is very viſible that they have much more natural capacity, and diſpoſition for improving it. But as it is, granting an equal capacity in both ſexes, 'tis a greater wonder that there ever ſhould have been one learned *Woman*, than it would have been had all the *Men* been ſo, if we do but conſider the inequality of education given to the two ſexes.

It is commonly believed that *Turks*, *Barbarians*, and *Moors*, are not ſo capable of learning as *Europeans*.

ropeans. And yet, ſhould we once ſee half a dozen *Æthiopian* Doctors at *Oxford* or *Cambridge*, eminent in the ſciences they profeſſed, we ſhould entertain a better notion of them. And ſurely *Women* deſerve at leaſt as much juſtice from the *Men* as ſavages do, and may claim as much right to their altering their opinion. Should a *Man*, on account of the ignorance which at preſent prevails in *Greece*, tell a *Grecian* that all his countrymen are naturally incapable of ſtudying the ſciences; muſt he not bluſh if he had any grace left, to hear the *Grecian* quote him the illuſtrious names of a *Plato*, an *Ariſtotle*, and many other antients of equal parts and learning? And what would he have to reply, if the *Grecian* ſhould add, that *if his country is not as famous for learning now as it was formerly, it is for want of the ſame advantages?* Let our adverſary then ſay ---- may not the *Women* in general make uſe of the ſame reaſoning? There have been many *Women* illuſtrious for parts and learning; and if there are not (which I very much queſtion, if the veil of modeſty was thrown aſide) as many now as there have been in former ages, it is becauſe they have not the ſame advantages they then had. But does their not having thoſe advantages annul their right to them?

It has been deem'd neceſſary for the ſecurity of contracts and the peace of families, that ſuch as with a good conſcience have been in a long and immemorable poſſeſſion of the goods of fortune

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ſhould not be liable to the diſturbance of after-claims. But it never was heard of that a perſon, who, by ignorance, neglect, or the ſurpriſe of others, has fallen from his juſt right, may not try all lawful means to recover his property; and his incapacity of poſſeſſion was never conſider'd as natural but only civil.

As the ſame goods of fortune cannot at once be poſſeſt by different perſons, it is reaſonable to maintain the actual poſſeſſors of them with a good conſcience in poſſeſſion of them, to the prejudice of very ancient proprietors. But it fares not thus with the goods of the mind: againſt them there can be no preſcription; but however long we have been excluded from them, our right of *Replevin* continues inalienable. Every rational being has a right to good ſenſe, and all that is intelligible. Reaſon is abſolutely unlimited in her juriſdiction over mankind; we are all born to judge of what concerns and affects us, and if ſome cannot uſe the objects of ſenſe with the ſame facility as others, all have an equal right to them. Truth and knowledge, like light and air, are not to be diminiſhed by communication. On the contrary the more they are participated, the more uſeful and pleaſing they are. The greater the number of perſons employ'd in the ſearch of them is, the ſooner their enquries will meet with ſucceſs, and the more ample they muſt be; and therefore had both ſexes been equally buſied in them, how much

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ampler would not their diſcoveries now have been than they really are! Knowledge and truth then are goods exempted from any preſcription, and conſequently ſo are the ſciences by which they are to be attain'd! So that ſuch of our ſex as have been deprived of them hitherto have a right of re-entry without any injury to thoſe *Men* who are in poſſeſſion of them. And they only, whoſe intereſt it is to rule weak minds by opinion and ſhew, have any reaſon to apprehend our re-eſtabliſhment in our right; for fear, the ſciences becoming as familiar to us as to them, we ſhould eclipſe all their glory, and ſhew the littleneſs of their geniuſes by the greatneſs of our own.

Their cowardice then in excluding us from the ſciences is nothing inferior to their inſolence in upbraiding us with the want of them. They firſt make laws and cuſtoms to deprive us of learning, and then blame us for ignorance. They keep us from the converſation of *Men* of ſenſe, and then are angry for our converſing with fools, tho' not from choice but neceſſity. Nay pretend to prove us fools ourſelves, becauſe we have none of their ſex to entertain us but fools. I agree with my adverſary, that it is no bad rule to judge of people by the company they are fond of; but ſurely our judgment muſt be wrong, when we pretend to judge of their merit by the company which is fond of them. I have heard of a Taylor's being in love with queen *Beſs*, but am not therefore convinced

vinced that ſhe was ſo with the Taylor. Nay, once I was told of a Footman's being immoderately vain of having been treated very familiarly by the late K. of *Sardinia*, when the whole familiarity amounted only to the king's having given him a kick with a *Sirrah get out my way*. And were the fops and coxcombs, who intrude themſelves among us, capable of doing juſtice to us or themſelves; they would have little better favours to boaſt of from us. But granting ſome to be fond of their company, it is quite ſtupid to argue that all our ſex are ſilly creatures, becauſe thoſe few are ſo. Let but a fair compariſon be made and the oppoſite truth will appear.

What a prodigious deal of time and money is generally ſpent to make the *Men* fit for ſomething; ſeven years of ſchool, as much at college, and often half as much in travels: Which after all ſerve only to compleat them clowns, fops, dunces or pedants; while the *Women*, without any of theſe expenſive aids, make appear a fine underſtanding well improved, at an age when the others but begin to learn the neceſſity of hiding their folly and ignorance. Whatever then our adverſary may be diſpoſed to ſay or think, experience ſhews that the generality of *Women* learn under all diſadvantages to make a better uſe of ſenſe than the *Men* do: and if there are ſome incorrigible fools among us, I am ſure they are fools at much leſs coſt and pains than thoſe of the other ſex.

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To prove the ſuperior genius of *Womankind* it is almoſt ſufficient to behold them: their look and air is more ſenſible, ſtately, and happy than the *Men*'s. In *Women* the forehead is generally lofty and large, the eyes lively and quick, and the whole viſage full of vivacity, which are uſual marks with Phyſiognomiſts of wit and judgment. And their brain being generally temper'd with heat and moiſture, which renders the mind quick and piercing, they have moſtly an excellent imagination, a ready invention, and an eaſy diſcernment. Their memory is for the moſt part happy and their fancy ſprightly; they repreſent things with a pleaſingneſs that is quite inſinuating, they are confeſſedly fortunate in their expreſſion, and much readier than the *Men* in finding out turns and expedients the minute they are wanted. The natural wit of *Women*, with a little application, will ſuffice to acquire them a ſolidity of judgment: and many of them have ſhewn it with as much delicacy as the moſt learned of the oppoſite ſex.

This is ſo true, that the ableſt authors have generally ſhewn more apprehenſion for their works, from the criticiſm of the ladies, than of any of their own ſex. For my own part, I muſt confeſs I am much leſs concern'd about the judgment the *Men* will paſs on this little Treatiſe and my former one, than I am about the fate they will meet with from female judges. I am ſenſible that the many defects which may be found in both cannot

eſcape their penetration. The ſtile is not equal, nor the expreſſions proportion'd to the dignity of the ſubject. I have omitted, even purpoſely, many weighty obſervations, which might have greatly illuſtrated ſome points which I have touch'd upon but ſlightly, and many ſubjects I have totally neglected, which had been of themſelves worthy conſideration. But let the character I write in plead my excuſe. Had it been poſſible for me to change ſex, and yet retain the honeſt impartiality which inſpires me at preſent; I might have ſpoken much bolder truths. But as I happen to be a *Woman*, many noble things I might ſay to their praiſe, tho' I have not the leaſt ſhare in them, would be look'd upon as fulſom compliments paid myſelf, if I ſpoke them; as they are generally taken for the excreſcencies of gallantry in thoſe *Men* who are honeſt enough to *Women* to do them juſtice.

Neither am I ignorant that ſome ladies will be angry with me for what I have ſaid, however conſcious they are of the truths I have advanced. That modeſty which leads them into the miſtake of concealing their own ſuperior merit, and the fear they are in of incenſing the irrational tyrants of the other ſex to redouble their ferocity, will make them look upon this as a raſh attempt, which, inſtead of healing their wounds, will only be a pretext for their butchers to gall them with freſh ones. But let them reflect, that, if the *Men* of ſenſe and ſpirit can but be reaſon'd out of following the example of

of the fools and cowards they have to deal with; theſe will eaſily be aſhamed and ſcared into uſing *Women* better, to cloke that baſeneſs which actuates them. For it is very remarkable, that nothing is more ſubject to fear and ſhame than that bullying race who ill-treat their wives; as nothing could ſpirit a *Man* to lord it over a *Woman*, but that heartleſs cowardice which makes him fond of inſulting the only creature he has a power over, from the ſingle conſideration of his having more brutal ſtrength, and a legal authority to exert it. Beſides, let ſuch of my fair readers as may be diſpoſed to think I have carried ſome things too far, reflect that I have no where gone beyond the ſtricteſt rules of truth; and if I have too ſtrongly proved our right to an equal ſhare of power, dignity, and eſteem with the *Men*, and our natural capacity of ſurpaſſing them, I have notwithſtanding never aim'd at wreſting the power they are in poſſeſſion of out of their hands. On the contrary, let all I have advanced be candidly conſider'd, it will be found that I have declared openly againſt it. I have indeed, in my former Treatiſe, and again in this, endeavour'd to ſpirit my ſex to have that juſt eſteem for themſelves which is requiſite to force the *Men* to pay them that eſteem which is their due. If any blame me for this, let them reflect on the advice of *Pythagoras*: *Above all things, be ſure to have a due reſpect for yourſelf.* If we think meanly of ourſelves, how can we be ſur-

prized if that ungenerous ſex ſhould lay hold of it to load us with the contempt we ſeem conſcious of deſerving. No, the only way to force thoſe unjuſt creatures to do us juſtice is to be juſt to ourſelves, by the improvement of our minds, the enrichment of our hearts, and ſuch a conduct as may convince them, that if we are content to be ſubject to them, it is not for want of talents to command them. I am for ſhewing them that our ſubmitting to act in a more confined ſphere is only owing to the ſuperiority of our virtue, and the want of that avarice, arrogance, and ambition, which are the great inſpirers of the beſt actions of moſt of them.

The only indulgence then I have to crave from my fair partners in oppreſſion is, that ſuch of them as modeſty, humility, or contracted timidity, may have induced to be diſpleaſed with ſome ſtrokes of mine, would favour the whole of what I have written with a ſecond peruſal; in order to qualify themſelves for judging juſtly and unprejudicedly. If they do this, whatever faults they may find with the method or expreſſion, for being ſo ſhort of the delicacy of their own talents and taſte, I am confident they cannot diſapprove of the reaſoning and deſign. I have no where been for the *Women*'s departing from their character: but have aim'd wholly at giving it its true luſtre, by ſhewing that the modeſty, meekneſs, humility and reſerve, which are ſo inſeparably blended with it, are

are no arguments of their wanting ſenſe, courage, conduct, and ſpirit, to act in a much ſuperior ſphere than they chuſe to do. If I have not treated this ſubject in ſo compleat a manner as ſome of my ſex now in being are capable of doing, I frankly own it to be more owing to want of genius than of matter. I was conſcious, indeed, from my firſt ſetting out, that among the infinite arguments I could produce of the ſuperior talents of *Woman*, the viſible littleneſs of my own would appear a perplexing argument againſt me. Still an irreſiſtible love of truth, ſpite of all diſadvantages, made me reſolve to do the reſt of my ſex all the juſtice I was capable of, however I might ſuffer by having it done to myſelf. If there be any raſhneſs in this, I am content that ſuch of my ſex as are capable of excelling me in ſuch an undertaking, ſhould blame my forwardneſs, provided they will give me leave to blame them in turn for their remiſſneſs, in not exerting their abilities in ſo juſt a cauſe. For the reſt I ſhall regret no freedoms which any ladies may think proper to take with my ſlender productions, if they will but indulge me the innocent liberty of exhorting them to apply themſelves to the ſciences, without regarding the little reaſons of the *Men*, whoſe jealouſy is ſo induſtrious to divert them from the improvement they might thence gather. Truth and knowledge are the only objects worthy their being ſollicitous after; and theſe they have a mind capable

pable of reaching in the moſt perfect manner. It is therefore an indiſpenſable duty in them to put themſelves in a condition to avoid that reproach, which the ſtifling truth and knowledge in ignorance and indolence would juſtly bring upon them. Neither have they any other way to guard themſelves from the error and ſurprize to which they are perpetually expoſed, whoſe knowledge is but a kind of collection of oral traditions, for the truth of which they have little better than *Gazetteer* authority. In a word, they have no other certain means to ſecure happineſs to themſelves thro' life by a ſteady purſuit of virtue and prudence.

What advantages and delight may they not reap from a ſerious application to uſeful ſtudies, as well when they are in company as in private. The ſatisfaction they taſte, in hearing others diſcourſing on elevated ſubjects, may ſuffice to give them ſome idea of the exquiſite pleaſure they may reap by being enabled to treat upon them themſelves. They might, by ſuch means, render the moſt trivial topics of converſation ſovereignly profitable and pleaſant, by treating them in a more elegant manner than the vulgar do. And by joining to that delicacy of manners, which is their undiſputed property, a fund of uſeful knowledge, with a ſolidity of reaſoning, they muſt affect their hearers with pleaſure, improvement, and admiration. What entertainment, delight, and reputation would not their drawing-rooms afford them, if changed into

into academies! And with what ſolid peace and recreation would not their very retirement be attended! Never leſs alone than when alone, how many ſolitary hours would they be able to fill with advantageous amuſements! How many melancholy thoughts would be diſſipated by the pleaſing penſiveneſs of mind-engroſſing ſtudy! How many griefs expelled by the ſolace of philoſophy! How many ſoul-dilating comforts might they inhale from the lecture of well-written books! How many diverting voyages and journies might they take over a globe! How widely might they range the world, penetrate to the very center of the earth and ſeas, or ſoar to the higheſt heavens, on the wings of fancy, without danger, expence, or the pains of ſtirring from their cloſets! How little time would they then find occaſion for means to aſſaſſinate! Or rather, how ſollicitous would they then be to multiply their minutes to hours, their days to months, and their years to ages! The thirſt of learning, which the bare taſte of truth is capable of giving, would make them live an eternity by anticipation, and graſp an infinity of knowledge in imagination and wiſh.

Such of my ſex as have been earlily ſo far infected by the artifice of the *Men* as to have only an ambition to pleaſe, may, by the help of ſtudy, gratify even that weakneſs, and render it both uſeful to others, and unhurtful to themſelves. The beauty of the mind, which is to be attain'd only by a proper

proper application to ſtudy, cannot but add a double luſtre to their native charms. *Women* of very ordinary perſons, who are but witty and provided with uſeful knowledge, are generally eſteemed by both ſexes; and however homely they may appear, their advantages of mind, cultivated by ſtudy, ſo amply ſupply the ſcantineſs of natural graces and fortune, that we often ſee them talk themſelves handſome and agreeable in the eyes of the niceſt critics of beauty. What power of charming then may not thoſe ladies without vanity hope for, who, to all the endearments which nature and fortune could laviſh on their perſons, add the ſuperior graces of a mind and heart enrich'd with uſeful learning and virtue! By the authority of theſe, both the one and the other ſort muſt attract the admiration and eſteem of all *Men*, they will be admitted into the moſt refined entertainments of the learned of the oppoſite ſex, and reign in their hearts on a double account. The *Men* will find it their intereſt to conſult them in every affair of importance; and though the love of power may hinder thoſe from admitting them to any ſhare in government, they will at leaſt treat them with deference, as they become ſenſible of wanting their advice and aſſiſtance to execute with ſafety and honour the affairs they are charged with. There is then no one reaſon to be aſſigned why the *Women* ſhould not apply themſelves to the ſtudy of the ſciences; but there are many and weighty ones too why they

they ſhould: the leaſt of which is, that properly methodiſed ſtudies can be no injury to any of them, however little progreſs they ſhould be able to make; and muſt be of eminent ſervice to them and to all Mankind in general. Since if they take care, as they will when properly inſtructed, not to let their ſtudies break in upon the immediate duties of their ſtation, they cannot fail to turn out better children, better parents, better ſervants, miſtreſſes, or wives, and better ſubjects to the ſtate, than indolence and ignorance is capable of making them.

From what I ſaid in my former treatiſe concerning the natural ability of *Women* for military offices, no one could well be ſo weak as to imagine I wanted my ſex to be admitted to any ſhare in them. The contrary muſt appear very plain from what I there ſaid. I neither meant nor could mean any thing more than on one hand to expoſe the exceſſive ſillineſs of the *Men*, who force themſelves to believe, from the *Women*'s being excluded from warlike exerciſes, that they are naturally cowards, and therefore unfit for them; and, on the other hand, to ſhew that the heart of *Woman* is no leſs capable by nature of that ſteady reſolution which makes up virtuous courage, than her head is of that ſenſe and diſcretion which is requiſite to diſtinguiſh the proper occaſions for exerting it. And I think I have already ſo fully proved that the *Men* have no more title to either than the *Women*, that it is needleſs to add much more on

that ſubject. If the *Men* are more hardy than we are; that advantage, as I have already obſerved, ought greatly to be attributed to their difference of education. Were both ſexes equally exerciſed, the one might poſſibly acquire as much vigour as the other. Nay, we have ſeen it verified in fact in many common-wealths, where wreſtling and other exerciſes were common to both ſexes; and if the accounts of our mariners be right, the ſame is ſtill true among a ſort of *Amazonian* race in the ſouth parts of *America*; not to mention that virago breed among the *Dutch*, who are ſtronger and hardier than the ſtouteſt *Men* among them. If many *Women* are ſhy and timorous even out of the neighbourhood of danger, they may thank the *Men* for the exceſſive induſtry made uſe of to inure them from their infancy to fear. A girl is taught not to think herſelf in ſecurity under the eye of her governeſs, nor under the wings of her mother; is perpetually frighted with ſtories of Hob-goblins in all the corners of the houſe, and ever provided with matter of fear againſt ſhe is alone. In the ſtreets, in the town, in the country, or wherever ſhe is, there is ſomething to apprehend for her ſafety: And not even the church is to exempt her from perils, if without her guards. What wonder then the greateſt natural courage ſhould be loſt in fear, or that this ſhould grow up with children thus educated? And yet it is undeniable matter of fact, that *Women* can and often have ſurmounted all

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theſe fears, and dared the greateſt real dangers on laudable occaſions. If there are a few ſuch inconſiſtent creatures as my adverſary's friends *Tremula* and *Viragina*, as I never intended to eſpouſe the cauſe of ſuch, or any of the fools or bad *Women* he has been pleaſed to expoſe, I think it but little concerns me to plead any excuſe for them; and therefore ſhall leave them to juſtify themſelves as well as they can. Neither do I think it at all reflects any diſgrace on our ſex, that there are a few *Women* of bad or weak characters; conſidering how few they comparatively are, and how much the far greater part of *Women* out-ſhine the *Men* in ſenſe and virtue, while the worſt characters of a few particulars among them are very ſhort of the wickedneſs and folly of many general characters among theſe. The bringing a character or two of a few cowardly *Women*, bred up in the ſchool of fear, can have but little force to prove that all *Women* are cowards by nature; while hiſtory perpetuates the memory of many who have ſacrificed their lives for a good cauſe. The few inſtances I have produced in my former Treatiſe may exempt me from quoting the warlike bravery of *Deborah*, *Thaleſtris*, *Penthefilea*, *Camilla*, and many others, who have gallantly fought in the cauſe of their country. I might add a liſt of innumerable female martyrs, who have braved the acuteſt torments manniſh brutality could invent, baffled the barbarous invention of the crueleſt tyrants, and ſmiled on death for the

ſake of Chriſt. I might bring up the rear with a warlike maid of *France*, who freed her prince and country from over-powering oppreſſion, ſnatch'd conqueſt from a victorious enemy, and died as bravely amidſt the flames, as ſhe had fought intrepidly her way to glory through the ſwords of innumerable hoſts. But what need is there for ſo many inſtances to prove an undeniable truth, that *Women* in general never want a heart to deſpiſe death, whenever it ſtands in competition with their honour or their conſcience? Let the memory of the brave and virtuous *Mallonia* never be forgotten, whom all the promiſes and aſſiduities of *Tiberius* could never induce to ſuffer the leaſt ſtain on her chaſtity; and yet, when in conſequence of his brutal revenge ſhe was ſacrificed to the violence of his domeſtics, as brave as ſhe was chaſte, ſo far was ſhe from ſetting any value on life, or having any dread of death or pain, that ſhe nobly waſh'd off her diſgrace with her generous blood, by lodging a dagger in her breaſt. The daughter of *Sextus Marius*, immortal *Rubellia*, avoided the like diſgrace by timely diſpatching herſelf. And *Euſebia*, the beautiful *Euſebia*, died on the ſame glorious account by her own undaunted hand, to eſcape the ſavage violence of the Emperor *Maxentius*. Nor was the death of *Venuna* a leſs glorious inſtance of the intrepidity of our ſex, where our honour is concern'd. This lady for her extraordinary beauty was promiſed to the grand Signior *Selvin* by his

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general *Mahomet*, who was beſieging *Nicoſſia* in which ſhe then was. But her valour and virtue diſappointed them both. She was inform'd of the deſign againſt her, and therefore as ſoon as ever the town was taken ſhe threw herſelf into that part of it which was in flames, to preſerve her chaſtity unſully'd. *Adrochia* and *Alcidda*, the daughters of *Antipenus* prince of *Thebes*, to reſtore peace and ſafety to their country, to which their exquiſite beauty and extraordinary merit were like to be the innocent means of ruin and utmoſt deſolation, generouſly kill'd themſelves. But was I to rehearſe a thouſandth part of the glorious deeds of this kind done by *Women*, I ſhould never have done.

I do not pretend, however, from any thing I have ſaid concerning the valour of theſe illuſtrious ladies, to juſtify ſuicide. Even in them nothing but the ignorance and ſuperſtition of the barbarous ages they lived in could excuſe ſelf-deſtruction. But thoſe were times when the extravagance of manniſh wickedneſs was ſuch, as laid them under a neceſſity of deifying the moſt horrid vices, as they had not yet the ſecret of our modern heroes of iniquity to keep vice in countenance, by dethroning the powers of Heaven, and treading religion into contempt. No wonder then that the *Women* of thoſe times, who could have no other lights of religion to act by than they received from the *Men*, ſhould reſcue themſelves from vice and corruption,

ruption, by ſuch means as they were taught to look upon as the moſt heroic of virtues. And however the action be criminal in itſelf, it was undoubtedly noble in them under ſuch circumſtances; and is ſufficient to prove that *Women* have as much true courage as the *Men*, when their own virtue and honour, or the public good, calls upon them to exert it. Tho', independently of all theſe inſtances, there needs no greater argument of their courage and ſpirit, than that they dare be virtuous, notwithſtanding the little chance they have of being at all upon any equal footing with the *Men* while they perſevere to be ſo.

The conduct of *Women*, whatever kind of life they embrace, is, generally ſpeaking, remarkably virtuous; they who chuſe to keep their freedom, ſeem born only for patterns and examples to others; chriſtian modeſty appears in their countenance and dreſs, and honour and goodneſs ſeem to make their chief ornaments. In a word, their aſſiduity in works of piety and religion, is a ſufficient proof that their chief reaſon for not engaging in a matrimonial ſtate was to enjoy ſuch a liberty of mind, and ſuch a freedom of heart, as might diſpenſe them from attending to any other objects than heavenly ones. Humanity and chriſtian compaſſion are virtues ſo peculiar to our ſex, that they ſeem born with us. The miſeries of our neighbours, our enemies not excepted, ſeldom fail to affect us with a concern little inferior to that with which

which we feel our own: and any ſuffering of others need but reach our eyes to penetrate to our ſouls. Is it not the *Women* who in public calamities are the moſt laviſh in their charities? Which of the two ſexes is the readieſt to melt into compaſſion for the poor, to viſit the ſick, or to relieve the impriſon'd? Tho' I cannot think it a jot more abſurd to ridicule and contemn ſuch generous creatures, as beneath the very miſerable objects they voluntarily ſubmit to ſerve, than it is to ſay or think that *Women* are inferior to the *Men*, becauſe the *former* have virtue and fortitude enough, for the ſake of peace and charity, to ſubmit to the ſlavery of humouring the *latter*, tho' ſo very much in general below them, in every conſideration but that of bulk and ſtrength.

It would be endleſs to deſcend to particulars: otherwiſe, was I to relate the ſeveral virtues which *Women* make appear in the different occurrences of life, I might ſay enough to ſtrike envy itſelf dumb, and force jealouſy to do them juſtice. I could ſhew to what a length they carry their temperance in eating, their ſobriety in drinking, and their moderation in every innocent pleaſure of life. How ſhining is their patience in trouble, their courage in dangers, their fortitude in affliction, their conſtancy under the ſharpeſt pangs! How frequent their fatigues, their faſtings, their watchings, for the eaſe of their huſbands and the good of their children! What compliance do they not uſe that

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they may live peaceably with the former, ſubmitting to their caprice, doing nothing without their conſent, and laying a reſtraint on themſelves in the moſt innocent freedoms, as well as depriving themſelves of the moſt harmleſs pleaſures, merely to free them from fantaſtic ſuſpicions! But without enlarging on theſe truths, for a confirmation of them I need but remit my candid readers to their own obſervation. What I omit, to ſpare the modeſty of my fair ſiſters, the honeſt part of the *Men* have continual opportunities of obſerving in public and private, at court as well as in the cloſet, at public aſſemblies, or domeſtic interviews, in the poor as well as the rich, and in *Women* of every quality, rank, and degree.

To draw then to a concluſion, let it fairly be conſider'd, what my adverſary has done for the defence of his own ſex, and the humiliation of ours. Why, truly, throughout his whole laborious drudgery of wit, he has been able to ſum up no better arguments than a few voluntary aſſertions, miſapplied witticiſms, diſagreeable characters applicable only to a very few particulars, a heap of abuſive quotations, and an idle collection of foul-mouth'd ſcurrilities from the antients, as void of truth and appearance of reaſon, as thoſe of his own advancing. But among all this congeries of impertinencies, he has not been able to contradict one ſingle argument I have advanced in my former Treatiſe; and tho' he has many times labour'd to do it, he has

has hobbled ſo in the attempt as palpably to point out the lameneſs of the cauſe he eſpouſes. As to the learned, on whoſe authority our adverſary lays ſuch a mighty ſtreſs, there cannot need much difficulty to rid us of them. Every one knows that as their profeſſion does not oblige them to the ſtricteſt enquiries, probability and appearance to *Poets* and *Orators*, to *Hiſtorians* the teſtimony of antiquity, however falſe, and to *Lawyers* cuſtom and practice, however ſenſeleſs, are generally ſufficient for perſuading, which is the chief end they propoſe to themſelves. Indeed, as to *Philoſophers*, one might expect ſomething more ſolid from them, as they are apt to lay a claim to abundance of wiſdom. Tho' if we examine their writings, and compare the many abſurdities they advance with the few tolerable things they ſtumble upon, and again compare the beſt of their reaſonings with the common run of their actions; we ſhall find them, for the moſt part, a ſet of inconſiſtent madmen, creatures poſſeſs'd of as little juſt title to the name of *wiſe men* as our *Bedlam* penſioners, who probably might have acquired the title of Sages too, had they lived in thoſe ignorant bigotted ages, when their rants would have been taken for inſpirations, and the rational things they utter in their lucid intervals for grave apothegms. Nevertheleſs I have plainly ſhewn, that theſe gentlemen, whatever they might ſay in their delirious fits, have not fail'd to do the *Women* juſtice at their returns of reaſon.

Though had they never ſaid any thing in our favour, what they have ſaid to our diſparagement can have little weight in the eyes of the ſenſible part of mankind, ſince they are not only to be conſider'd as *Men*, and conſequently parties concern'd, but likewiſe as ſubject to the ſame humours, prejudices, paſſions, peeviſhneſs, revenge, *&c.* as the reſt of that ſex; and, therefore, as they have not ſtrengthen'd their aſſertions with any ſtronger appearance of reaſon, than our adverſary has his, all they ſay or he ſays can amount to nothing in point of evidence.

The ſame may be ſaid of thoſe other claſſic authors my adverſary has been ſo free with; if they have ſaid any thing in ſome parts of their writings to the diſcredit of ſome *Women*, they have ſaid more to their advantage in general; and none of them all have been half ſo ſevere on the fair ſex as they have been on their own; but particularly *Juvenal*, whom our adverſary quotes with ſo much pomp: For if in one of his ſurly fits he has fallen foul on the *Women*, and undiſtinguiſhingly abuſed them in one ſatire, he found vices enough among the *Men* to beſtow all his other fifteen upon them.

However, for the ſummary of all the accuſations laid againſt us, it is ſaid, by theſe gentlemen, that we are more malicious and wicked than the *Men*. Now ſurely the *Men* cannot mean, by this charge, that there are more bad *Women* than bad *Men*: for that is a manifeſt falſhood. We have no ſhare

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in public employments, the abuſe of which is the cauſe of all public calamities; and, in private life, our virtue is too exemplary to be diſputed, and the diſorders of the other ſex too notorious to call them in queſtion. All then which our accuſers either antient or modern, can mean by calling us great evils, or wicked things, muſt be that ſuch of our ſex as do give their minds to evil do it in a more refined manner, and drive it farther than the *Men* are able to do, however willing. Now, granting this to be ſo, what can our adverſary infer from hence, but what is rather to the credit than diſcredit of our ſex in general? It is impoſſible for a *Woman* to be capable of doing much miſchief, without having good parts, and a capacity to do as much good. So that in this, bad *Women* comparatively eyed with *Men*, are but like rich wicked perſons, who are more wicked than the poor, becauſe more in a condition for hurting. If ſuch *Women* can do much harm, they could alſo do much good. As therefore it is owing to the ignorance the *Men* educate them in that they are worſe than *Men*; knowledge, on the contrary, would make them as much better. But as I cannot imagine my adverſary will undertake to defend the actions of all the felons, murderers, parricides, tyrants, and vile perſons of his ſex, ſo neither do I think myſelf obliged to defend the few perſons of ours, who have been guilty of manifeſt crimes. No, we are as ready to give them up to public re-

ſentment, as our adverſary, or any of his ſex, can be for devoting them to it.

The queſtion is not whether there have been and are any ill *Women* in the world, but whether there have not been, and are not actually many more good ones. That there are, is a truth ſo manifeſt, that our antagoniſt will find it no eaſy taſk to diſprove it. At leaſt, to carry on the attempt with ſucceſs, he muſt come a little cloſer to the point than he has hitherto done. For, after all, will the boldly advancing things without making them out, the cracking a joke, quoting a few ſentences from *Men* in a paſſion or out of their ſenſes, railing with abuſive fluency, ſearching all hiſtory, and ranging the whole nation for a few ſingular inſtances of bad *Women*, ſuffice to juſtify his ſinging victory as he does? Tho' I am not diſpoſed to diſpute the truth of the characters he has given, yet they are ſo very odd and uncommon, that, however well each may ſuit the *Woman* it was drawn to reſemble, they are ſo very unlike the generality of my ſex, that few would be inclined to think any *Woman* is affected by them. The ſame cannot be ſaid of the portraits I have here given of the *Men*. I made but one perſon indeed fit for each; and yet every one is a near reſemblance of ſo many, that moſt people, I dare ſay, will be inclined to think them deſign'd for the out-lines of the whole ſex. So that, like the famous piece of *Apelles*, once they are expoſed to public view, I ſhall not be

be ſurprized to hear all the upright unfeather'd animals in the town braying to their likeneſs in ſome one or other of them. But however loud and ungrateful a noiſe this confuſion of uncouth ſounds may produce, it will only ſerve to divert me, as it can affect no otherwiſe than with laughter any of that ſex who have a juſt title to the character of *Men* of ſenſe and virtue.

For I do not deny that there are ſome, nay many who are ſuch, though it muſt ſtill be own'd that thoſe many would dwindle to the appearance of a very inſignificant number, if compared with the much greater number of *Men* who can juſtly lay no pretence to being either virtuous or ſenſible. Still I am willing to be juſt, which I could not be was I to follow my adverſary's method of involving the innocent with the guilty. Tho' it may be perfectly agreeable to his principles, from the overſtrain'd characters of a few particular bad and fooliſh *Women*, as much ſhun'd and deſpiſed by us as by himſelf, to draw in his concluſion a general odium upon our whole ſex; I ſhould think it both wicked and abſurd in me to conclude that all the *Men* are knaves, or fools or both, becauſe much the major part of them are ſo. No, let the guilty of both ſexes bleed, if my adverſary will have it ſo, till their worthleſs lives ebb out: But let not the innocent feel the edge of ſatire's weapon. Since the major part of our ſex are virtuous and diſcreet, what danger have the *Men* to apprehend from acknow-

knowledging them ſuch ? And if there are a few *Men* of ſenſe and honour, exceptions from the general rule, why ſhould we be aſhamed to do them juſtice ? I myſelf know ſome of this character and reſpect them as ſuch ; and tho' many of my ſex have but too bleeding reaſon to be averſed to the whole of the other, for the little ſenſe or virtue they have found in any ; to ſpeak impartially, I may juſtly ſay that I have no perſonal reaſon to be offended with ſo much as one. Thanks to propitious providence, the ſtate of life it has placed me in, has raiſed me above the reach of knaves, and bleſt me with the liberty of ſhunning fools. The little acquaintance I have choſen to cultivate with any of that ſex, has ever been with *Men* of ſenſe, and thoſe, for aught I have reaſon to believe, *Men* of virtue too. Indeed I have never had, and hope I never ſhall have, occaſion to put to trial the honour and honeſty of any but two, as I have never encouraged an intimacy with any but them, and their goodneſs is trial-proof. One is *Honorio* my guardian, and *Claudio* who was my writing-maſter is the other.

This gentleman has very good natural parts, and without any regular education has treaſur'd up in his mind a great deal of very uſeful knowledge, by the help of which, and the excellent reflections which experience has taught him the art of making, he is qualified to afford ſolid entertainment to perſons of the beſt and moſt improved underſtanding.

It

It is difficult however to ſay which in him is beſt, the mind or the will: ſince if from the one we may gueſs, that, properly applied, he would have been capable of ſhining in any ſphere he had been placed in; the other diſcovers a propenſity to every thing that is good. Not only a ſtrict moral *Man* but an exemplary Chriſtian, he has an univerſal benevolence for all Mankind. In ſhort, it may truly be ſaid, that with regard to intentional good his head and his heart are never at odds. And yet with all theſe virtuous and ſenſible qualities there are ſome viſible defects in both. His deſire of ſeeing all *Men* as good as he labours to be himſelf, makes him inſupportably peeviſh to thoſe who are not ſo; and his love of truth, which makes him often miſtake good-breeding for inſincerity, and therefore hurries him into an offenſive affectation of bluntneſs, puts it out of his power to make them otherwiſe. With goodneſs to a fault he is humble to inconſiſtency. For while he labours to enhance and raiſe his virtues in the ſight of God by his own mean opinion of them, he depreſſes and forfeits his ſenſe in a thouſand childiſh ways to the eyes of the world by rating it too high. Tho' a very good writing-maſter, what he chiefly excells in is accompts. He has happily hit upon a new and eaſier way of working ſome few rules in arithmetic; and the vanity with which this little excellence is ſwoln in his heart, too narrow for every thing but naked piety, boils up to his very brain

brain, and intoxicates the whole *Man:* inſomuch that there is great danger, if I may be allow'd the metaphor, of his drowning a world of ſolid merit in a ſea of froth. If you aſk him a queſtion on ever ſo important or indifferent a ſubject, it is much if he don't anſwer you with a numerical problem. His conſciouſneſs of being a good figuriſt renders it difficult to convince him that is not as good a Merchant, Lawyer, Phyſician, Soldier, Stateſman, Philoſopher, and even Divine; when, but for the hopes I retain of his recovery from this profound dream, I ſhould fear that he will ſoon ceaſe to be both a good companion and a good *Man.* And yet, notwithſtanding all the ſeexcreſcencies, I think no *Man* at preſent more worthy the reſpect, eſteem, and friendſhip of all who know him than *Claudio*, if I except one.

That one is *Honorio*, whoſe extraordinary worth the happy years I lived under his wing afforded me frequent opportunities of becoming thoroughly acquainted with. What is aſtoniſhing for a nobleman, he has both excellent parts and a great deal of learning: and what is more aſtoniſhing ſtill, he is poſſeſt of the quinteſſence of honour unborrow'd from titles. Not a great *Man* becauſe a lord, the excellence of his underſtanding and probity led rather than raiſed him to the peerage: the firſt of his illuſtrious family rewarded with a coronet, he is behind none of his anceſtors in the worth which deſerves one; and the glory to which his

his great and good qualities have lifted his race and name in his own perſon can receive no other augmentation than that of additional ermin. And yet not all this tide of ſplendor can hurry him to pride or meanneſs: but ſafely ſteering from either extreme along the mid-ſtream of dignity, he can ſtoop with courteſy to the perſon the moſt abject who has virtue and ſenſe, while with contempt he overlooks folly or vice in the higheſt eminence. Humanity ſeems to have taken up her favourite ſeat in his boſom; and all other virtues in concert with wiſdom ſeem to have entrench'd themſelves in his heart, to reign ſecure from the attacks or ſurprizes of a vicious idiot world. It will ſeem an hyperbole in a peer when I add that he is not only a nice Chriſtian in his own practice, but zealous in the propagation of the chriſtian name both at home and abroad in the way he thinks right; and with the art of frequenting a court untainted by it's vices, he has the happy ſecret to make his own manſion a chapel of eaſe without the form of one, by the ſanctity of his manners, the purity of his converſation, and the ſtrength of his example. In ſhort he almoſt excels my adverſary's ideal *Philanthropus*, and is very near as perfect a being as human nature can aſpire to: the beſt of huſbands, the beſt of fathers, the beſt of guardians, the beſt of ſubjects, and to every one, who has the leaſt pretenſion to merit, the beſt of friends. Still *Honorio* has his foibles: he is a little diſpoſed to

carry politics to party, and ſuffers his religion to lean a little to bigotry. An exceſs of loyalty to the prince he loves makes him backward to oppoſe the meaſures of a miniſter he diſapproves; and prejudice for the ſect he was educated in makes him labour rather to convince himſelf that the faith he profeſſes is right, than to examine impartially whether it really is ſo or not. So that this excellent *Man*, with the moſt generous zeal for the good of his country and religion, truſts the one to fancy, and the other to chance.

What a pity is it, and, at the ſame time, what a deplorable fatality on that ſex, that the moſt amiable and the moſt glorious characters among them, ſhould be thus ſurrounded with oddities! But it is even ſo; and inconſiſtency is ſo inſeparably blended with their nature, that they would ceaſe to be *Men*, could they be all of a piece.

Where ſhall we find among the *Men* that uniform grandeur of ſoul which is ſo univerſally admired in *Clarilla?* Ever the ſame, inflexibly good, and always diſcreet; her wiſdom and virtue know no alteration but the improvement which every day produces in her mind and heart. The beauty of her external frame is ſuch as angels would make choice of in an earthly embaſſy, to make themſelves more welcome; and then, her ſoul ſeems form'd of the ſame heavenly ſubſtance theirs are. All ſpirit, life, and intuition, her very look is ſenſe, her words are emanations of intelligence, and all her

her actions thought. Miſtreſs of every uſeful knowledge ſcience can impart, and yet more the miſtreſs of herſelf, tho' born to outſhine the brighteſt geniuſes the letter'd world is lit by, like cloiſter'd ſaints, ſhe courts obſcurity behind the veil of modeſty. Her beauty, ſenſe, and learning contribute no more to make her forward or aſſuming, than her reſerve does to make her ſolemn, formal, or affected. But gay with a becoming gravity, affable with dignity, and ſocial with decorum, whether ſilent or ſpeaking ſhe is ever affording inſtruction, while intent to receive it. Such grace and meaning animate her ſpeech and practice, that all ſhe ſays or does breathes out the wiſdom ſhe is big with, and looks the ſame ſhe is. In her the very pantings of the heart are virtues: for every virtue has a manſion there. But ſtill benevolence, chriſtian benevolence, like the noon-day orb, gives life and light to all the reſt, and, like that too, ſheds its unbounded influence on good and bad alike. For *Clarilla* is a chriſtian, and an obſervant one too, not by chance, caprice, or prejudice, but inſpiration and conviction; and ſo cloſe a copy of her Saviour, that ſhe is all to all to gain all, honouring the wiſe with eſteem, diſtinguiſhing the good with her friendſhip, and treating the bad with tenderneſs, indulgence, and mercy. It is enough to be poor, or afflicted, to obtain relief from her; and more than enough to be ſick, in priſon, or diſtreſs, to merit the bleſſing of her ſight and aſſiſtance.

The widow, the orphan, and the oppreſs'd, find made up in her the loſs of a huſband, a father, and a friend; and if all human nature feel not the effects of her unlimited bounty, 'tis for want of her having a fortune to ſupply all, and hands to diſtribute it. And yet ſhe ſuffers not the money and time ſhe beſtows on the neceſſitous to injure the circumſtances of her family, or break in upon her duties to it. She is as induſtrious in her œconomy at home, as ſhe is liberal in her charities abroad; and the prudence with which ſhe diſtributes her pity enables her to be ſo. She has a time for the embelliſhment of her mind, a time for the affairs of her houſe, a time for converſation with her domeſtic friends and out-door acquaintance, a time for the relief of her neighbour, and a time for her innocent relaxation; and tho' the purity of her intention makes all theſe but ſo many varied ſcenes of prayer, ſhe can ſtill find a time to allot more eſpecially to private devotion. By theſe ſagacious means, ſhe has gain'd a happy facility of acting ſucceſſively the part of a wiſe, virtuous, careful, tender wife to her huſband, a diſcreet and indulgent parent to her children, a gracious miſtreſs to her ſervants, an inſtructive entertaining companion to her friends and acquaintance, an univerſal benefactreſs to human nature, a judicious friend to herſelf, and not only a uſeful ſubject to the ſtate, but a faithful ſervant to her God: all which ſhe is, without the leaſt vanity or

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oſtentation. Rather, if ſhe has any fault, it is that of being too anxious to hide ſo much exemplary worth; which envy dares not blaſt, nor ſuſpicion call in doubt; which adverſity could never affect but with fortitude, nor proſperity but with humbleneſs: ſo very humble, that tho' learned and wiſe to admiration, none can labour leſs to appear ſo; and tho' good to perfection, none can be leſs diſpoſed to think ſo. In ſhort, the lowlineſs of opinion ſhe has of herſelf makes her conſtrue the juſt praiſes ſhe receives from friends into inſtructive reproofs, as the univerſal generoſity of her wiſhes to others makes her ſoften into accident or overſight the injuries ſhe receives from her enemies: for enemies ſhe has, but they are ſuch only as it would be a diſgrace not to be at variance with, and ſuch as providence has provided her with on purpoſe to point out the excellence of her charity in forgiving; which ſhe does with as much chearfulneſs as if ſhe ſtood never ſo much in need of forgiveneſs; tho' at the ſame time ſhe is perpetually ſtudious to live ſo free from faults and the want of pardon herſelf, as if ſhe was determin'd never to grant it to others.

How many other illuſtrious Ladies now living might I not name, of no leſs ſhining characters than *Clarilla?* But I content myſelf with this one noble inſtance of *womanly* worth, ſufficient of itſelf to make the whole oppoſite ſex chafe with envy

vy, for want of ſouls capable of reaching ſo much real excellence. For real it is, however the narrowneſs of ſome *Men*'s minds may diſpoſe them to look upon it as a fiction. Have not the *Men* then the greateſt reaſon to be aſhamed of their unjuſt uſurpation of ſuperiority over us, who can ſhew ſo little title to even an equality of merit in head or in heart? What though, by brutal ſtrength of body, they have diſtrained all the goods of it, and appropriated all the power of them to themſelves; have they thence ſufficient grounds to believe themſelves ſole maſters, or even poſſeſſors of the riches of the ſoul? Are the *Women*, therefore, to be included in the lawleſs uſurpation, as creatures made only for their uſe? I am very confident, if they think ſo, they would be much more firmly convinced of the contrary, were all authority lodged in our hands, as it was amongſt the *Amazons*. But, after all, if the *Men* are obſtinately bent on imagining that they are endow'd with a greater capacity for wiſdom, and a greater propenſity to virtue than our ſex is, be it ſpoken to their never-ending ſhame, that they omit no induſtry to ſtifle their capacity, and give that propenſity a contrary bias; while, to their immortal glory, the generality of *Women* improve their talents, whether great or little, to a much better uſe than the beſt of the other ſex, And as for the few *Women* who make an ill uſe

of

of the favours beſtow'd on them by nature, let ſuch of the *Men* as are guiltleſs throw the firſt ſtone of vengeance at them. But then, as the *Men* have ſo much the power of revenge in their own hands, let them ſet down ſatisfied with glutting their cruelty at the expence of the few bad *Women* who merit their indignation, without extending their undiſtinguiſhing fury to the wiſe and virtuous many who deſerve their profoundeſt reſpect. Tho', let their provocation be ever ſo great, as I am apt to think that the nobleſt revenge a *Woman* can load the *Man* with, who injures her, is to expoſe him to infamy, by ſuch a greatneſs of behaviour as may attract her the admiration of the world; ſo I am ſatisfied, that the wiſeſt and moſt effectual vengeance a *Man* could inflict on a *Woman* who wrong'd him, would be to force, by his conduct, all the world to upbraid her, while he forbore to do it himſelf. Tho' ſeverity may ſometimes ſeem abſolutely requiſite, it can never be conſiſtent with either juſtice or prudence to apply it, till mildneſs and good uſage have been found, by experience, ineffectual to reclaim her. There are indeed ſome injuries a *Man* may, and now and then does receive from a wife, which ſcarce any ſatisfaction can atone for; but then, before a *Woman* be charged with thoſe, let evidence appear againſt her; and let not dubious ground, or the ſurmiſes of jealouſy, ſupply the place of conviction.

If

If the vanity of ſome, and the malice of others, is made the rule of judgment, what virtue can be ſafe? *Arioſto*'s *Bradamante*, *Gonſalo*'s *Auriſtilla*, and *Shakeſpear*'s *Othello*, are ſufficient to ſhew how prone jealouſy is to give appearance to the upper hand of truth, to the grievous and utter oppreſſion of the moſt ſpotleſs innocence.

Was it poſſible for the *Men* to diveſt themſelves of jealouſy and malice, they would find as little room to complain of the virtue of *Women* as they have reaſon to under-rate our capacity. But for the prolixity of running thro' the records of time, it would be eaſy to make appear, that *Women* have never yielded to the *Men* in any thing that is good or great, but have often ſurpaſs'd them in both. They have on many occaſions ſhewn a greater excellence of virtue and genius; and their wit as well as their judgment has ever ſhone with brighter luſtre in parrallel circumſtances. Many have glorioufly govern'd the greateſt empires with a moderation, dignity, and wiſdom not to be exceeded; and numbers have adminiſter'd juſtice with an integrity equal to that of an *Athenian* judge, and a ſagacity nothing inferior to that of a *Hebrew* monarch. How many have, by the intrepidity of their conduct and the ſtrength of their parts, reſtor'd honour and ſafety to their nation, tranquility to their people, and a peaceful crown to their huſbands! And how many have raiſed the glory

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of arms by their valour in the field, or with more than heroic bravery render'd the walls of a city impregnable, by the courage with which their preſence and example has animated the champions who are defending it! I could mention legions of ladies whoſe immaculate purity has been proof againſt the moſt dreadful menaces and dazzling promiſes of tyranny and power; and who, with aſtoniſhing greatneſs of ſoul, have triumph'd over vice and infidelity, amidſt the moſt excruciating tortures. I could name almoſt an infinity of others, who have ſurpaſſed the *Men* in their erudition and familiarity with every laudable ſcience, who have fathomed the moſt uſeful and profound myſteries of nature, penetrated through the abſtruſeſt ſecrets of policy, refined morality to its niceſt purity, and raiſed themſelves to the higheſt peak of Chriſtian perfection.

In a word, if it was not for the narrow limits this little Treatiſe confines me to, I could, from the ſingle evidence of Hiſtory, which is ſo much perverted to debaſe us, throw ſuch a dazzling glory round my whole ſex, as would ſuffice to render their honour inacceſſible by the moſt preſumptuous and daring of the *Men*. However, what I omit at preſent, I may poſſibly make up hereafter, by giving a parallel hiſtory of the moſt eminent perſons of both ſexes in paſt ages, for virtue or vice. In the mean time, what I have here barely hinted will ſuffice to convince the moſt obſtinate of that

ſex, who have any ſenſe left, that if the *Men* have by fraud and violence, gain'd a ſuperiority of power over us, we ſtill retain our original ſuperiority of ſenſe and virtue over them: and if they are not aſhamed of truth, they muſt own that the beſt qualities they are maſters of give them no more title to an equality with us in the perfections of ſoul, than their homely aukward figures can juſtify their vying with us in the charms of perſonal beauty and graces.

F I N I S.